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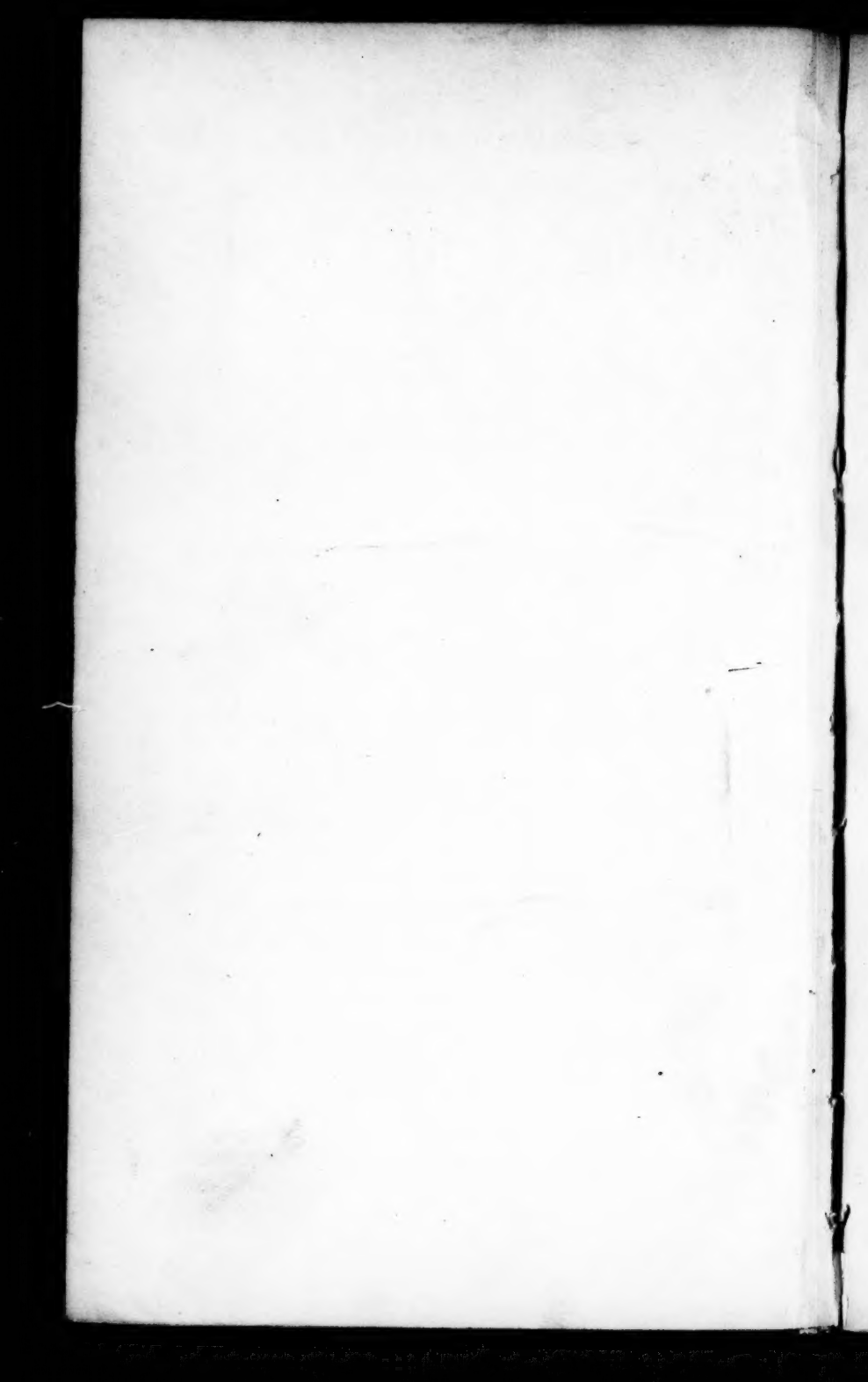
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- ART. I.—1. *Officium Hebdomadæ Sanctæ, secundum Missale et Breviarium Romanum.* Mechliniæ, Hanicq : 1844.
- 2.—*The Office of Holy Week.* Published with authority. Richardson and Son : London, Dublin, and Derby.
- 3.—*Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels, delivered in Rome in the Lent of 1837.* By NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D. D. London, Dolman.
- 4.—*The Seven Words of our Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross.* Translated from the German of Dr. Emanuel Veith. By the REV. E. Cox, D. D. London, Jones, 1846.
- 5.—*Devotions commemorative of the Most Adorable Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Translated from Catholic sources, with an Appendix containing the Office of Tenebræ, from the Roman Breviary, &c. London, Burns, 1842.

THE first named of these volumes, is perhaps the most beautiful of the many beautiful contributions in the cause of liturgical typography, for which we are indebted to the Mechlin press. The specimen before us, is indeed as exquisite a book as can be imagined ; in type so clear and exact, ornamented with fine rubrics, and the complete musical notation of the parts to be sung. It is also, what is far better than being externally beautiful, thoroughly accurate. The second on the list is a translation of the same offices, which we owe to the pious zeal of the central district, and the active enterprise of the Derby press. As to the volume which comes next in order, its character is so well established, as to exempt it from all dependance upon criticism of ours, whatever aid it may give us, and

that aid will not be small, in the way of illustration and comment upon the proposed subject. The fourth in the above list of volumes, being of a devotional and in no wise of a ritual character, does not fall directly within the scope of the present article; but we may be permitted to bear our humble testimony to the great beauty of the short discourses it contains upon our blessed Lord's words on the cross. "Devotions," which come last in the series, labour under the peculiarity, we hardly like to call it disadvantage, of having been drawn up by members of the Anglican establishment, some of whom have since become Catholics, and others have not. Thus it certainly gains as a witness, what it may lack as an authority. Whatever its other defects, that of falling short in loyalty to the Catholic Church, is one which at any rate cannot fairly be imputed to it. To say that it is beautiful, as it undoubtedly is, involves no praise but that of judgment in the selection, for it is taken entirely "from Catholic," i. e. from Roman "sources." The verse translations have the merit at least of great faithfulness, as the reader is enabled to observe, from the originals being put side by side with them. They are likewise in better English than is always found in our devotional books; and these, if secured without injury to the spirit, are no inconsiderable advantages. The translation from the Breviary is, we understand, but the fragment of a great work existing in manuscript, and of which it certainly raises a high idea. We believe that nothing but the vast expense of the undertaking, would have prevented the publication of the whole. It seems a great pity that so much labour should be thrown away, especially when we consider how desirable it is to open the treasures of the Breviary to English eyes. Judging from the specimen in the "Devotions on the Passion," nothing would be required in order to secure the sanction of authority to the translation, except the substitution of some other version of the Psalms for the Anglican, which would of course be inadmissible.

To come back to the holy Office books themselves: what a magnificent idea of the Church is that which their very external form suggests! Each of them, original and translation, consists of a thickish and closely-printed volume, somewhat less, perhaps, and yet hardly so, than the Anglican Book of Common Prayer; and what does this well-stored repository contain, and what does it leave out?

It comprehends the offices of one single week alone; it is but an extract, and comparatively a short one, from the Missal and Breviary—a specimen, and no more than a specimen, however choice a one, of their ample, various, and inappreciable contents. And this single jewel of that priceless coronet requires, we must repeat it, a receptacle to enclose it hardly less in bulk than that into which the “fathers of the Reformation” contrived to pack Breviary, Missal, Ritual, Pontifical, and all. But what is, perhaps, even yet more entirely beyond the reach of excuse, than their heartless spoliations, is this, that their descendants, in the full light of such a fact, can bring themselves to charge with forgetfulness of her Lord and Saviour, that very Catholic Church which addresses to Him, during the one week of His Passion alone, an amount of public devotion scarcely less in quantity (to omit other points of comparison) than that, which, in the most orthodox and religious of the Protestant communions, is comprised in the ritual of the church for the whole year.

At the risk of seeming needlessly polemical, and that too in the outset of an article which does not pretend to controversy, we must dwell for a brief space upon the consideration to which we have just adverted. As a *fact*, (and in that light only), it is very remarkable, that, in the various and complicated offices which engross the devotion of the Church between Palm Sunday and Easter, the name of our Blessed Lady hardly occurs at all. This remark holds good even of the rites on Holy Saturday, a day especially sacred to her honour in the loving remembrances of the faithful. Now we are as far as possible from acknowledging (the very conception appears to us as preposterous in reason as it is heartless in sentiment) that the honour of our Lord is either furthered by the pretermission, or compromised by the prominence, of that which for His sake as for her own, is due to His Blessed Mother. Facts of the nature of that now mentioned, have no claim to be pressed into the service of controversy, either way; they are with as little reason, and perhaps sometimes with not much less irreverence, adduced in the way of evidence on the one side, as they are urged in the way of objection on the other. The bare notion, that the Church can possibly intend, whether by positive or by negative acts, to dishonour that Blessed Redeemer, whose adorable Passion she commemorates, appropriates, and applies, on

myriads of altars many times in every day, through whom she offers every prayer, save those which are directly addressed to Himself, whose Divine Presence habitually illustrates and hallows her material temples, and whose most sacred Name her children breathe not but with sentiments of awe and tokens of reverence which no other idea awakens, and no other action could justify, is such an one as it requires all a Catholic's imagination to suppose possible, and certainly taxes his utmost powers of forbearance to hear gravely imputed. Poorly indeed must they realize the character of our Blessed Lord's Intercessory Office, who suppose that such, His Office, can possibly be infringed, or in its real character even shared, by any one, even the most exalted of His creatures! Our happy privilege, as members of the Church, it is to know and feel our Lord so unapproachable in greatness, so invulnerable in prerogative, that we can *afford* to bestow on His Saints, and preeminently, of course, upon His Blessed Mother, an amount of veneration and love, which by a Protestant, would be felt as derogatory to him; nay, which *would* be thus derogatory, according to the views of our Lord which prevail, to a frightful extent, in all communions external to the Church, the Anglican certainly not excepted. In fact, very far from regarding the popular objections to the devout service of Mary as any special proof of a keen sensitiveness to the honour of her divine Son, we are altogether on the side of those who discern in them the not obscure tokens of a real, however latent, and often, we trust, unconscious, semi-arianism. Let such as have a zeal for the Athanasian faith take good heed to themselves, how they join in a cry which, though it may begin, as all anti-christian movements have begun, in alluring accents and with magnificent promises, will issue, if we are not much mistaken, in an attack on the creed of the fourth century, not less than of the nineteenth.*

So much in the way of explanation, where we point to

* It was not foreseen when these words were written, that they would speedily receive so remarkable an illustration in the late discussions respecting Dr. Hampden, whose theological principles have been put forward by his friends as a safeguard against the "spread of popery." The Catholic Church can desire no more unanswerable testimony to the care with which she has guarded the Faith of St. Athanasius.

the silence of the Church in Holy Week on the subject of our blessed Lady, as a significant and expressive fact. We insist not on it as an argument any way. We trust that we are too loyal sons of holy Church, to set forth any of her provisions, (the least of which is so unspeakably above the reach of human criticism,) as though we could bring her actual into seeming comparison with her possible appointments, and pronounce that what she has in fact ordained is even better (far less of course that it can by possibility be less good) than some other conceivable alternative! But of objectors, whose very province is comparison and criticism, we may reasonably claim, upon their own principles, that if they must criticise the Church at all, they will criticise her *as a whole*, take one part of her system along with another; compare rite with rite and office with office, the Missal with the Breviary, and one portion of the Breviary with another portion; take the public and most fully authorised provisions of the Church as a comment upon her actual practice, and the practice in one place as restoring the equipoise which may seem to have been disturbed by the practice in another; judge, in short, *equitably* of a system so vast in extent and so complex in structure, designed not for one people but for many, and, for as much as it is after all a "treasure in earthen vessels," liable in its operation, and far more of course in its external aspect, to be affected to a certain extent, by the weakness and even sinfulness, of those who may from time to time administer it. It is not, surely, too much to ask that the Catholic Church should be tried according to the rules which obtain in all similar cases. What sort of ground, for instance, will men leave themselves in the battle with the atheist, or the deist, if they once sanction the principle, that works claiming to be of God may be judged piecemeal, instead of being surveyed in their integrity and connexion? It may be true, indeed, that the exquisite symmetry of the Catholic system can be estimated only from within; must be felt and cannot be explained, and thus will never be understood till its controversial uses are superseded by a blissful experience. This we believe; and surely any conviction is a gain which drives us from controversy upon prayer. And if this be so, it is but another feature of resemblance between Catholicism and Christianity itself. On both subjects alike it is probable that no small amount of time and temper have been

expended between disputants, who should have remembered that the strongest of convictions are also, as a general rule, the least communicable.

After these few prefatory suggestions, we dismiss, and that very gladly, a train of thought which may possibly be so far misunderstood as to be taken in the light of an apology. Our present object is a far different one from that of attempting to satisfy by explanations the Protestant objector; an endeavour which is rarely attended with any good success, and such as can never be even adventured without more or less danger of compromising the dignity of the Church. It is, we are convinced, by steadily witnessing to her own characteristic doctrines and principles, that the Catholic Church will make her way in this unhappy land; and not by concessions, disclaimers, and apologies. Let her pursue her own heavenly way, not, God forbid it! with haughtiness of bearing, and indifference to the reasonable scruples of any man, yet without the hope, and therefore without the attempt, to appease the thousand idle and contradictory clamours of the day. To objections which she knows to be the fruit of ignorance, or the watchword of party, or the remnant of hereditary prejudice, let her calmly reply in words commended by no light authority, "*Venite et videte.*"

We write, certainly not without a regard to the information of inquirers still outside the Church, but yet more immediately for Catholics; in order that ourselves, and all whom Divine Providence has blessed with His marvellous light, may appreciate with more and more of heartfelt thankfulness His great and inestimable gift; may explore with more and more of loving and adoring wonder the rich pastures of our inheritance; and "surround Sion and encompass her, tell all her towers, set our hearts on her strength, distribute her houses,"—that, if haply the present "generation" shall give too little heed to the glorious recital, it may gain a hearing at least in "another."*

It is with the same intention, that we have on a former occasion† attempted, however defectively, to analyze por-

* Ps. xlvii. 13, 14.

† See article on the "Devotional Use of the Breviary," in No. xlii.

tions of the Breviary ; and we now propose to extend the same devotional inquiries to that which is, as a fact, the most celebrated of all our solemn rites,—the Office of Holy Week. The treasures of the Breviary are comparatively hidden from all but the clergy ; the magnificent rites of the Pontifical are but now beginning to emerge from their seclusion on the shelves of the antiquary, and to stand forth in visible life before the eyes of Catholic England. But the “ceremonies of Holy Week”—who is there in educated circles that can creditably plead ignorance of these? Indeed, in one point of view, they are but too well known and too freely canvassed. Travelled gentlemen can now-a-days talk fluently of the “*Tenebræ* ;” pensive ladies can be sentimental about the “*Miserere* ;” though what precise notions either the one or the other class attaches to the terms with which they so freely take liberties, is a question which it would be difficult to resolve, and in most cases discourteous to press. The accomplished author of the ‘*Lectures on Holy Week*,’ at any rate, does not give us a high idea of the extent of knowledge prevailing on the subject of these ceremonies among the crowds of English who annually frequent them :

“Those who, in the language of the day, *lay themselves out* for seeing everything, as though it were a show (for some have even been known to go the indecent length of taking refreshments into the chapel), will very soon be wearied. The experience of every year proves that, on the first evening of the *Tenebræ* Office, confusion and inconvenience ensue from the eagerness of hundreds to enter the chapel ; but by the third day, when the Office is much shorter, the Lamentations more exquisite, and the *Miserere* in general the best, it is left to the occupation of a few, whom better feelings than mere curiosity inspire with perseverance. In the same manner, the Office of Thursday morning is generally thronged to excess ; while that of Friday is comparatively deserted.”—Dr. Wiseman’s *Lectures*, pp. 12, 13.

It is with no hope of rendering the subject intelligible to critics of the kind here intended, that we enter upon a brief account of the offices of this solemn season. The archæological and artistical branch we thankfully resign to the accomplished author of the “*Lectures*,” who has brought to bear upon it an amount of elegant learning and felicitous description which entitle his lordship, if he will bear with us in saying so, to a high rank in the department of æsthetical literature. To those

who, like ourselves, are accustomed to look up to Dr. Wiseman in the character of a learned and able controversialist, it is matter of no small wonder, and, we say it with great truth, of no mean edification, to find him making time, amid the laborious duties of a college, for those abundant researches into the wholly disparate subject of the elegant arts, the fruits of which are so apparent in the volume before us. Would that we could always see that subject, as in the present instance, entirely subordinated to the claims of religion and of the Church! We could say of Dr. Wiseman in these lectures, as has been said of others, "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*;" but that we prefer giving him a still higher praise, the praise of touching nothing which he has not sifted.

The commemoration which the Church makes of the Passion of our blessed Lord, though popularly supposed to begin from Palm Sunday, dates, in fact, from the Sunday previous. Indeed, we may say, that by the precious addition which the calendar has lately received of the Offices for the Fridays in Lent, it is now in a manner distributed throughout the whole penitential season. The Sunday fortnight before Easter, is called in the Church Passion Sunday, and the week which begins with it, Passion Week. Significant changes in the Divine Office, denote that the Church on Passion Sunday and afterwards, has deepened her mourning attire. When the Mass is "*of the season*," the psalm "*Judica*" is omitted, on account, probably, of the festal tones which it includes. The Gloria Patri is dropped in the Introit, and after the psalm *Lavabo*. The Preface on all days of the season, is that "*of the Cross*." Similar changes occur in the divine office. The Invitatory is more solemn and arresting; the Gloria Patri is suspended at its close and in the responsories, and detached portions of the magnificent and touching hymn, "*Pange Lingua*," together with its no less majestic companion, "*Vexilla Regis*," remind the Church that her Lord is preparing for the combat. Our holy mother is careful too, to impress the same lesson through the medium of the eyes. From the eve of Passion Sunday, as the rubric directs, "*cooperiuntur cruces et imagines*." Each gracious symbol, each moving representation, is shrouded in the veil of ecclesiastical mourning; image and picture disappear from the sight, and even the sacred figure of the Crucified no longer aids the contem-

plation by its sweet and solemn remembrances. Perhaps it is that the Church withdraws the image of the crucifixion in Passion-tide, as she hides the Gloria in Excelsis in Advent, in order to throw out its prototype in stronger relief on the day, (if we may so express it,) of institution. The various portions of the divine office partake of the idea with which the Church now seeks to familiarize the minds of her children. There is (so to say) a tone of growing *uneasiness* in her language, as if the days of her widowhood were at hand. This is very observable in the responsories at matins. "They are increased that trouble me; arise, O Lord, and save me, O my God. Let not mine enemy say, I have prevailed against Him.....How long shall mine enemy triumph over me? They that trouble me will rejoice if I should be moved, but I will hope in Thy mercy..... Thou art my God, depart not from me, for trouble is hard at hand, &c. Who shall give water to my head and a fountain of tears to mine eyes, and I will bewail day and night? For my near brother has supplanted me, and every friend hath fraudulently assailed me. Let their day be dark and slippery, and the angel of the Lord pursuing them." Thus beautifully does the Gospel reflect her light upon the words of the earlier Testament, and among the rest, upon those sentiments of the book of Psalms, which infidels, and, alas, some who should know better, have dared to call vindictive and "unchristian."

The Antiphons are in the same mournful, and as it were, anxious strain. "Look, O Lord, on mine affliction, for mine enemy is elated." "In tribulation I called on the Lord, and He heard me in the breadth." "Thou, O Lord, hast judged the cause of my soul; Thou art the defender of my life, O Lord my God!" There is even a distant sound of Good Friday: "My people, what have I done to thee, wherein have I grieved thee? answer Me." "They have rendered Me evil for good; they have digged a pit for my soul."

The office during Passion Week is of the same character. The gospels bear, all of them, more or less direct reference to the sufferings of our Lord; the lections are comments on the Gospels, the short responses at the Little Hours are ejaculations for help and deliverance taken from the Psalms, as if uttered in the person of our Redeemer. And thus we are brought to Palm Sunday, which, as to its office, does not materially differ from the Sunday before,

but which is characterised by certain ceremonies of its own; and with these the rites of the Holy Week may be considered more immediately to begin.

Each of the great days in Holy Week has, if we may use the expression without danger of irreverence or affectation, a certain "sentiment" of its own; and that belonging to Palm Sunday is not one of the least peculiar. It is a strange blending of joy and sadness, of feasting and mourning. Palm Sunday is in truth a kind of valedictory festival, when we feel as in doing honour to some friend on the eve of his departure for a distant country; words of pleasantness and peace are on the lips, but the heart is breaking with anguish, and the mind is thronged with strange unutterable forebodings. The office of this Sunday differs from that of the preceding in two respects: first, in the procession of palms, and secondly, in the solemn chanting of the Passion of our Redeemer. The service opens with a complete *ἐπινίκιον*; a song of exulting congratulation and triumph. "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. O King of Israel! Hosanna in the highest." These words, the same with which our Lord was greeted on His last visit to Jerusalem, are chanted by the choirs in almost a joyful strain. Then follows a collect, epistle, and gospel; in both the former of which there are words of promise about the Resurrection, as if the Church would sustain herself by hope during the approaching conflict; the gospel is, of course, the narrative of the procession from Bethphage to Jerusalem. This ended, the blessing of the palms is begun. It opens with a collect, which, in symbolical language, familiar with the Fathers, represents the palms as emblematic of good works, wherewith the children of the Church desire to meet Christ, that, at length, they may come to his joy. This Collect, and the Preface following it, are sung "in the ferial tone," which involves less variation of notes than that peculiar to Festivals, and thus harmonizes with the mournful character of the circumstances under which it is used, whether penitential seasons, or the obsequies of the faithful departed. The Mechlin Holy-Week Book supplies the beautiful plain chant of the Sanctus, to which this Preface is introductory. Nothing can be more simple, sublime, and tender; it is such a song as we may imagine conveying the ceaseless, but equable, adoration of angels. Next follow

some of those beautiful rites of loving reverence which the Church employs at her benediction of created things; "The celebrant puts incense in the thurible, then sprinkles the branches thrice with holy water, saying the antiphon, 'Asperges,' without chant. He also incenses them thrice." And then the Palms, thus duly separated from common use, are distributed among the clergy in order, and afterwards among the rest of the faithful; each one kissing the hand of the celebrant, and the branch as he receives it. While the distribution is going on, the chorus sings to a plaintive chant, the following antiphons: "The children of the Hebrews, bearing branches of olive trees, went forth to meet our Lord, crying out and saying, Hosanna in the highest. The children of the Hebrews spread their garments in the ways, and cried out saying, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." And these antiphons are resumed and repeated as long as the distribution of the Palms goes on. Then the Church prays that "we may follow the innocence of these children, and acquire their merit."

The distribution over, the Procession begins after the usual invitation of the Deacon. "Procedamus in pace. R. In nomine Domini." First come the choir, chanting the prescribed pieces; next the clergy in reverse order, the higher in dignity being placed, as usual, nearest the celebrant, and all bearing the branches, which should be, if possible, those of the real palm.

A Catholic Procession, whether we look to its actual accompaniments, or to its emblematic significancy, is perhaps as beautiful and elevating a sight as this world ever presents, even in its regenerate aspect,—for, to compare one of our solemnities with any mere earthly pageant, would be simply incongruous. How many "household" truths are symbolized in a Procession! The Church is its starting-place, the Church its goal, signifying to us that in her we begin and in her must end. It moves, and so do we; and high in front of it is reared the Image of the Crucified, to denote that in the Church, unlike the world, we move under His banner, and, as it were, in His train. And if He be on our side, whom shall we fear? "Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala, quoniam Tu mecum es. Virga Tua, et baculus Tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt." And, as such images represent to us that life is a journey,

so may they also remind us that Christian virtue is a progress, in which he that halts is distanced and discomfited. Moreover, our way, if Christ be with us, is a way of pleasantness; wherefore we sing as we walk; for not His mercies alone (which we rather celebrate in the choir and in the sanctuary) are matter of rejoicing, but even His very laws and ordinances, which we rather bear in mind as we walk, "*cantabiles mihi erant justificationes Tuæ in loco peregrinationis meæ.*" Howbeit, since we even rejoice "*quasi tristes,*" therefore our processional chant is not jubilant, but plaintive even to sadness.

Neither should our solemn processions, one should think, be uninteresting and unimposing to the world. For hence might it learn, did it not rudely scorn the lesson, that our religion is not, like its own, ashamed to show itself in the face of all the people; that the Church manifests towards it a kindlier mien than it would fain manifest towards the Church, nay, or even towards itself; even sanctifying its very thoroughfares, and lifting up her voice in the streets, (Prov. i. 20.) in calm and measured accents of entreaty, that God would remember His ancient mercies, and think of the congregations which He possessed from the beginning. But to return from our digression.

The pieces chanted during the Procession consist of the passages from the Gospel narrative which relate to the first great Procession of Palms, six days before the Pasch. The words are slightly varied to suit the circumstances of the Church. They conclude thus: "As the people heard that JESUS came to Jerusalem, they took branches of palms, and went out to meet Him, and the children cried out, saying: This is He who was to come for the salvation of the people. He is our salvation and the redemption of Israel. How great is He, to whom the thrones and dominations do service. Fear not, daughter of Sion, behold thy King cometh to thee, sitting upon the foal of an ass: as it is written, Hail, O King, Framers of the world, who comest to redeem us! Six days before the solemn Pasch, when the Lord came into the city of Jerusalem, the children met Him, carrying branches of palm in their hands, and cried out with a loud voice, saying: Hosanna in the highest! Blessed art Thou that comest in the multitude of Thy mercy: Hosanna in the highest.—The multitude with flowers and palms went forth to meet

the Lord, and render Him service meet for a victorious conqueror: the nations proclaim the Son of God, and in praise of Christ the voices resound, like thunder, among the clouds. Hosanna in the highest." The concluding Antiphon prays that, "we may be found, together with the angels and the children, faithful to Him that triumphed over death: Hosanna in the highest." Then the Church sings: "The great multitude which had gathered together for the feast-day, cried out to the Lord: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest." On the return of the Procession, a portion of the choir enter the Church, and close the door. Then, standing with their faces towards the Procession, they alternate with the semi-choir outside the following stanzas, which we give in the form of a translation somewhat more literal than that of the Derby edition:

Gloria, laus, et honor, Tibi, sit Rex	All glory, praise, and honour be, O
Christe Redemptor:	Christ, Redeemer, King, to Thee:
Cui puerile decus prompsit Hosanna	Whom infant lips with homage meet
pium.	Of glad Hosannas fondly greet;
Israel es Tu Rex Davidis et inclyta	For Thou art heir of Israel's throne,
proles:	Thou, royal David's promised Son;
Nomine qui in Domini Rex benedicte	Thee King, Thee blessed we proclaim,
venis.	Who comest in the Lord's high
	name.
R. Gloria, laus.	R. All glory, &c.
Cætus in excelsis Te laudat cœlicus	Thy lauds angelic tongues rehearse,
omnis,	
Et mortalis homo, et cuncta creata	With quires on earth in mutual verse:
simul.	
R. Gloria, laus.	R. All glory, &c.
Plebs Hebræa Tibi cum palmis obvia	Thee Israel's sons conduct with palms;
venit,	
Cum prece, voto, hymnis adsumus ecce	We with meek pray'rs and duteous
Tibi.	psalms.
R. Gloria, laus.	R. All glory, &c.
Hi Tibi passuro solvebant munia laudis:	Thine escorts they to Calvary: we,
Nos Tibi regnanti pangimus ecce melos.	Glad hymnners of Thy victory.
R. Gloria laus.	R. All glory, &c.
Hi placuere Tibi, placeat devotio nos-	Yet grant us, clement King, whom
tra:	good delights,
Rex bone, Rex clemens, cui bona	To share Thy love, who share those
cuncta placeant.	loving rites.
R. Gloria, laus.	R. All glory, &c.

The Mechlin edition gives, in this place, the latter portion of the 23rd Psalm, "Lift up your heads," &c., distributed between the two parts of the chorus; a beautiful addition, undoubtedly, but one which seems to want sufficient authority.

At this point in the ceremony, the Subdeacon bearing the cross, knocks with the foot of it at the great door of the church, which is immediately opened, and the Proces-

sion enters chanting, with slight appropriate changes, the words in the Gospel narrative, descriptive of the event commemorated. Then solemn Mass is celebrated; the Palms being borne in the hands during the singing of the Passion and the Gospel.

What is called the "Passion" in the office of Holy Week, is the Gospel narrative of the Sufferings of our Blessed Lord, from the Last Supper to the "Consummation" on the Cross. The sequel of the Passion, consisting of the events between the Ninth Hour on the Friday, and the dawn of Easter morning, is properly termed the "Gospel" of the day. The solemn recital of the Passion, is one of the most deeply affecting incidents of the week; and the first occasion of it is in the Mass of Palm Sunday. The recital is divided between three parts; 1. the narrator: 2. our Divine Redeemer: and 3. the remaining speakers. The description of this most wonderful and piercing representation, shall be given in the accurate and graphic language of Dr. Wiseman:—

"The narrative is given by one in a strong manly tenor voice; the words of our Saviour are chanted in a deep solemn bass; and whatever is spoken by any other person, is given by the third in a high contralto.....The chant of the narrator is clear, distinct, and slightly modulated: that in which ordinary interlocutors speak, sprightly and almost bordering upon colloquial familiarity; but that in which our Saviour's words are uttered is slow, grave, and most solemn, beginning low and ascending by full tones, then gently varied in rich though gentle modulations, till it ends by a graceful and expressive cadence, modified with still greater effect in interrogatory phrases. This rhythm is nearly the same in all Catholic churches. But in the Pope's chapel it is sung by three of the choir, instead of by ordinary clergymen, and consequently by voices most accurately intoned and most scientifically trained. But the peculiar beauty of this representation, at least in the Sixtine chapel, consists in the chorus. For whenever the Jewish crowd are made to speak, in the history of the Passion, or indeed whenever any number of individuals interfere, the choir bursts in with its simple but massive harmony, and expresses the sentiment with a truth and energy which thrills through the frame and overpowers the feelings. These choruses were composed, 1585, by Thomas de Victoria, native of Avila, and contemporary with the immortal Palestrina, who did not attempt to correct or alter them; probably, as his worthy successor, Baini, has observed to me, because he found them so perfect and suited to their intention. There are twenty-one in the Gospel of Sunday, and only fourteen

in that of Friday. The phrases, too, of which they consist, in the first are longer, and more capable of varied expression than in the latter, and the composer has taken full advantage of this circumstance. When the Jews cry out, 'Crucify him,' or 'Barabbas,' the music, like the words, is concentrated with frightful energy, and consists of just as many notes as syllables; yet, in the three notes of the last words, a passage of key is effected, simple as it is striking. In this, and in most of the choruses, the effect is rendered far more powerful by the abrupt termination which cuts the concluding note into a quaver, (a note not known in the music of the papal choir), though in written measure it is large, or *double breve*. The entire harmony, though almost all composed of semi-breves, is given in a quick but marked, and, so to speak, a stamping way, well suiting the tumultuous outcries of a furious mob. These are all traditional modifications of the written score, preserved alive from year to year among the musicians since the original composer's time."—*Lectures on Holy Week*, pp. 58, 59.

We will only add, that, in the Third of the "Lectures for the Holy Week," will be found an interesting passage upon the antiquity of Processions, and upon the universality throughout the Church of that which is peculiar to the Sunday before Easter.

We pass rapidly over the three next days, the features of which are substantially the same with those of the Sunday. In all of them is found, of course, that wonderful application of Holy Scripture, for which the Divine Service of the Catholic Church is so remarkable. The Bible is a sealed book to Protestants; it is the Church alone which possesses the key to its exhaustless meanings. As to the offices of the Monday, Tuesday, and earlier part of Wednesday, they are felt by devout Christians, to be singularly in keeping with the spirit of those tranquil days, the precise events of which are more or less shrouded in obscurity, and which are days rather of still contemplation than of painful and arousing remembrances; thus differing characteristically from the First, as well as from the Three Latter, Days of the Great Week.

On the Wednesday evening begins what is called the *Tenebræ* office, so termed, as the author of the "Lectures" explains, (Lect. 3), on account of its being the Nocturnal Service of the Church, anciently celebrated at midnight, but for some time past anticipated by several hours, so that, according to actual practice, it falls in the earlier part of the evening, and generally ends in the twilight.

The Tenebræ, therefore, as not every one is perhaps aware, consists of nothing but the regular Breviary office of the days on which it is solemnized; i. e., of the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in the Holy Week, actually sung on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. It may be well to add, for the sake of some readers, that the "Lamentations" so celebrated on account of the exquisite chant to which they are set, are the Lessons of the First Nocturn on each of the three days taken out of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah; and that the "Miserere," yet better known and for no better reason is merely the 50th, or as it is in the Protestant version, the 51st Psalm, which on these three days is said in a low tone of voice, or sung to a plaintive chant, not in the ordinary course of the Psalms, but towards the close of the office. We mention these facts, familiar as they are to Catholics, because some readers will be agreeably surprised, though others perhaps a little disappointed, to discover that what they had been accustomed to regard as peculiarities of "Popery," are nothing more than passages of Holy Scripture with which they have been, or should have been, familiar from their youth. The word "Tenebræ," commonly applied to the Three Days' office, is also perhaps connected with expressive ceremonies which take place in the course of it. For, as each of the fifteen Psalms of Matins and Lauds is concluded, one of the candles placed on a triangular candlestick is extinguished; and during the chanting of the Benedictus, at the close of every second verse, the six large candles on the altar are also put out. The church is thus left in darkness, which would be total (were the external twilight to be excluded) all but a single candle, which remains alight on the top of the triangular stand. When the antiphon, known from the words with which it opens, as "Traditor," i. e. "the Traitor," is repeated, the remaining light is hidden under the altar, in token of our blessed Lord's obscuration, and all say in a low tone the words, "Christ was made for us obedient unto death." Then is said or sung the Psalm Miserere, and the office ends with a short collect, the close of which is said in silence. Then, upon a loud signal, the candle is fetched from beneath the altar, replaced on the stand, and all depart in silence. The same ceremonies are repeated on the Thursday and Friday evenings, with the exception that on the second day, to the

words "Christ was made for us obedient unto death," is added, "of the cross," while, on the third, the whole of these words are used with the addition, "Wherefore God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names." While specifying the points in which the office of these days differs from that of other times, we ought not to forget the peculiar effect produced by the termination of each Psalm, which, instead of ending in the regular cadence, comes to an abrupt conclusion on a sharp, with an effect almost startling and very mournful.

The chant to which are sung the Lamentations of Jeremiah on the three latter days of Holy Week, will be found in the Mechlin book. Anything more exquisitely melodious and plaintive, can hardly even be imagined; yet the range of notes is very limited, and the same cadences are often repeated. It is a tone of wild melancholy most unspeakably touching; the cry of a heart labouring under the burthen of the Church's desolation. We can hardly fancy that any expression of these words can be so appropriate as the melodious recitative of a single voice; but we learn from the author of the Lectures, that in the Sixtine chapel, the first Lamentation of each evening is sung in a harmony of four voices.

The same learned writer informs us, that there are three different Misereres used on the successive evenings in the papal chapel; that of the Wednesday being composed by Baini, the very recent director of the papal choir; that of Thursday by Bai, a composer of the earlier part of the last century; and the more celebrated one of Allegri being sung on the Friday. He adds, that Bai's is founded upon Allegri's, or rather is a copy of it with some alterations.

On the Thursday morning, the Church wears, for a while, an aspect even of joy. It is the day on which the Blessed Eucharist was instituted, and in the memory of that event, our holy mother drowns for the time the voice of sorrow. The mourning vestments are doffed for the occasion, the celebrant, attended by a long line of other priests and ministers,* appears at the altar in virgin white, the colour of the day; the mass opens with the psalm *Judica*, which, it will be remembered, has been dropped

* This supposes that the benediction of the holy oils is part of the ceremony.

since Passion Sunday; the Gloria in Excelsis, suspended (on all days of the season) since Septuagesima, is once more heard with its festal tones, and during its recital, the bells are sounded both within and without the church, in token of a brief-lived joy, after which they remain silent till the Gloria of Holy Saturday. Instead of the Passion, as on the other days, is sung the Gospel narrative of the Last Supper. The sounds of festivity now die away, but are resumed at the end of the Mass, when the Blessed Sacrament is removed from the high altar to that on which it is to repose till the following day.

As no consecration takes place in the Mass on Good Friday, the Blessed Sacrament is reserved for the communion of the priest on that day, from the consecration of the previous day; whence the Mass of Good Friday is called "of the Presanctified." This reservation of the Adorable Victim is made at the altar of a side chapel, whither It is borne in solemn procession at the termination of the Mass on Holy Thursday. As soon, therefore, as the Priest has communicated on that day, the clergy prepare to accompany the procession, each receiving a lighted candle. The Blessed Sacrament contained in the Chalice covered with the Paten, is placed in the hands of the celebrant by the deacon, and a white veil, as usual, placed over his shoulders so as to envelope It; then, preceded by thurifers, walking backwards, and incensing the Adorable, and by the whole train of clergy with the lights, the celebrant bears the precious charge to the place prepared for Its reception. During the procession is sung the hymn, "Pange lingua," from the Office of Corpus Christi, commemorating the institution of the Holy Eucharist: when arrived at the chapel, the Blessed Sacrament is placed on the altar, where, illustrated by a multitude of lights, It remains for the adoration of the faithful till the time for its removal back to the high altar. It is also customary to place the sacred vessels on the altar of the sepulchre prostrate and almost in disorder, to intimate that, during the desolation of the Church, their office is at an end. Attendants, who should be in surplices, watch our Lord during this His exile from the habitation of His glory, and the injury which He receives at the hands of His murderers is repaired by the constant and loving devotions of the Church.

The clergy then return into choir, and chant Vespers.

This Office concluded, the priest and ministers proceed to strip the high altar, while the choir sings the touching antiphon, "They parted my garments," &c., with the whole Psalm in which it is found, (the twenty-first.) The sanctuary lamp is of course put out, and the crucifix alone remains to relieve the utter desolation of the scene. In due time, the clergy reassemble and chant the *Tenebræ*, and then there are two distinct solemnities going on in the Church at the same moment; in the choir, where *Tenebræ* is chanted, and in the chapel of "the Sepulchre," where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved,—two solemnities both commemorative of our Lord, yet in ways how different! the one descriptive of the treatment which He encountered from the world—the other expressive of the love which He receives from the Church; here they tell us, in accents of woe, how it fared with Him in the Garden of Gethsemani and the Hall of Caiphas; there He reposes on the altar, encompassed by every token of reverent devotion, and visited by a loving and adoring train of worshippers. This contrast, which we do not remember to have seen pointed out, is to our own minds one of the most striking and affecting circumstances of the week.

Our present occupation being with the *ordinary* services of Holy Week, we omit all notice of the *Mandatum*, or Washing of the Feet, proper to Holy Thursday, of which, however, a full account may be seen in the "Lectures." For the same reason we have not discussed the Benediction of the Holy Oils, which takes place on Holy Thursday, in the episcopal church or chapel of each diocese or district.

Good Friday has, of course, a character of its own, quite unlike the days between which it falls; they are, for different reasons, days of joy; it is one, as befits, of unmitigated and appalling desolation. The Sanctuary is vacant and almost disordered; its Light is gone. At the Mass, the priest and his ministers are vested in black, as at a funeral. No lights precede them, no incense rises before them; for incense bespeaks a Sacrifice,—and on that day, when the Antitype was offered, the Church, in reverence, suspends the Type. Arrived in the Sanctuary, the priest and ministers prostrate themselves at the foot of the altar, and remain in prayer while the acolytes cover the altar with a linen cloth. The Office begins with a

solemn and mournful Lesson; a Tract, broken and disjointed, follows; then a Prayer, then a Lesson from the Epistle, then the Passion according to St. John. At the words, "emisit spiritum," all kneel and meditate, as the Rubric enjoins, "upon the redemption of mankind." Then follows a series of Prayers for special occasions,—for the Pope, formerly, till the suppression of the Roman Empire, for its Emperor,* all estates of Christians, and all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. These Prayers ended, the priest takes down the Cross, and shows it to the people, while the deacon and subdeacon sing, "Behold the wood of the Cross," and the choir answers, prostrate on the ground, "Come, let us adore." Then begins the Adoration of the Cross by the clergy and people, each of whom goes on bended knees and kisses it; a ceremony which Protestants dislike, and to which, in our judgment, the ordinary explanations are not likely to reconcile them, and even if they were, the advantage would be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of good doctrine and good devotion which they commonly involve. There is one answer, and but one, to all such objections; and that is an answer which none but a Catholic can rightly understand. It is, of course, this: that *external acts derive all their meaning from the intention with which they are performed.*

During the Adoration of the Cross are chanted the wonderful "Improperia" or Reproaches; wonderful even from the music which conveys them; far more wonderful from the idea upon which they proceed. They consist, as is known to many, in an address made by our blessed Lord to the Jewish people, in which He reminds them of His successive mercies to them in times of old, and contrasts with His acts of loving tenderness, theirs of hatred and cruelty. When the chanters have given out the first Reproach, the two sides of the choir sing alternately the different parts of the Trisagion. This hymn (often confused with the *Tersanctus* in the Mass) consists in an address to the ever Blessed Trinity, in Greek and Latin, under the three designations of God, the Holy, the Strong, and the Immortal. Not one of the least interesting fea-

* Never for the local monarch, as one might conclude from what is printed by mistake in some Missals and Office Books for the Laity.

tures of this hymn, is the memorial which it keeps up of the time at which the eastern and western Churches were united.* The parts of the Trisagion are blended with the Reproaches—as if to recall the mind from the affronts put on our Redeemer in the flesh to the majesty of His divine nature.—Next follows the hymn in honour of the Cross, which is sung after the following manner. We have taken the translation from the “Devotions on the Passion,” as at once, we think, more literal and more in the spirit of the original than that given in the Derby Holy Week book. We add the Latin for those who can enter into it. It will be observed that the English is in metre and rhyme, though the words are printed consecutively, like the Latin in the Missal.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes arbor una nobilis; nulla silva talem profert, fronde, flore, germine. Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulce pondus sustinet.

Hymnus. Pange, lingua, gloriosi lauream certaminis, et super Crucis trophæo dic triumphum nobilem; quicquid Redemptor orbis immolatus vicerit.

Repetitur. Crux fidelis, ut supra.

V. De parentis protoplasti fraude Factor condolens, quando pomi noxialis in necem morsu ruit: Ipse lignum tunc notavit, damna ligni ut solveret.

Repetitur. Dulce lignum, ut supra.

V. Hoc opus nostræ salutis ordo deposcerat; multiformis proditoris ars ut artem falleret, et mædellam ferret inde, hostis unde læserat.

R. Crux fidelis, &c.

V. Quando venit ergo sacri plenitudo temporis, missus est ab arce Patris Natus, orbis Conditor: atque ventre virginali carne amictus prodiit.

R. Dulce lignum, &c.

V. Vagit Infans inter arcta conditus præsepia; membra pannis involuta

O faithful Cross, thou peerless Tree, no forest yields the like to thee, leaf, flower, and bud. Sweet is the wood, and sweet its weight, and sweet the nails which penetrate thee, thou sweet wood.

Hymn. Sing, O tongue, devoutly sing, the laurels of our glorious King; loud proclaim the triumph high, of the Cross's victory; how upon that altar laid, our price the world's Redeemer paid.

Repeat. O faithful Cross, as above.

V. When our first forefather ate the fruit which wrought his woful fate, our high Creator pitying mourned, His holy law by creatures scorned, and fain to make the damage good, through wood revok'd the curse of wood.

Repeat. Sweet is the wood, as above.

V. Such the deep mysterious plan, fram'd to rescue ruin'd man, fram'd with wondrous skill to meet the crafty tempter's arch deceit; while from one source promiscuous flow, the woe, and salve that heal'd the woe.

R. O faithful Cross, &c.

V. Fulfill'd the course of Advent years, at length the promised day appears; stoops from His Father's lofty state, the Son who did the world create; meek Offspring of a Virgin womb, enshrin'd in flesh, behold Him come!

R. Sweet is the wood, &c.

V. Full many a tear behold Him shed, sunk in His narrow manger-bed;

* There are some most instructive remarks on this subject, in the Third of the Lectures on Holy Week.

Virgo Mater alligat; et Dei manus
pedesque stricta cingit fascia.

R. Crux fidelis, &c.
V. Lustra sex qui jam peregit, tem-
pus implens corporis, sponte libera
Redemptor Passioni deditus, Agnus in
Crucis levatur immolandus stipite.

R. Dulce lignum, &c.
V. Felle potus ecce languet spina
clavi lancea, mite corpus perforarunt,
unda manat et cruor: terra, pontus,
astra, mundus, quo lavantur flumine!

R. Crux fidelis, &c.
V. Flecte ramos, arbor alta, tensa
laxa viscera; et rigor lentescat ille
quam dedit nativitas: et Superni mem-
bra Regis tende miti stipite.

R. Dulce lignum, &c.
V. Sola digna tu fuisti ferre mundi
Victimam; atque portam præparare
arca mundo naufragi, quam sacer
cruor perunxit, fusus Agni corpore.

R. Crux fidelis, &c.
V. Sempiterna sit beatæ Trinitati
gloria, æqua Patri, Filioque, par decus
Paraclito; Unius Trinique Nomen lau-
det universitas. Amen.

R. Dulce lignum, &c.

the while His virgin Mother mild, in
shreds enwraps her glorious Child; and
lo, th' incarnate feet and hands of God
are swath'd in beggar's bands.*

R. O faithful Cross, &c.
V. And now six lustral courses run,
His task of love is well nigh done; the
Saviour, of His own free will, prepares
His Passion to fulfil; and on the Cross
the Victim lies, meek and bound for
sacrifice.

R. Sweet is the wood, &c.
V. Drench'd with gall, behold Him
languish, while His tender frame with
anguish, thorns and nails and javelin
fierce, one by one acutely pierce; till
from His wounded side a flood of Water
flows with mingled Blood; O healthful
stream, which earth and skies, which
land and ocean purifies!

R. O faithful Cross, &c.
V. Bow thy branches, haughty Tree;
suspend thy wonted cruelty; relax thy
tightened arms, repress for once thy
nature's stubbornness: thy Royal bur-
den gently bear, and spare our dying
God, O spare!

R. Sweet is the wood, &c.
V. Thou alone wert meet esteem'd,
Him to bear who man redeem'd, thou
unshaken Ark, bedew'd with our
Lamb's availing Blood, shipwreck'd
man dost safely guide, and in port se-
curely hide.

R. O faithful Cross, &c.
V. To the Undivided Three in hea-
ven be glory, praise, and honour giv'n,
alike to Father and to Son, and Para-
clete, the Three in One; yea, let the
adoring world proclaim, of Three and
One the glorious Name. Amen.

R. Sweet is the wood, &c.

When the Adoration of the Cross is finished, it is re-
placed on the altar and the candles are lighted. Then the
priest, his attendant deacon and subdeacon, and the other
clergy, form themselves into a procession, and bearing

* St. Buonaventure makes our Blessed Lady wrap the Divine
Infant in her own veil, which seems also to be the notion of Overbeck's
exquisite picture. Holy Scripture leaves us the option; but
spiritual writers almost with one accord, suppose a tattered and
mendicant covering. They dwell on the contrast between our
Lord's Divine Greatness, and the wretchedness of His earthly lot,
which is heightened by this especial feature of it. The word in
the hymn, "pannis," is literally "rags" or "tatters." Such con-
templations seem peculiarly fitted to break down the hateful spirit
of our time, which is inclined to associate the idea of *abject* (as
distinct, of course, from *squalid*) poverty with disgrace.

lights, advance to the side altar or chapel, (commonly called the Sepulchre) to which the adorable Sacrament was removed the day before, and where it has since reposed. On their way they chant the hymn *Vexilla Regis*, a beautiful translation of which will be found in the Derby book. The celebrant again receives our Lord into his embrace, and returns with the clergy in solemn form to the high altar on which the precious Victim is laid. Receiving the thurible he incenses it on bended knees; wine and water is then supplied for the Offertory, and the Mass proceeds as far as "*Orate fratres.*" Then, omitting the intermediate portion, the celebrant goes on to the Lord's Prayer, the *Pax Domini*, and *Agnus Dei*. He then communicates, and having purified his fingers and received the ablution, says the prayer of thanksgiving, and then leaves the altar. Thus end the "maimed rites" of this wonderful and awful anniversary. The holy Communion is not given on Good Friday, except to the sick.

The Church has prescribed no other services for Good Friday except the usual office; but in some religious communities the three hours during which our Saviour hung on the cross are occupied in appropriate devotions, hence called in Italian the *Tre Ore*. The society of JESUS is noted for its encouragement of this particular devotion. The Seven Words of our Blessed Lord, of course, enter largely into it, as a subject of meditation; and through them our Redeemer, addressing us from the Cross, bids us, even in the midst of His own anguish, to cast our care upon His blessed Mother,—"*Filii, ecce Mater vestra.*" And here we are glad to find a point of contact between the ritual and devotional branches of the subject, and, consequently, between our own more technical representation and the fervour and unction of Dr. Cox's beautiful translation from the German of Dr. E. Veith—a long extract from which we shall make no apology for introducing.

"There is a sweet remembrance in the heart of man, which from earliest youth to grey old age is our constant companion. It renews itself in the stillness of night; it is as strongly and deeply implanted in the heart of the rough warrior, as in the heart of the most tender maiden. The heart in which it is not, must be like the heart of the savage hyæna. And this is the remembrance of a loving and affectionate mother. For when we look back, with all the power of our memory, into the earliest scenes of life, what do we meet? There, where our consciousness scarce rises above

the chaos of a life of dreams, we find ourselves in the arms of a mother. Our first glance of feeling was reflected in her eyes. At the side of our couch she sat with tender care, to watch our slumblers or to soothe our pain. Guided by her hands we took our first step. In our happiness she exulted, and if evil overtook us, her tears were seen to flow. If we journeyed from our home her soul travelled with us; her prayers protected us, and it would often seem as if, in her love, she hovered round us, with words of sweet, calm salutation! How deeply therefore do we feel the admonition of the Wise man: 'Forget not the sighs of thy mother.' (Eccl. vii. 27.) How true is his declaration: 'He that honoureth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure.' (iii. 5.) For who shall measure the love that dwelleth in a mother's heart, who shall define the gratitude to which it obliges us?

"And yet our mother could give us no more than this mortal life, full of discord, sin, and pain. She may have cherished and matured the germs of faith and morality within us; but we received these from another source; she herself stood in need of redemption, and may still stand in need of our prayers. We have another Mother of far higher dignity, who loves us, watches over us, accompanies us wherever we may be, and who takes a lively interest in all that concerns us—a Mother whom our Redeemer gave to us, when from His Cross He spoke these words: 'Behold thy Mother.' The sorrows of this Mother and her pangs we should never forget, for the pains which she shared with Jesus conducted to our spiritual birth.

"The fathers of the Church allude, when speaking of this subject, to Rachel, the spouse of Jacob, whose first-born son Joseph, named the Nazareen among his brethren, was offered as a sacrifice to the envy of these his brothers, and thereby became, by a special providence, their ruler and saviour. Her second son, to whom she gave birth amid the travails of death, was named by another name; he was called Benoni, the son of sorrows. So is the first-born of Mary, the Nazareen, the Holy, the Wonderful, the First-born of the dead, the great Saviour of the human race, to whom she, as being above the sin and doom of Eve, gave birth without pain. But she had another son, according to the order of spiritual birth, who was given to her upon Calvary, and this son was to her a son of pain and sorrow. Her favour and her care, therefore, are extended to all who bear the seal of redemption; and where is the mortal man, for whom the Blood of her Son was not shed, and where is he who, if he resist not the entrance of light into his soul, shall be excluded from salvation?

"Thus the word of our blessed Lord, 'Behold thy Mother,' is sacred to all whose hearts have not been made cold by indifference. She, the chosen of all generations and peoples, the gate of the orient, the restorer of salvation—behold, she is this Mother. The wisest and most exalted of all creatures, the flower and ornament

of the human race, the wonderful one in whom the mystery of a new creation was effected, by which heaven and earth were united—she is thy Mother. The Mother of a God-Man, the Mother of Jesus, is also thy Mother. Does the dawn of self-knowledge and repentance arise in the dark and sinful mind? Mary is the morning star that heralds in the light of grace. Has the sun of God's favour set in the unhappy heart through passion, error, or sinful habit? The evening star still shines—Mary, warning, praying, alluring, still looks down upon the wandering sinner, oftentimes as the only ray of light amidst the universal gloom. It is she who awakens sinners; she is the friend of the innocent, the instructress of youth, the comforter of the suffering, the hope of the dying; she is the merciful Mother of all men, for she is the Mother of the Man-God.—O Mother of men, we all cry to thee, exiled children of Eve, from this vale of tears! Turn, O heavenly advocate, turn to us thine eyes; protect us in thy love, speak for our souls. Behold thy Mother. Amen.”—pp. 77-80.

The “Devotions on the Passion” supply us with similar thoughts in verse, from the Latin of St. Bonaventure :

Jesu, Lux et Rex gloriæ, Fili Dei et
hominis,
Jesu, Flos pudicitæ, Fili Mariæ Vir-
ginis;
Dum hæc Virgo sanctissima, tota plena
doloribus,
Genitrix amantissima, tot confecta
mœroribus,
Tua Mater charissima, tota percussa
fletibus,
Nutrix diligentissima, tota fracta sin-
gultibus,
Juxta crucem assisteret, et Te pen-
dentem cerneret,
Dum tormenta conspiceret et præ
luctu deficeret;
Tu videns Matrem flebilem, pressam
amaritudine,
Matrem Tuam venerabilem, dignam
beatitudine,
Videns quoque discipulum, amatum et
amabilem,
Fidelem Dei famulum, Joannem vita
nobilem;
Alloquens ambos dulciter, præ vocis
oraculo,
Commendasti benigniter Matrem
Christi discipulo,
Dicens Matri, ‘Mulier, ecce filius
tuus!’
Deinde discipulo, ‘Ecce Mater tua!’

Oratio.

O qualis permutatio! O quanta inæ-
qualitas!
O qualis desolatio! O quæ Matris acer-
bitas!

King of glory, Star of morn,
Son of God, and Virgin-born,
Flow’r of Chastity unspoil’d,
Jesu, Mary’s sinless Child;
While Thy Mother, holiest Maiden,
Stands with many a dolour laden;
Mother, loving and beloved,
Nurse, of care most watchful prov’d,
Stands in tears, and deeply sighing,
Near the Cross, and sees Thee dying,
Sees Thy torments, till the sight
Her tender soul o’ermasters quite;
On that Mother, ever blest,
Thou Thy gracious eye dost rest,
On that form which anguish bows,
On each painful tear that flows,
Then behold’st thy follower mild,
John the lov’d one, God’s own child,
Fain in one sweet charge to blend
Mother dear and faithful friend;
‘Woman, (thus that lonely one
Thou dost cheer,) behold thy Son!’
Then dost bless Thy duteous brother,
Saying, ‘Son, behold thy Mother!’

The Prayer.

O sad reverse! contrast how passing
strange!
O aching void! O most unequal change!

Dum custos Matris traditur, pro Magistro discipulus;
 Dum, per Matrem suscipitur pro Deo vir pauperculus,
 Dum Matri custos mittitur, pro Rege simplex famulus,
 Sic Tuus, JESU, gratiæ me commendo humiliter,
 Tuæque providentiæ me committo perenniter;
 Ut, exorante Virgine pro nobis Te suppliciter,
 A peccatorum turbine simus securi jugiter.

Who her blest Son had cherish'd and ador'd,
 Finds the disciple where she seeks the Lord;
 A servant in His place the Ruler leaves,
 She loses God, and but a worm receives;
 Lord! to thy grace my weakness I commend,
 And crave to know Thee mine unfailing Friend;
 When ruthless storms of sin are sweeping by,
 O, at Thy Mother's suit, grant me to feel Thee nigh!

Good Friday evening is a strange, lonely time. An altar bared, a desolate sanctuary, lamps extinguished, and pictures veiled,—all bespeaking that the light of Israel is quenched, the glory of the Church is departed. The very repository-chapel, where yesterday we made our offerings to the still present Redeemer, is now dismantled; its faded flowers, its worn-down tapers, more desolate far than vacancy itself, are symbols not to be mistaken, of the change that has come over us. The “tabret and the harp” are still; and mute, or muffled, the vesper-bell, or the sweet Angelus—for who shall joy when Mary is in tears? Our very homes participate in the general gloom, as though there were one dead in the house; and perhaps, for the bell which erewhile summoned us to the cheerful meal, there is now substituted the harsh gong or the screaming rattle,* to grate on the ear like nature’s yell of dismay, or the cry of ghosts dislodged from their paradise of hope.

But brief, through God’s mercy, are ever the obscurations of His glory, and the withdrawals of His consolation. “Heaviness endureth but for the night; joy cometh in the morning.” And that desolation which was short in fact, the Church in her loving impatience makes still shorter in remembrance, by anticipating the joy, though not all the joy, of Easter, even on the morning after the Passion.

The Matins of the Church for that singular day, Holy Saturday—singular in the Christian year, and even in this its holiest and strangest week—are deeply imbued with the spirit which painters call *repose*. Tranquillity and

* This is actually the case in some religious and ecclesiastical houses.

hope are the sentiments of every psalm and every antiphon. How wondrously do the opening words contrast with the altar-service of the morning previous—the reiterated petitions, the bitter Reproaches, the mangled Sacrifice! Such as was the temper of Blessed Mary on the night of that memorable Friday, such surely is the spirit of these Offices; the spirit of a peaceful reaction from intense sorrow. Or rather, is not the Office of Holy Saturday like our Lord's Compline, as they folded Him in the sacred winding-sheet, and gently laid Him in the new and virgin sepulchre? "*Caro Mea requiescet in spe*;" "*In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam*;" such are the key-notes of this languid, yet consoling, chant. And then, again, we seem to behold the lonely Mother bending over the Only-begotten, as the Church once more takes up the strain of her Lamentations, "How is the gold become dim, the finest colour is changed, the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street!"

In the Second Nocturn the tone of hope begins to rise. Here we have the first glimpse of joy. "*Lift up your heads*," it begins, "*ye everlasting gates, and the King of glory shall come in.*" The next Antiphon is: "*I believe that I shall see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.*" The third: "*Lord, Thou hast brought my soul out of hell.*" The character of the Psalms is denoted by these clues. The Third Nocturn breathes the spirit of the former two together—tranquillity and hope united.

The Ceremonies of Holy Saturday begin with the Benediction of the fire, from which the sacred lamps and tapers are to be kindled. In many religious and ecclesiastical communities, all the fires in the house having been first put out, are rekindled from the sacred light. How beautiful is this sanctification of elements in the Church! Fire and water, the proverb says, are "good subjects but evil rulers." Well, the Church divests them of their malice, exorcises them, and makes them her subjects. By water the world was drowned, by water it is saved. By fire it shall be destroyed at the last day, but the Church controls that terrible power into an instrument of her will, and a channel of her blessings. Some have thought that these elements are spirits in disguise; "*Ministri Ejus sicut ignes urentes*;" and that therefore we address them as living agents, capable of doing service to their Creator.

"Benedicite aquæ omnes quæ super cœlo sunt Domino.... benedicite ignis et æstus Domino." Very demons are they in their natural state, but the Church makes of them "angels and ministers of grace." The prayers at the Benediction of the Paschal Fire, are replete with divine imagery. Christ is the "Corner-stone" which shall give us light as fire is elicited from the flint; and as God was a pillar of fire to Moses as he quitted Egypt, so, asks the Church, "may fire be kindled to lighten us on our way to the everlasting light." At this ceremony, which takes place at the door of the church on Holy Saturday morning, are also blessed five grains of incense, thought to be commemorative of our Lord's five wounds, which are afterwards inserted in the Paschal Candle.

The lamps in the church are then put out, that they may be relighted with the sacred Fire: "Ecce nova facio omnia;" it is the day of universal regeneration. From the same fire the coals in the thurible are also ignited. A procession is then formed into the church. The deacon in white vestments bears the "arundo," a rod with a triple candlestick, emblematic of the Sacred Trinity in Unity; and when he enters the church, an acolyte lights from the new fire, one of the three candles at the top of the rod. The deacon holds up the rod, and kneeling, as do also the rest, sings "Lumen Christi," (the Light of Christ;) and the others answer, "Deo Gratias," (Thanks be to God.) This is repeated in the middle of the church, and again before the altar, each time in a higher key. Then, having received the blessing of the priest, he proceeds to sing the *Præconium*, or Benediction of the Paschal Candle, a hymn in honour of the approaching solemnities of Easter, commonly called the "Exultet," from its first word. The Paschal Candle is one of the symbols and accompaniments of Easter joy; it is of vast size and height, painted and decorated with appropriate emblems. It burns during High Mass and Vespers, from Easter Eve to Ascension Day, when it is extinguished at High Mass after the singing of the Gospel.

The Hymn, or Preface of benediction, which is sung on this occasion by the deacon, is of great antiquity; some trace it up to St. Augustine of Hippo. As a piece of sacred poetry, it is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent compositions in the world, if we may apply a word importing human skill to a work which bears traces of the lower kind

of inspiration. In one place it breaks out into a strain of almost daring sublimity. "O marvellous condescension of Thy pity in our behalf! O inestimable affection of charity! To redeem the slave Thou didst deliver up the Son. O verily needful sin of Adam, which was expiated by the death of Christ! O blessed transgression, that merited so great a Redeemer! O happy, happy Night, which alone deserved to know the time and the hour when Christ arose from the dead!" This is the Night whereof it is written, "And the night shall be as light as the day, and the night is my illumination in my delight. The sanctification of this night it is which chaces away crime and blots out sin, restoring innocence to the fallen and joy to the mourner."

No words of ours can do justice to the melody in which this sacred Pæan is recited. It is founded on the tone of the Prefaces in the Mass, but ranges over a wider compass, rising one full note above the highest in the Prefaces, and falling two below the lowest. It occasionally descends by intervals from high to low, and then abruptly mounts in a tone of almost wild exultation. At one part it breaks into the form and melody of the Prefaces, and so proceeds at great length to the end, though with occasional most expressive deviations from the usual standard, especially the rise to the highest note under the influence of any triumphant passage. Just before a magnificent apostrophe opening with the words, "O blessed Night," the Lamp of the Sanctuary, and other lamps in the church, are relighted from the sacred fire. Every thing betokens that the day is coming on.

The benediction of the Paschal Candle ended, a long course of instruction is begun, with especial reference to the catechumens, who, as it is well known, received, and in Catholic countries still receive, public baptism on this day. Prophecies of the Old Testament relating to our blessed Lord, are read in succession to the number of twelve, each being succeeded by a short prayer. The canticles of Miriam, parts of that of Moses, and of the song of the Vineyard in Isaiah, are chanted at the close of the Lessons to which they belong. The last Prophecy is the history of the setting up the golden statue by Nebuchadonosor. This we mention for the sake of noting one of those exquisite touches of feeling, which show how the Church never slumbers in her love of our Lord. At

the end of the other Prophecies, the people kneel as a token of humiliation at the usual summons, "*Flectamus genua;*" but after the history of Nebuchadonosor's idolatrous act, this ceremony is omitted, as if in repudiation of it, and again, perhaps, of the genuflection made in mockery of our blessed Lord in the Hall of Pilate. (St. Matt. xxvii. 29.) It is in the same spirit of affectionate loyalty, that the Church omits the Kiss of Peace in the Mass on each day of the great Triduum, when her heart is bleeding at the memory of another kiss, not of peace, but of treachery, of which her Lord was the victim.

The prayers following the Prophecies relate also to the subject of Baptism. If there be a font in the church, it is then solemnly blessed in a form of exquisite sweetness, opening with a Tract in the words, "*Like as the hart panteth at the fountains of waters,*" &c. for which, as for the Preface following, a proper tone is appointed. During the preface, the celebrant divides the water in the form of a cross, and afterwards scatters it to the four points of the compass, in allusion to the quadripartite river of Paradise. At one period he plunges the Paschal Candle into the water to sanctify it, and lastly, pours the sacred oil and chrism into it. The catechumens, if there should be any, are baptized at this point. The celebrant and ministers then return to the foot of the altar, and bend down before it. All kneel, and the cantors intone the Litanies of the Saints. When they begin, "*We sinners beseech thee to hear us,*" the priests and ministers rise and withdraw into the sacristy. They exchange their mourning vestments for white. The candles are then lighted, and the veils of the pictures and images withdrawn. The Litany meanwhile proceeds to the end, and when the cantors have sung "*Christ graciously hear us,*" the choir takes up the Kyrie Eleison, but without organ. Then the celebrant intones the "*Gloria in Excelsis,*" which is taken up by the choir with the organ, and the bells are rung. Just before the Gospel, the subdeacon advances to the bishop if present, saying, "*Reverendissime pater, annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, quod est, Alleluia.*" The word of joy is echoed by the celebrant thrice, in a progressively ascending tone. He is answered in precisely the same form by the full choir. When the celebrant has received the Holy Communion, Vespers are chanted. The office is unusually short, for hearts are too

full for utterance, and the Church does little more than multiply Alleluias, and congratulate the Mother of God. The next morning she settles down into a tone of calm majestic joy, interchanging with her children in the Invitatory, (according to primitive usage,) the announcement "Christ is risen indeed, Alleluia." And in the first Antiphon of Matins, our Lord is with us again, "velut gigas ad currendam viam," like a giant, not prostrated but "refreshed" with the chalice of His Passion; "Christus heri, et hodie, et Ipse in sæcula," reviving the hearts of the contrite ones at the end of the battle, with the same assertion of incommunicable Deity, with which, at its commencement, He felled His enemies to the ground, "EGO SUM QUI SUM," for rewarding as for avenging.

ART. II.—*Le Protestantisme comparé au Catholicisme dans ses rapports avec la Civilisation Européenne.* Par L'Abbé JACQUES BALMES. 3 vols. Louvain : 1846.

THE Catholic Church, by its influence on the individual, the family, and the state, has insured to mankind the largest share of happiness and freedom, as well as the fullest capability for their enjoyment. By her sublime doctrine, morality, sacraments, and worship, she has rescued the mind and heart of man, (provided he only surrender himself heartily to her dominion), from the tyranny of vice, superstition, and unbelief; and thereby qualified him for the enjoyment of that civil and political freedom, which is the more immediate object of our inquiries.

The family, that first type and germ of all social organization, and on whose sound constitution the stability and freedom of the state mainly depend, was re-established by the Church on its primitive basis. Monogamy and the indissolubility of the nuptial tie were proclaimed: and thereby domestic concord, purity, and happiness, insured; the dignity and even influence of woman established; paternal despotism restrained; and the care and education of childhood, and its future interests provided for. The relations between master and servant, which under heathenism had been so harsh and cruel, founded on mutual distrust and degradation, on the utter forgetfulness of

man's native dignity; these relations were now softened and relaxed, till by degrees they underwent a total transformation. The empire of outward force indeed, which the fall of man had necessitated, Christianity could not abolish; but by diminishing the reign of sin, and by proclaiming to men their common fraternity, all the social relations were in course of time necessarily modified. Under the influence of the Church, which, like its Divine Author, brings about changes by slow and imperceptible degrees, servitude, gradually mitigated, was at last totally suppressed. Thus if Christianity had done no more than achieve the moral regeneration of men—the restoration of woman to her long-lost rights—the protection of infancy, and the abolition of slavery with all its frightful consequences—it would have raised the freedom and the civilization of modern nations immeasurably above those of pagan antiquity.

But its beneficial influence on the state has not been less remarkable than on the family. By announcing the divine origin of political power, the Catholic Church on one hand, rendered sovereignty more stable and secure, and therefore less prone to the jealous caprices of tyranny; and, on the other hand, it ennobled and sanctified obedience, and therefore sheltered the subject from the excesses of anarchy, and the insecurity of despotism. Mutual confidence and self-devoting love arose, where previously hatred and jealousy had subsisted.

The separation of the spiritual and temporal powers established in the Jewish Church, but more fully developed in the Christian, is the firmest bulwark of political freedom that can well be conceived. The independence of the Church on the state is a perpetual memento to the civil power; that the sphere of conscience is beyond its competence—that religion hath her own inviolable domain, and that the great questions of moral justice, which regulate all the social relations, are not to be determined by the tribunal of political sovereignty. In the primitive or patriarchal religion, as we observed on a former occasion,* the royal and priestly authority were vested in the same hands; but the law of God, which was still fresh and living in the minds of men, was a safeguard against the

* See this Journal for Jan. 1845, Art. "Religious and Social Condition of Belgium."

abuses of power. But in heathenism, where that law was so obscured, tyranny often became more or less predominant, as on one hand, the priesthood could not be expected to offer an energetic moral resistance to the despotism of the sovereign, from whom it derived its jurisdiction; and on the other hand, the questions of truth and error, of right and wrong, of actions licit and illicit, were settled by an authority necessarily partial and interested, to wit, the head of the state itself.

But, moreover, the very independence of the Catholic Church efficaciously protected that of all other corporations in the state. The family has a sphere of action, over which political authority has no legitimate control. The municipal and communal corporation—the judicial body—the order of nobility, though forming constituent parts of the state, and therefore more subject to its jurisdiction, have yet severally a distinct sphere of rights and liberties, which, except from imperious motives of general utility, must remain exempt from its legislative interference. Hence, it was under the shadow of the Church's spiritual independence, that in the middle age all political rights and liberties took root and flourished, and displayed a vigour and consistency of growth, which we shall in vain look for in pagan antiquity.

In the next place, the admirable constitution of the Catholic Church, which is that of a temperate and finely balanced monarchy, was calculated to exert the most advantageous influence on civil society. Here, before the eyes of kings and of nations, stood an immense spiritual empire, where authority was regulated and attempered by ancient usages and explicit laws, and subjected to many and various checks and influences. The papal power, mighty and all-pervading as it is, and as becomes the end for which its Divine Author instituted it, was yet in the exercise of its jurisdiction, bound by the canons of the Church, by the disciplinary decrees of general councils and preceding pontiffs, by the subordinate but divine institution of episcopacy and its inherent rights, by the usages and privileges of particular churches, (when not incompatible with general discipline), by the special compacts made with secular princes, and lastly, by the awful nature of its moral responsibility. In matters of doctrine, where the nature of the case and the necessities of the Church require a prompt and energetic decision, the au-

thority of the sovereign Pontiff is, according to the far most general, ancient, and credible opinion, infallible, and therefore necessarily more absolute; but in affairs of discipline, it is, (except in cases of momentous urgency to the Church), subject to the various checks and limitations above specified. Episcopacy, which circumscribed the exercise of the papal power, was in its disciplinary jurisdiction bound to respect the defined rights of the inferior clergy; for though the sovereign Pontiff and the bishops are the sole divinely appointed judges of faith and discipline; yet in disciplinary matters, which are more analogous to the subjects with which civil government has to deal, the second order of clergy has no little weight and influence. The episcopal synod is the medium, whereby on all things appertaining to ecclesiastical discipline, this order may make known its opinions, feelings, wishes, and interests. The frequent recurrence of these synods, as well as of provincial councils, where the canonical laws were strictly maintained, furnished the state with a perpetual model for deliberative assemblies.

We pretend not to assert that the analogies between Church and State can be carried out with perfect exactness. The nature of the case, and the very different ends for which both were constituted, forbid such a supposition. Enough is it to discern the type, on which, by the latent force of things, the political organism of modern Europe was insensibly formed.

As the family contains the first germ of all political society, and the monarchical form of government is the truest copy of the domestic constitution; so in the family itself, according to the just observation of Fenelon, we find the primitive model of the temperate, or (to adopt the modern, but much abused phrase,) the representative monarchy. The father, who in affairs of importance, in which the welfare of his offspring was involved, would act without consulting the feelings and wishes of those children, whose age and discretion enabled them to form a judgment, would exercise his power with extreme harshness and severity. Sound reason, and the tender circumspection of parental love, have always dictated the opposite course. Thus if monarchy be the most ancient, and by far the most natural and general form of government, we see too, in the primitive ages, before idolatry had made such fearful progress, and before vice and corruption had enervated

the state, royalty more or less restrained by the power of the nobles and the people, and (where the institution of castes existed) by the sacerdotal body. This was the case in the heroic ages of Greece, in the monarchy of the Persians, before they attained universal empire, and in the earlier times of India and Egypt. But as ancient traditions were obscured, and the passions and errors that heathenism fostered, were developed, society became alternately a prey to anarchy and despotism.

But if in the primitive ages we can discern only faint traces of the temperate monarchy, it was reserved for the Christian Church to bring that form of government to a maturer development. In all the kingdoms founded by the northern barbarians on the ruins of the Roman empire, we see from the very beginning, the sovereign convoking for the settlement of all important affairs his feudal parliament, composed of prelates and barons. And in the course of time, as the cities obtained their municipal charters, and the third estate advanced in wealth and civilization, we behold their representatives in the national assemblies. In Spain, in Portugal, in France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Flanders, in all the provinces of the Germanic empire, in Poland, and the Scandinavian countries, we encounter the same phenomenon. Every where we find aristocratic, and (in most places) popular institutions co-existent with monarchy. Where the third estate, as in Hungary and Poland, was unable to grow into importance, this defect must be ascribed to the absence of trade, occasioned by the incessant wars to which those frontier-countries were exposed, as well as by some vicious institutions, like elective royalty for example.

This admirable constitution, under which Europe was rapidly advancing in the career of civilization, was destroyed by the Reformation in the countries where it triumphed, and undermined in those which still remained Catholic. By annexing spiritual to temporal authority, Protestantism, as we observed on a former occasion, subverted the strongest bulwark of political freedom, while it deranged the whole economy of a mixed or temperate monarchy. Subjected to the crown in matters spiritual, despoiled either totally, or in a great part, of its ancient riches, the clerical body lost its rank in the social hierarchy, or even where it retained its old political rights (as in our own country and Sweden), it was unable to resist the

encroachments of royalty, or act as the mediator between all classes.

The nobility, enriched with the spoils of the Church, having been rendered selfish, avaricious, and licentious, became the supple instrument of regal tyranny.

The commons, in a great measure bereft of the guidance of their natural leaders, and swayed alternately by those despotic and anarchical doctrines that issued from the bosom of the Reformation, now crouched at the feet of their monarchs, now burst into wild revolt.

Royalty, sated with the plunder of the Church, invested with two-fold authority, spiritual and temporal, freed from those restraints which the Catholic clergy and the old independent aristocracy had imposed on the arbitrary exercise of regal power, was now transformed into a perfect despotism. This despotism preceded and prepared the way for those bloody anarchic struggles, that marked the age subsequent to the Reformation.

This mighty event could not fail to exert an important influence even over those countries where the ancient faith still remained predominant. The temporal power of the popes, which, by often terminating or preventing unjust wars, and, in extreme cases, by repressing the despotism of kings and the revolt of subjects, had conferred such immense advantages on mankind, now disappeared. For, firstly, in the divided state of christendom, that universal umpirage, which monarchs and nations had once acknowledged, could no longer find a fitting scope for its exercise; and in the second place, in order not to afford a pretext for the declamations of heresy, the sovereign Pontiffs judged it prudent to confine themselves within the strict sphere of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Thus was one great prop of European freedom removed, and at a period, too, when it was so much needed. The sixteenth century — (to anticipate an observation of the writer whose work stands at the head of this article) — the sixteenth century was one in which royalty entered into a new crisis of its development. In many countries the decline of the feudal aristocracy, the growing power of cities, colonial acquisitions, and the junction or reunion of kingdoms by conquest or inheritance, rendered a strong central power necessary for the well-being of society. Here the papal power, could it have been exercised, would have tended to prevent the undue predominance of monarchical

sway, and have adjusted the balance between the different members of the body politic.

Moreover, while the tutelary authority of the Holy See, from which oppressed nations had so often sought and found redress, was thus relegated from the region of politics; the example of tyranny set by Protestant rulers, the anarchical doctrines spread by the Reformation, and the violence and bloodshed that everywhere marked its footsteps, rendered Catholic sovereigns more jealous of their prerogatives, more distrustful of popular institutions, and more prone to despotism. In Spain, the dread of the introduction of Protestantism led to a more jealous and illiberal policy on the part of the court, and to the infringement on popular rights.

In France, the violent republican doctrines put forth by Calvinism, and the endless series of conspiracies, rebellions, and civil wars which it enkindled, often drove the monarchs of that country into a course of crafty tyranny; while the spoliation or destruction of the noblest families, Catholic and Protestant, during those civil wars, facilitated the establishment of absolutism.

It was thus in Spain, from the time of Philip II., the Cortes declined more and more in power and importance, though in that country, so tenacious of ancient rites and customs, the root of popular institutions was never wholly extirpated. The system of absolutism, founded by Richelieu, was brought to its full development by Louis XIV., who, in the general abasement of all other political institutions, had the effrontery openly to declare, "*L'Etat, c'est moi.*"

In both countries, but more particularly in France (such is the close union between the temporal and the spiritual order of things) the civil power, while it restricted the liberties of the people, encroached on the jurisdiction of the Church.

Yet those monarchies, much as they had declined from their ancient freedom, still possessed down to the period of their destruction many remnants of their old political liberties, admirable commercial and municipal institutions, and laws often the most wise and benevolent. And the observations we make in reference to France and Spain, apply more or less to other Catholic states. Such is the salutary influence of the Catholic Church on mind, manners, and legislation; so admirably doth she attemper

authority and ennoble obedience, that her spirit supplies in some degree the loss of the outward guarantees of political freedom. Hence, in the Catholic monarchies we have named, even in their period of decline, we find a degree of social happiness, stability, personal freedom, and general civilization, immeasurably superior to all that the most favoured governments of antiquity could exhibit, and even not to be paralleled in the best governed Protestant states.*

But if we compare the social state of Catholic with that of Protestant countries, how vastly superior is the former!

Where but in Catholic kingdoms shall we find such purity and happiness in domestic life? where is woman invested with so much dignity, and even influence? where are so much confidence and kindness manifested in all the relations between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the master and the servant? where is so much tenderness evinced to the claims of poverty? where is the sense of honour more delicate in the gentry, and the spirit of moral independence stronger among the people? And is it not those qualities which lend the highest value and the most durable consistence to the best forms of government?

Yet the decline of political freedom is ever a great misfortune to nations; for with it decline those generous sentiments that are the mainsprings of art and science—that

* In England itself, life and property were not better secured than in France and Spain before their respective revolutions; and even under the most absolute of sovereigns, Lewis XIV., the violations of personal freedom were extremely rare. In France the parliaments, though they often made a factious and dangerous abuse of their power, still checked the arbitrary exercise of regal authority.

Some few of the French provinces had even preserved their ancient legislatures down to 1789.

In Spain, the Council of Castile, celebrated for its integrity and wisdom, had the right of remonstrating against the legality of royal ordinances. The Inquisition, though too severe in its forms, and at one period guilty of excesses, yet often curbed the despotism of kings and ministers; and on that account, as Mr. Charles Butler truly observes, remained, at least with the lower classes, a popular institution. Of this we shall later adduce the proofs. Biscay and Navarre, down to the late civil wars, retained their own Cortes, and, like the Pays d'Etats of France, were the most flourishing provinces of the monarchy.

practical energy which is the life of industry and trade, and that public spirit which is the source of all political greatness and enterprise. Moreover, as experience shows, the liberty of the Church sinks with that of the state; and with the decline of ecclesiastical freedom we see the gradual decay of discipline and virtue, and the growth of schism and heresy.

Such was the state of the Catholic monarchies, when, about the middle of the eighteenth century, an irreligious and anti-social philosophy began to sap their foundations.

Had those monarchies retained their original form, they would have been better able to sustain the dreadful shocks, religious and political, which they were now destined to encounter. Had the clergy not been hampered in their spiritual jurisdiction, and divested of most of their political rights, they would better have been enabled to stem the tide of infidel opinions, which, having sprung up in Protestant countries, began now to overflow the Catholic kingdoms, and more particularly France. Had the nobility not been reduced to systematic inaction, withdrawn from their sphere of local influence, degraded into mere courtly attendants, and excluded for the most part from the management of public concerns, they would not so easily have become the dupes of those revolutionary theories, which accompanied or followed the course of unbelief. Had, for instance, the States-general of France or the Cortes of Spain subsisted during the eighteenth century in their full vigour, never would the political doctrines we allude to have obtained such vogue: for those great national assemblies, where the various corporations of the state are represented, possess a far more conservative instinct than a court which is naturally more variable, and open to so many influences, extraneous and internal.

This irreligious and anti-social philosophy, which was only the natural development of the principles of the Reformation, encountered, of course, far less opposition in Protestant than in Catholic countries. In the latter kingdoms, where the whole system of doctrines, opinions, manners, and institutions opposed such mighty obstacles to the progress of this philosophy, it could only hope to obtain success by means of secret societies, court cabals, and the favour of the great. It is the anti-social, more than the irreligious, doctrines of this philosophy which form the

immediate subject of our enquiries ; and as we have briefly traced the rise, the growth, and the decline of the Catholic monarchy, we shall now proceed to describe its downfall.

This revolutionary system reigned from the middle of the eighteenth century down to our times ; and, according to the different stages of its development, may be characterized as the despotic liberalism, the anarchical liberalism, and the constitutional liberalism.

The Jansenism, which infected a portion of the French clergy—the encroachments often made by the parliament on the spiritual rights of the Holy See—the suppression of the order of the Jesuits—and the licentious manners of the court and nobility in the reign of Lewis XV. facilitated in France the spread of infidelity, imported as it had been from Protestant countries. This infidelity, through the patronage of powerful ministers and the machinations of secret societies, was able to obtain some footing in Spain and Portugal ; and in Austria, Bavaria, and the minor Catholic states of Germany, through the order of the Illuminati, and the favour and example of Joseph II. and other princes, it acquired considerable success.

Coupled with this irreligion, was an anti-social system that proclaimed the doctrine of popular sovereignty, making a fictitious social compact the basis of society, and all power a delegation from the people. This principle, reprobated by primitive antiquity, was first proclaimed by the degenerate philosophy of Greece ; and after having been repudiated by the Christian Church, was revived by some Catholic theologians of the fifteenth century, and developed by the reformers of the following age, especially Calvin and his disciples. This principle, which, while it admits the absolute necessity of power to the existence of human society, still presupposes a state of things where no society existed, impeaches the providence of God, because in creating man He had left him without the means to unfold his physical, moral, and intellectual faculties. “To explain the origin of society,” said the Abbé de la Menais, before his fall, “this doctrine presupposes society ; for the contract whereby power is delegated to the sovereign, implies a common language, common country, common wants, common interests ; and these cannot exist except in the state of society.” Hence this doctrine—the root of all political troubles—has received from some great writers of modern times the severe epithet of *atheistical*.

Power, thus delegated to the sovereign by virtue of a presumed primitive compact, is subject to no law, no control, moral or positive, save what the popular will may ordain. "The sovereign people," says Rousseau, "requires not reason to justify its acts;" and here was another note of the atheistical character stamped upon this principle.

But, false and absurd as it is in theory, this doctrine is equally impracticable in life. To realize its application to modern society, the revolutionary sophists are compelled to narrow it by the most arbitrary limitations. In open contradiction with the principle of the equality of all men, they exclude from this exercise of sovereign delegation, women, minors, and those in service; and arbitrarily assume the power in the majority to bind the minority.

They commit another gross violation of their own principle, in ascribing to one generation the power of legislating for another; and hence the more consistent revolutionists maintain, that, on every new generation, the institutions of a country should be submitted to the approval of the people.

But this theory, impracticable as it is, was still most fatal to the quiet and freedom of nations. By rendering the tenure of power unstable and uncertain, it urged royalty into despotism; and by making the people sovereign, and exalting it above legitimate authority, it precipitated nations into anarchy. Some sovereigns of the eighteenth century, according to the just observation of M. de Haller, openly embraced this doctrine from a sort of soft, effeminate good nature, and in order to appear as the guardians and protectors of the people, to whose interests they were exclusively devoted; others from a false ambition and a spirit of despotism, to be able, under the pretext of the public weal, to accomplish measures of tyranny.*

* 'Restouration der Staats,' Wissenschaft, vol. i. p. 179. We have purposely abridged the words of the Baron de Haller. Here they stand in the original: "Einige—(he has been speaking of princes)—Einige thaten dieses aus weichlicher gutmüthigkeit, als denen die schimmerade Schwärmerei gefiel, in allem die Vormünder und Fürsorger ihres Volks zer seyer, sich nur allein seinem Dieuste dahinzugeben und bei sich selbsk laute Uflichten und Reine Kechte anzuerkennen; andere aus falscher Ruhmsucht und despotischen Sinn, um Gewalthätigkeiten durchsetzen zer Können, die mon mit dem angeblichen Volk's-Besten Veschönigen wusste."

In some countries, like France, while society was undermined by irreligious and anti-social errors, and the abuses of the court furnished the spirit of destruction with the most dangerous aliment, fewer attempts were made, prior to the great outbreak of 1789, to introduce into the political region the revolutionary doctrines. But in Portugal, under the minister Pombal—in Austria, under Joseph II., and even, though with greater reserve, in Tuscany under Leopold, while the most violent encroachments were made on ecclesiastical power, the regular clergy, in one of its most revered orders insulted, wronged, and oppressed, and Jansenism openly encouraged, no effort was left untried to enforce the application of anti-social theories. The nobility—that object of hatred to all tyrants—was humbled and outraged, stripped of many of its just political privileges, and injured even in its proprietary rights. Entails and the right of primogeniture were abolished. All guilds and corporations were put down; the provincial legislatures, where they existed, were either put an end to, or fettered in the exercise of their power. Local customs and privileges were most arbitrarily violated or suppressed; and every attempt made to reduce society to one dead uniform level. Codes of the most absurd pretentious character were published, where often the holiest maxims of morality were trampled under foot, and the laxest indulgence evinced towards crime.

Who does not recognise in this fantastic extravagant game played by the deluded sovereigns of the eighteenth century, the natural prelude to the wild atrocities of French Jacobinism? Yet such, with more or less variation, more or less disorder, was the spectacle exhibited during the latter part of the eighteenth century, not only by many Protestant states, but by the Catholic governments of Austria, Spain, Portugal, Tuscany, and others. The great revolution of 1789, which unfortunately found in France and in Europe a soil already too well prepared, was not by any means so original a movement as is commonly supposed. The French Constituent Assembly merely walked in the footsteps of Pombal and Joseph II.; and it only carried out with the headlong violence of democracy, and the dialectic consistency of the French mind, those destructive measures in church and state pursued by the misguided sovereigns and treacherous ministers of the preceding epoch. This disorganizing

assembly, which called itself *constituent*, not content with suppressing *some*, abolished *all* religious orders ; not content with fettering the jurisdiction, sought to annihilate the authority, of the episcopate ; and at last consummated the schism which its royal prototypes had commenced. In its work of pretended political reform, it subverted the order of nobility with all its privileges and titles, despoiled municipal and communal corporations of their rights and property, put an end to all provincial legislatures, destroyed all local institutions, judicatures, and customs, and changed the very names of the ancient provinces of the monarchy. The bloody, anarchical, and atheistical assemblies, which succeeded to the constituent, completed the work of religious and social destruction.

Napoleon had the glory of reopening in France the closed temples of religion ; and had he but remained true to the sublime mission he had received from Divine Providence, he would have been hailed by his contemporaries and by posterity as the second Charlemagne. But he soon began to persecute the Church, which he had re-established ; and so in ecclesiastical, as well as political, matters, his government assumed a thoroughly revolutionary character. This character was evinced, on the one hand, in the irreligious despotism which Napoleon sought to establish over public education, in his persecution of the French clergy, and his imprisonment of the Head of the Church ; and, on the other hand, in the centralizing character of his government, based, like all the preceding revolutionary ones, on the annihilation of all orders and corporations, of all municipal and communal rights, of all local customs and franchises ; and which, by its forced military levies and the violent proceedings of its extraordinary tribunals, vied at times with the republican tyranny that had been put down.

The period of the constitutional liberalism dates in France from the restoration of the Bourbons in the year 1814, and continues down to the present time. Here, although in this eventful period of thirty years many better elements have been introduced, and a strong reaction has sprung up in the upper and a portion of the middle classes against the religious and (in part) the political doctrines of the revolution ; still that revolution, though in a modified form, continues to reign. The state, by the doctrine of popular sovereignty proclaimed as its basis—by its system

of centralization, opposed as that is to all local customs and rights, and to the free development of municipal and communal institutions—by its undisguised hostility to the order of nobles, whose existence is perpetually undermined by the subdivision of property—lastly, by the arbitrary interference it assumes in the most sacred concerns of the family and the Church—the state, we say, still retains in France a revolutionary character.

The decline of the Spanish monarchy, down to the middle of the last century, we have already pointed out.

In the reign of Charles III., a monarch personally upright and pious, but who, from his passionate love for the chase, blindly surrendered himself up to the guidance of the counsellors that surrounded him—in the reign of Charles III., the ministers, Aranda, Villa, Hermosa, and Compomanes, were the obsequious tools of the infidel and anti-social party in France. At the instigation of these culpable ministers, and after the example of the tyrannic and blood-thirsty Pombal, the illustrious order of the Jesuits was suppressed; and hence throughout the whole Iberian peninsula and its colonies, a void was left in education and a shock given to religion, from which those countries have not to this day recovered. At the same time a Jansenistical party (in Spain at least, ever contemptible in point of numbers and influence,) was fostered and encouraged; every attempt was made to hamper the bishops and the chapters in the exercise of their rights, and a secret war was carried on against the Holy See.

While the government thus encroached on the jurisdiction of the Church, it attempted the most arbitrary interference with the rights of the family; for those two corporations, the family and the Church, are bound together by mysterious ties; and rarely doth the State infringe on the liberties of the one, without trenching on those of the other. Thus Charles III. attempted by an ordinance to interdict the Spaniards the use of the slouched hat, but was for that arbitrary measure well nigh falling a victim of popular fury.

The higher nobility of Spain, from their frequent inter-marriages, sunk for the most part into a state of moral and physical imbecility, and rendered moreover by their long exclusion from the management of public affairs the easy dupes of political innovators, were far from being able to cope with the difficulties of the time. They either approved,

or looked with passive indifference on the revolutionary policy pursued by the court. Under Charles IV., an unworthy minister, the guilty paramour of the queen, Godoy, in open contempt of the feelings of the nation, disposed of the destinies of the state, till he at last treacherously opened the gates of Spain to the arms of Napoleon. Here commences the war of independence—a war so glorious in the annals of Spain—a war that revealed to Europe the religious patriotism, the lofty enthusiasm, the heroic energy, that still slumbered in the heart of her noble people.

The generous feelings of liberty and national independence that this war elicited, were perverted to the worst purposes by a faction brought up in the doctrines of the French revolution, and fostered by the ministers of Charles III. The Cortes of 1812, was a feeble, sickly imitation of the French constituent assembly. Its members found themselves separated in doctrines, feelings, and views, from the great bulk of the nation, and hence they were compelled to proceed with far more circumspection in the work of social havoc. For, in despite of the corrupting policy of the Spanish government during the preceding thirty years, and in despite of the pernicious influence of the French literature over certain circles, the great mass of the nation remained firmly wedded to their faith.

The history of that tragic revolution, with its two restorations, that gave a momentary respite to Spain, is, alas, too well known to our readers. The suppression of all monasteries and the confiscation of their property, the plunder of the secular clergy, the most violent encroachments on their spiritual jurisdiction, the imprisonment and exile of the highest prelates, every encouragement afforded to an irreligious press, divine worship shorn of its splendour, the massacre of religious connived at, and the country menaced with a deplorable schism—such is the religious history of the revolution from 1812 to 1844. And what is the political aspect it presents during the same period? Royalty humbled to the dust, the impotent tool of anarchic factions, the higher nobility and clergy systematically excluded from political affairs, a licentious soldiery bearding the legislature, and violating the freedom of elections, the most honourable citizens compelled to abandon their home and country, the best blood of Spain flowing in a prolonged and disastrous civil war.

In this mournful drama, two restorations, like more cheering episodes, intervene. But these, though they gave the country time for repose and reflection, were, from the manner in which they were conducted, not of a nature to cure its evils or avert its dangers. In the first restoration, we see an excessive severity towards the *persons* of the revolutionists, but little attempt made to counteract their *principles*, either by an improved system of education, or by the patronage of a Catholic literature, or by the restoration to the Church of greater freedom, that would enable her to correct abuses, and render her ministers more efficient for the exigencies of the time. Instead of surrounding itself by the collected wisdom of the nation in the Cortes of the three estates, and opposing to the destructive democracy a sound legitimate democracy, royalty returns to the feeble worn-out government of the Camarilla, and in the presence of vigilant foes, perpetually changes its counsellors, till it falls into the snares of its enemies, and by a rebellious army, is virtually precipitated from the throne. The second restoration, from 1823 to 1833, though conducted with more prudence, labours under most of the same defects. At length the sovereign, from a misguided affection for his spouse, reverses, of his own arbitrary power and without the consent of his Cortes,* the fundamental law of succession, and bequeaths to his unhappy country the horrors of civil war.

If now we compare the course which the revolution has pursued in Spain with that which it followed in France, we shall discern two important differences, that serve to explain many anomalies in the former. 1. The revolution in Spain has not been *social*, but purely *political*; that is to say, its doctrines did not, as in France, pervade the minds of the people, before they descended into the region of political life. 2. The central unity of power, which was established by the *French republic one and indivisible*, and for which the Ancien Régime had too well prepared the way, the Spanish revolutionists have never been able to establish. To this false unity, the strong municipal spirit of the Spaniards, and the great diversity in the manners, habits, and character of the different provinces,

* The Cortes were convoked in 1823 by Ferdinand merely to do homage to his daughter, not to deliberate on the change of the Salic Law.

opposed an insuperable obstacle. These two circumstances it is, which have prevented the Spanish Jacobinism from exhibiting the same character of gigantic wickedness, and obtaining the same infernal success as the French.

The perplexed drama of the Spanish revolution, though by no means closed, seems verging to a conclusion. Unless all symptoms be deceptions, said the great organ of Catholic Germany some time ago, the revolutionary fever is rapidly declining in all the Catholic Romanic countries.*

The downfall of Espartero, was at once the token and the result of a great religious and political reaction. For the details of that religious regeneration, which, according to all accounts, is going on in the Spanish mind, we beg to refer our readers to the article that appeared two years ago in this Journal, from the pen of a writer who had the best opportunities for obtaining accurate information.† In political opinion, there is a corresponding, though more slowly advancing, improvement.

To this gradual regeneration of the public mind, no one has more powerfully contributed than the young Spanish ecclesiastic whose work stands at the head of this article, whose name is not unknown to our readers, and who, by his political as well as theological and philosophical writings, has acquired a very high reputation in his country. M. Balmes edited for some years the ablest journal in Spain, entitled "*El Pensamiento de la Nacion*," and wherein his object was to restore the Church to her former dignity and influence, reconcile and unite all the friends of monarchy, whether belonging to the Carlist or Christino parties, and while he respected the legal interests that had sprung out of the revolution, to persuade his country to recast her political institutions as much as possible on the model of her ancient Cortes. His political opinions are, we believe, represented in public life by that enlightened statesman, the Conde Viluma and his friends.

We now come to the remarkable work, that stands at the head of this article. The length of these preliminary observations, we trust, the reader will excuse; as hereby

* See '*Historisch-Politische Blätter*,' by Phillips and Gorres, October, 1846.

† See Dublin Review for June, 1845. Art. '*Spain*.'

on one hand, the irksome task of a long analysis of the book has been avoided, and on the other hand, we have been enabled to give a clearer exposition of our own views on the matters treated by the author. This exposition will serve as a clue for the succeeding remarks and extracts we shall have occasion to make in the course of this review.

The present work, "Comparative View of Catholicism and Protestantism, in their relations with European civilization," is one of the most opportune as well as valuable gifts, that could have been made by the distinguished writer, not only to his own country, but to Europe at large. Much as the subject has been handled in the Northern countries of Europe within the last forty years, we know few books that, for the soundness of the matter and the attractiveness of the form, can be placed by its side. It is distinguished by great solidity, and often depth of observation, and is pervaded throughout by the Southern glow of fancy. The arrangement of the matter is lucid, though occasionally the progress of the work suffers needless interruption. The author displays considerable learning, his assertions are constantly supported by historic illustrations, and when necessary, by documentary proofs. The style in M. Balmes's own French version is clear and brilliant, though the author, we think, occasionally indulges in a too great amplification of his subject.

We shall now proceed to give, in as brief a compass as possible, an analysis of the present work, extracting at the same time such passages as best develope and confirm the views we ourselves have above laid down, or which treat the most disputed points of the subject, or which, in fine, best illustrate the author's talent.

M. Balmes's book may be divided into three parts. After some introductory chapters, on the origin and nature of Protestantism, he examines the comparative influence of the Catholic and Protestant Churches in regard to the moral, the social, and the political state of man.

As in the first part of the work, the author treats a subject frequently discussed, namely, the comparative influence of the two religions on individual virtue and happiness, we shall not here long detain the attention of the reader. On the other hand, the second and third parts, where the relations of the two Churches in respect to

social and political life are considered, will claim in a more special manner our attention.

In the preliminary remarks on Protestantism, the following passage on the instinct of faith in human sciences, evinces great depth of observation.

"What proves," says the author, "the truth of my assertion touching the weakness of our intelligence, is that the hand of the Creator hath deposed in the depth of our soul a preservative against the excessive mutability of our minds, even in things not regarding religion. The preservative is such, that without it all social institutions would sink to the dust, or to speak more properly, would never have been established; the sciences would never have advanced a step; and if the principle were banished from the heart of man, the individual and society would be plunged into the abyss of Chaos. I mean a certain inclination to defer to authority—the *instinct of faith*, if I may so speak—an instinct not undeserving of attention, if we would obtain an insight into the mind of man, and the history of its development. It has been many times observed, that it is impossible to perform the first acts, or to satisfy the first necessities of life, without deference to the word of others. It is therefore easy to understand, that without this species of *faith*, all the treasures of history and experience would be soon dissipated, and the very foundations of all knowledge would soon disappear.

"These important observations may serve to show how futile is the charge brought against the Catholic Church, that she exacts faith from her members. But it is not to this point I wish to direct the attention of my readers: I am desirous of presenting the matter in another light, and of placing the question on another ground, where the truth, without losing a particle of its inalterable strength, will gain in breadth and in interest.

"In reviewing the history of human sciences, as well as by casting a glance on the opinions of our contemporaries, we may constantly observe that the men, who most pique themselves on the spirit of enquiry, and on freedom of thought, are scarcely more than the echoes of other men's opinions. If we examine that great apparatus, which under the name of science makes so much noise in the world, we may observe that it comprises in reality much authority, and that at the very instant, when we would introduce a spirit of enquiry absolutely free, even on those points belonging to the sphere of reason alone, the greater part of the edifice of science would fall to the ground, and but very few men would remain in possession of its mysteries.

"No branch of knowledge, whatever may be the evidence and the exactness of which it boasts, is exempt from this general law. Abounding as the exact and natural sciences do in evident principles, in rigid deductions, and in manifold observations and experiments, they still rest a great part of their truths on other more exalted truths, the knowledge whereof necessarily demands a delicacy of observation, a

reach of calculation, and a perspicacity of view, that belong but to a very small number of men."—pp. 42-3, vol. i.

In these introductory chapters, there is one where the fanaticism of the authors of sects, is happily contrasted with the enthusiasm of Catholic saints, and the founders of religious orders. Next follows an able chapter on the gradual filiation of infidelity from Protestantism. Often as the matter has been discussed, the reader will yet find some new and interesting facts and circumstances brought forward by the author. In the subsequent chapter, where he examines the important question as to the cause of the duration of Protestantism, he displays much judgment and philosophic discernment. What would be the effect of the introduction of Protestantism into Spain at the present moment is next discussed; and here the generous patriotism of the writer rises to the loftiest reflections and the most fervent eloquence. He shows that from its inherent weakness at all times, and its utter rottenness in the present age, Protestantism is now incapable of inflicting on the Church of Spain, any *immediate and direct* injury. But he maintains that the Protestant doctrines employed as an instrument of political warfare by a revolutionary government, would serve as a rallying point, round which would group all those irreligious and anti-social errors, now scattered and dispersed through the nation; that the zeal of the Catholic clergy and laity to defend the doctrines and discipline of their Church against the attacks of Protestantism, would be interpreted as factious and rebellious, and be made the pretext for new measures of repression; that the horror of the Spanish nation, (so long unaccustomed to heresy,) at seeing the dogmas of its religion reviled, and its worship and ministers turned into ridicule, would lead to the violent controversies, tumults, broils, and civil wars of the sixteenth century; and lastly, that a Protestant party in Spain, would be to certain foreign Protestant powers, a welcome instrument for promoting their commercial and political ascendancy over the Peninsula.

The author concludes with the following noble burst of religious patriotism, that must awake the sympathy of every Catholic heart.

"This is one of the capital differences which exist between our revolution and that of other countries. It is, at the same time, the

key that explains the most shocking anomalies. In other countries the ideas of the revolution had pervaded the social body, before they penetrated into the body politic; but among us Spaniards they first prevailed in the political sphere, and then sought to descend into the social region. Society was very far from being prepared for the like innovations: hence such violent and such repeated assaults have been necessary.

"From this want of harmony, it hath come to pass that the government in Spain exerts but little influence over the people: and by influence I mean that moral ascendancy, which has no need of being associated with the idea of force. No doubt this is in itself an evil, since it is a thing which tends to weaken power, that is of absolute need to all society. But on more than one occasion this has even been a great blessing. It is no small advantage, that in presence of a misguided and insensate government, a society filled with calm wisdom and reflection should be found, that while the former plunges into every extravagance, pursues its glorious and majestic march. Much is to be expected from the right instinct of the Spanish nation—much is to be hoped for from its proverbial gravity, increased by so many misfortunes, and from that tact which makes it so well distinguish the true path of its felicity, in rendering it deaf to the insidious suggestions of perverse men. If many years have already revolved since, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and by the want of agreement between the social and political order of things, Spain hath not been able to obtain a government, which was the exact expression of her wants, which could divine her instincts, follow her tendencies, and open to her the path of prosperity; we cherish, however, the hope that that day will come, and that from the bosom of a society so full of hope and so teeming with life, will spring the harmony that is yet wanting, and the equilibrium which has been lost. In the meanwhile it is of the utmost importance, that all who feel beat within their bosoms a Spanish heart, and who wish not to see the bowels of their country lacerated, should unite, should concert, and should labour in common to rescue her from the dominion of evil.

"Their union would prevent a fatal hand from casting on our soil the seeds of eternal discord, from adding this new calamity to so many others, and from stifling the precious germs, whence our civilization may revive brilliant and renewed, overcoming the depression wherein disastrous circumstances have plunged it.

"Ah! the soul is oppressed with a painful anguish at the very thought, that a day may come, when religious unity would disappear from among us: that unity which is identified with our habits, our customs, our manners, and our laws, which guarded the cradle of our monarchy in the cavern of Covadonga, and which was the emblem of our standard during a struggle of eight centuries against the formidable crescent; that unity, which developed and gave lustre to our civilization in the most arduous times; that unity which followed our terrible *tercios*, when they imposed silence on Europe; which conducted our

mariners to the discovery of new worlds ; that unity which sustained our warriors to the end of their heroic conquests, and which in times more near to us, crowned these great and numerous exploits with the subversion of Napoleon. Ye who condemn with so much precipitancy and levity the work of ages ; ye who cast out such insolent outrages against the Spanish nation, and who treat the ruling principle of our civilization, as the parent of obscurantism and barbarism, do ye know what ye insult ? do ye know what inspired the genius of the great Consalvo, of Fernand-Cortez, of the conqueror of Lepanto ? Do the shades of Garcilazo, of Herrera, of Ercilla, of Fray Luis de Léon, of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, inspire ye with no respect ? Will you dare to tear asunder the bond which unites us with them, to make us the unworthy posterity of those great men ? Would ye divide by an abyss our creed from their creed, our manners from their manners, make us cast asunder all our historic traditions, and bury in oblivion our most glorious recollections ? Would ye wish that the noble and august monuments of the piety of our forefathers should stand in the midst of us, like a severe and eloquent reproach ? Would ye consent to see for ever dried up the prolific springs, whither we may recur in order to resuscitate our literature, revivify our science, reorganize our legislation, revive the spirit of nationality, call back our glory, and replace this unfortunate nation in the high rank which its virtues merit, in giving it the prosperity and the happiness it seeks with so much restlessness, and which its heart anticipates ?"—Vol. i., pp. 107-9.

After having established the superiority of the Catholic over the Protestant Church, in all that regards the moral man, that is to say, in all relative to religious certainty, as well as to the sentiments, instincts, ideas, and constitution of the human mind, the author proceeds to the second part of his work, where he examines the social influence of the two religions.

Here the family, the basis of all social organization, first of course engages his attention. In the family, three elements are to be observed: the relations between husband and wife, between parents and children, and between master and servant. The natural order of things required, that Signor Balmes should have commenced his discussion with the first element of domestic society, the nuptial bond ; but instead of this, he begins with the last, the relation between master and servant. Indeed, one of the few defects in this excellent work is, that the logical arrangement of the subject is not sufficiently attended to.

Here the author enters upon the important subject of slavery. After showing the wide prevalence in the heathen

world of this atrocious custom—one of the most evident marks of original sin—and after proving that the wisest legislators and most renowned statesmen and philosophers of antiquity, so far from condemning, were ever the first to sanction and uphold it, our author points out with noble pride and satisfaction, the conduct and legislation of the Catholic Church on this great social question. The doctrine of the fraternity of all men, and their moral equality before God, proclaimed by the gospel, shook to its basis the system of slavery. While the Church preached up to the slave the duty of obedience, and held up rebellion as a crime, she enforced on the master the obligation of lenity, kindness, and generosity, in the treatment of the slave. Her exhortations and example led to frequent manumissions; her ingenious charity devised various, nay, numberless mitigations for the state of servitude, till at last, when the condition of society was fully prepared for the change, she finally eradicated this vicious, but deeply rooted institution. This theme the author proves at considerable length, and with great clearness of reasoning and copiousness of learning, citing in his notes a considerable number of ecclesiastical canons of different ages, bearing on this important subject. Our limits will not permit us to dwell on this portion of the work, but we cannot forbear citing the concluding summary.

“The following is the manner wherein the Church hath proceeded. She at first loudly proclaims the true doctrine relative to man’s native dignity; she determines the obligations of masters and slaves; she declares them equal before God; and thereby reduces to atoms those degrading theories that pollute the writings even of the greatest philosophers of antiquity. She then proceeds to the application of her principles; she endeavours to mitigate the treatment of the slaves; she struggles against the atrocious right of life and death; she opens to the bondsman her temples for an asylum, and when he leaves it guards him against ill-treatment; she labours to substitute for private vengeance the regular action of tribunals. While the Church guarantees the liberty of the emancipated in connecting his freedom with religious motives, she defends with vigilance and firmness that of the free. She endeavours to close up the sources of slavery, in exerting the most active zeal for the redemption of captives, in resisting the cupidity of the Jews, and in procuring to men who had sold themselves facilities for regaining their freedom. The Church herself sets the example of lenity and disinterestedness; she facilitates emancipation, by admitting slaves into the monastic order and the ecclesiastical state; she facilitates it by all the means which charity can suggest; and it is thus that, in

despite of the deep roots which slavery had struck into the old world—in despite of the convulsions caused by the irruptions of the barbarians—in despite of so many wars and calamities of all kinds, that paralyzed in a great measure every regular and beneficent influence, we have seen, nevertheless, slavery, that plague and dishonour of all antique civilization, dwindle rapidly away among Christian nations, until it finally disappeared.....

“These facts I have not invented ; I have named the periods, and cited the Councils. The reader will find in this volume in the original, and at some extent, the very texts from which I have drawn my summary ; and so he may convince himself that I have not deceived him. Had such been my intention, I should have certainly taken care not to descend on the ground of historical facts ; I should have preferred the vague region of theories, and called to mine aid pompous words, and all other devices calculated to fascinate the imagination and excite the feelings.

“We may be permitted, in conclusion, to ask the Protestant Churches—those ungrateful daughters, that, after having gone away from the bosom of their mother, endeavour to calumniate and stigmatize her,—where were ye when the Catholic Church accomplished in Europe the giant task of the abolition of slavery ? and how dare you to charge her with servile sympathies, with degrading man, and usurping his rights ? Can you put forth a like title to the gratitude of mankind ? What share can ye pretend to in this great work—the first basis of all European civilization ? Alone, and without your concurrence, the Catholic Church brought it to an end ; and alone she would have conducted, too, Europe to its lofty destinies, if you had not come to turn off her nations from their majestic march, in driving them through paths encompassed with pitfalls—paths whose term is covered over with clouds, that the eye of God can alone pierce.”—p. 180-2, vol. i.

The author now proceeds to contrast the Pagan and Christian civilizations in their respect to the individual. He shows how in antiquity the individual was absorbed by the state, and how little *civil* liberty was understood and enjoyed.

He next considers the constitution of the family, and he proves how the reform of marriage introduced by the Catholic Church, has been one of the great bulwarks and props of European civilization. The triple character of monogamy, indissolubility, and sacramental sanctity, which that Church hath impressed on matrimony, hath served to impart to woman a dignity and a social influence she never before possessed ; to bring the nuptial relations under a purer discipline ; to curb the inconstancy of man's heart, and check the first buddings of adulterous desire ; to protect the interests, moral and material, of the child ; to promote

concord among different families, and insure in an eminent degree, the peace and stability of the state itself.

As to monogamy, the reformation found this principle too solidly established by the Catholic Church, too deeply interwoven into the domestic manners, and public habits, customs, and laws of European nations, to be capable of being set aside. How loose were the doctrines of some of the leading reformers, and among others, of Luther himself on this very matter, we may see from a passage in his "Commentary upon Genesis." "As to the question," says he, "whether we may have several wives, the authority of the patriarchs leaves us at perfect liberty." He adds, "this is a matter neither permitted nor prohibited, and for my part, I will decide nothing."

Such language may account for, though it cannot justify, the conduct held by Luther, in the celebrated affair of the double marriage of Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. M. Balmes triumphantly contrasts the mean, truckling, vacillating, and culpable conduct of Luther, Melancthon, and other arch-reformers, who against the dictates of their own conscience, sacrificed to the lustful caprice of a tyrant the most sacred principles of religion and morality, with the holy and courageous inflexibility of the Roman Pontiffs, who for so many ages withstood the promises, the cajoleries, the menaces, the violences of many powerful monarchs, who sought to repudiate their lawful wives, and contract other matrimonial engagements.

We cannot forbear citing the following passage, where the moral advantages which marriage derives from its sacramental character, are well pointed out.

"I rendered justice, in another place, to the wisdom evinced by the Protestant communities, in not entirely following the impulse given by their founders. But let us not on that account believe, that the Protestant doctrines have not, in the so-styled reformed countries, been attended with the most lamentable results. Let us hear the language of a Protestant woman, speaking of a country she loves and admires. Madame de Stael, in her work, '*L'Allemagne*,' says: 'Love is a religion in Germany; but a poetic religion, that too willingly tolerates all that sensibility can excuse. The facility of divorce, it cannot be denied, in the Protestant provinces has infringed on the sanctity of marriage. People there as quietly change their consorts, as they would arrange the incidents of a drama. The kindly disposition of the men and women prevents much animosity from mingling in those easy separations; and as there is among the Germans more imagination than real

passion, events the most singular there occur with strange tranquillity. Yet, it is thus that manners and character lose all solidity ; a paradoxical spirit undermines the most sacred institutions, and no fixed rules there exist on any subject.' (De L'Allemagne, p. 1, c. iii.)

"Led away by their hatred against the Catholic Church, and seized with the frenzy of universal innovation, the Protestants thought they achieved a great reform by secularizing marriage, if I may so speak, and by rejecting the Catholic doctrine that declared it a Sacrament. This is not the place to enter upon a doctrinal controversy on this matter. It may be sufficient to observe, that, in despoiling marriage of the august seal of a Sacrament, Protestantism showed it possessed little acquaintance with the heart of man. To regard matrimony, not as a mere civil contract, but as a real Sacrament, was to place it under the venerable ægis of religion, to exalt it above the agitated sphere of human passions ; and who can doubt that this is absolutely necessary, when the most vivacious, the most capricious, the most terrible passion of the human heart is to be restrained ? Civil laws are insufficient to produce a like effect ; motives drawn from a higher source must here exert their potent influence."—p. 231-2, vol. i.

A beautiful chapter on the state of virginity follows. The author shows how protestantism, in proscribing this holy state, laid down a doctrine more degrading than any that paganism had professed. Virginity exalts the dignity of woman, is at once the outward guard and the type of excellence to female modesty in general, and tends to diffuse through all society more spiritual and unearthly views of life. The following passage, in our opinion, evinces great delicacy of perception.

"These considerations, which regard the two sexes, acquire still greater importance when applied to woman. With her excitable imagination, her passionate heart, and lighter tone of mind, she has still more need than men of severe inspirations and grave and serious reflections, to form a counterpoise to that extreme mobility with which she runs through all objects, receiving with extreme facility impressions from all she touches, and, like a magnetic agent, communicating in her turn those impressions to everything around her. Allow, then, a portion of the fair sex to devote themselves to a life of religious contemplation and austerity ; allow the young maids and matrons to have ever before their eyes a model of every virtue—a sublime type of their comeliest ornament, which is modesty ; this will never be void of utility. Those virgins are not torn, believe me, either from the family or from society : the family and society at large will recover with usury what you imagine they had lost.

"Who can calculate, indeed, the salutary influence which the august ceremonies, whereby the Catholic Church solemnizes the consecration of

a virgin to God, must have exerted on the manners of woman? Who can calculate the holy thoughts, the chaste inspirations, that go out from those silent abodes of modesty, erected sometimes in retired spots, sometimes in the midst of populous cities? Do you believe that the maiden, whose heart begins to be agitated with a burning passion—that the matron, who in her soul has given room to dangerous inclinations, will not a thousand times have found a curb to their passions in the very recollection of some sister, relative, and friend, who in those dwellings of piety raise up to heaven a pure heart, offering up as a holocaust to the Son of the Virgin all the charms of youth and beauty? All this is not susceptible of calculation, it is true; but, at least, we may rest assured, that these holy retreats never suggested thoughts of frivolity or sensual desires. This cannot be calculated; but can we calculate the benign influence which the morning dew exerts upon the plants? can we calculate the vivifying action of light upon nature? And can we calculate how the water, which penetrates into the entrails of the earth, impregnates it, fertilizes it, and brings up from its bosom flowers and fruits?

"There are, therefore, an infinity of causes whose existence and efficacy cannot be denied; but which, nevertheless, it is impossible to submit to a rigid calculation. This it is which proves the impotence of every work exclusively emanating from the mind of man; for his mind is incapable of embracing the *entire relations* involved in this order of facts, or of appreciating in a suitable manner the *indirect* influences, sometimes occult, sometimes imperceptible, there working with extreme delicacy. This is wherefore time dispels so many illusions, belies so many prognostics, proves the weakness of what we believed strong, and the strength of what we believed weak."—p. 6-8, vol. ii.

We feel ourselves obliged, by the length to which this article has run, to defer to another opportunity our notice of the third volume of this interesting work, which, following the same plan, exemplifies the influence which the Church has had upon man in his political capacity, not only indirectly, and by means of the change wrought in himself and his more immediate relations, but by the liberal and humane spirit which she has carried out into all the institutions of the great family of the state.

ART. III.—*The History of the Penal Laws Enacted against Roman Catholics ; the Operations and Results of that System of Legalized Plunder, Persecution, and Proscription ; Originating in Rapacity and Fraudulent Designs, Concealed under False Pretences, Figments of Reform, and a Simulated Zeal for the Interests of True Religion.* By R. R. MADDEN, M. R. I. A. &c. London, Dublin, and Derby, Richardson and Son, 1847.

THE great value of any work, which professes to be an authentic account of past transactions, or present occurrences, must depend upon the character of its author. The author stands before the public in the position of a witness in presence of a court of justice; and before the public or the jury can be required to pronounce a verdict upon his labours or his testimony, they are fairly entitled to see that his own conduct can stand the test of a searching cross-examination. If he be a convicted literary forger, we may doubt his deposition when he affirms the authenticity of a Shakspearian MS., or of an ancient charter; or, if he be like Hume, so devoid of religious principle as to advise an infidel to take holy orders,* we may be pardoned if we discredit every word he says that relates to Catholicity, or that bears upon the character of priests, of nuns, of pious men who lived as saints, or of christian heroes, who shed their blood as martyrs. The facts may be true although their attestation depends upon a recreant to his country, and a palterer with his creed like Josephus; but we never can be certain that they positively are true—that their authenticity is indisputable—unless they be solemnly averred by one, whose previous life has been distinguished by its purity, its integrity, its morality, and its disinterestedness.

A veracious history might, by some miracle, be written by a rogue; an authentic history can alone be the work of an honest man. Judging the present work by such tests as these, we may be justified in affirming that this book contains an authentic account of the Penal Laws, with which England was afflicted for the true faith, and

* See Letter of David Hume to Colonel Elphinstone, in appendix to Lord Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters."

through which English Catholics suffered a martyrdom of centuries.

Before, however, we touch upon the nature and contents of the work itself, we intend to adopt and apply the test we have ourselves laid down, and, in order to prove the faith-worthiness of the author, shall state a few particular circumstances in his career of life.

Dr. Madden, the author of this work, was born in Dublin some eight or nine and forty years ago. His profession is that of a physician: his life, however, has been devoted not to medicine, but to literature, and the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men. His sympathies have, at all times, been with the suffering, the many, and the oppressed; whilst his entire course has been marked, not merely with opposition to wrong-doers, but with an absolute intolerance for crime, for cruelty, and injustice, when combined with wealth, with rank, and with power. Truthful even to bluntness, his high spirit and his daring courage have made for him many enemies, and beset his path and his progress with many malevolent and many potent persecutors. Frequently employed in offices by the British Government, which required in their administrator the most unflinching integrity, he has always proved himself worthy of his trust, by showing that he preferred truth to his own ease, justice to his own personal advantage, humanity towards others even to the safety of his own life—and what is dearer than life—to his own reputation. An enthusiast in the just cause of Negro Emancipation, he was appointed, in 1833, a special magistrate in the island of Jamaica; and with such rigid and scrupulous integrity did he enforce the protection of the negroes, so tenderly and carefully did he guard them from the oppressions, injustice, and cruelty of those who regarded and treated their fellow men as brutes, that he excited against himself an utter abhorrence on the part of the slave-holding West-India planters. He was beloved, and his name was venerated by thousands of poor, humble, helpless, half-brutified wretches, and he was conscious that such popularity could bring with it neither fame, nor profit, nor honour. He was unpopular with those whose enmity was to be feared; for they had the capacity as well as the inclination to injure him.

Dr. Madden's next appointments were conferred upon him in 1835, when he was nominated Superintendent

of Liberated Africans at the Havana, under the Colonial Office, and Acting Judge Advocate in the Mixed Commission Court, under the Foreign Office.

These offices conferred upon him great power in protecting the negro race—in restoring to freedom numbers unjustly deprived of it—in ameliorating the condition of those whose emancipation he could not secure; and, in one instance, of saving the lives of some negroes, who, in defence of the natural rights of man to freedom, had been guilty of the homicide of those who sought to make them slaves. Here Dr. Madden rendered himself so obnoxious to the slavers and slave-owners, that plots were laid to deprive him of life; and the dagger of the assassin was prevented from being imbrued in his blood by accidents, which could not but be regarded as providential.

In 1839, Dr. Madden was appointed by Lord John Russell, a commissioner of inquiry on the western coast of Africa. In the course of this inquiry, Dr. Madden discovered that there existed under the name of "*the pawn system*," an absolute state of slavery, even at those forts and posts on the coast of Africa, which had been established by the English government for the protection of negroes captured as slaves, but entitled under the British flag to enjoy a perfect state of freedom. By the "*pawn*" system a negro who contracted a debt, (and Dr. Madden discovered they were often enticed, entrapped, and cajoled to do so,) was permitted to sell himself as a bondman to the creditor until the debt was paid. It was, although denied at the time, a state of complete slavery, and such as was perfectly well known and practised in the middle ages.*

* We find in Marculfus a copy of the legal form, in accordance with which a man testified his readiness to work, and to be treated as a slave, and even beaten as a slave, for a certain number of days in each week, until the debt he had contracted was repaid.

"Domino fratri illi ille. Quatenus necessitatem meam supplendo, solidos vestros numero tantos mihi ad beneficium præstitistes; ideo juxta quod mihi aptificavit, taliter inter nos convenit, ut dum" (donec) "ipsos solidos de meo proprio reddere potuero, dies tantos in unaquaque hebdomada servitio vestro, quale mihi vos aut agentes vestri injunxeritis, facere debeam. Quod si exinde negligens aut tardus apparuero, licentiam habeatis [mihi] sicut et ceteris servientibus vestris, disciplinam corporalem imponere. Et quando solidos vestros reddere potuero, meam cautionem absque ulla evacuatoria intercedente recipiam."—*Marculfus. Formular. Lib. ii. § 27.*

It was the condition of "the *Obaerati*" amongst the Romans; and not only had such a system incurred the strong reprobation of Dr. Madden; but he also did that which required great disinterestedness, great integrity and great courage. He believed that he had traced an indirect but powerful sustentation of the slave trade to merchants in this country; and that these merchants, though pretending to be opposed to slavery, derived enormous profits from such a traffic. Believing this to be a fact, he stated it in his report to the government. The report was prepared and printed in the Colonial office in 1841; but before it could be presented to parliament, Lord Stanley became Colonial Secretary; the report was laid hold of—the passages implicating English merchants suppressed—a mutilated report published—a parliamentary committee formed, with Lord Sandon as chairman, and that committee, we believe, came to the conclusion that the accusations of Dr. Madden against those merchants could not be proved.

This is a question on which we do not wish to enter. We only refer to it for the purpose of showing that no respect for wealth—that which is omnipotent in England—and no regard for his personal interests, nor his pecuniary advantage, could prevent, in his defence of the negroes, and his desire to put down the slave-trade, Dr. Madden from stating what he believed to be facts. No man knew better than he did the dangers to which he exposed himself—he foresaw the life-enmities he was provoking—the powerful foes he was exciting to assail, and, if possible, to crush him.

In the cause of what he was convinced was the truth he defied them all—insisted upon the accuracy of his statements, and the validity of his assertions, and was punished by the Colonial office, as long as it was in the hands of the Tories, by being refused all employment. The man who suffers thus for his conscientious convictions, and who is ready to sacrifice himself for the sake of the poor and the humble, proves, at least, that he is possessed of one great qualification for an historian—an uncompromising integrity.

It is to be wished that the Whigs, in restoring Dr. Madden to official life, had not sent him to a distant settlement, but had retained him in a position in which he could have been most advantageously employed—that of honestly working out the great experiment of the importation of free negroes to the West India colonies. Under Dr. Madden's

supervision the friends of humanity could feel perfectly secure that the experiment would never be converted into a perpetuation of slavery, disguised under false names, and untrue pretences.

Having given proofs of his integrity as a man, and on which faith may be based in his integrity as an author, we have next to ascertain—is Dr. Madden a person upon whose due diligence in the collection of his materials and authorities we can rely? Amongst the many works published by Dr. Madden,* was one, which was in many respects peculiar, “The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen.”

* The following is a correct list of all the books, pamphlets, and articles, written by Dr. Madden :

- 2 vols. *Travels in the East.* Colburn, 1829.
Second Edition in America, a 2nd in England.
 - 3 vols. *The Mussulman. An Eastern Tale.* Colburn, 1830.
 - 2 vols. *The Infirmities of Genius.* Saunders and Otley, 1833.
 - 2 vols. *Travels in the West Indies.* Cockram, 1837.
 - 1 vol. *Poems on Sacred Subjects, (Cuba) unpublished,* 1838.
 - 1 vol. *Egypt and Mohammed Ali.* London, 1841.
 - 2 vols. *Lives and Times of U. I. M., 1st series.* Madden, 1842.
 - 2 vols. *Do. Do. 2nd series, illustrated.* Do. 1843.
 - 3 vols. *Do. Do. 3rd series.* Duffy, 1846.
 - 1 vol. *Poems by a Slave, translated from the Spanish,* 1840.
 - 1 vol. *History of the Connexion of the kingdom of Ireland, with the crown of England.* Duffy, 1845.
 - 1 vol. *Report on the British West African Settlements, and on Slave Trade.* Clowes, 1842.
 - 1 vol. *History of the Penal Laws, (1st vol.)* Richardson, 1847.
- 22 vols.

Pamphlets.

- 1. *Letters on Slavery, addressed to Dr. Channing.* Boston, 1839.
- 1. *State of Slavery in Cuba.* London, 1840.
- 1. *Connexion of British Commerce with the Slave Trade.* Madden, 1843.

Articles (of some interest) in Reviews and Magazines.

- 1. *Memoir of Mr. Salt, the Abyssinian Traveller.* Metropolitan Mag., 1829.
- 1. *Portugal and its Modern Rulers.* Foreign Quarterly Jour. 1846.
- 1. *Letters on Prison discipline and Penitentiary Reform.* The London Universe, 23rd Oct., and Nov. 6, 1846.

Dr. Madden travelled through the United States, that he might see and speak with the survivors of "the men of '98," or their immediate descendants. We are aware that, to collect materials, he spent months upon months in Paris—that he travelled over all parts of Ireland; we have known of his coming to London, to speak with a person holding a situation in one of the London Police offices, because that person, he was assured, had been present at Emmet's trial, and retained a vivid recollection of the scene he witnessed, and of every word that had been uttered by the unhappy enthusiast; that he even made his way into the dark recesses of Dublin Castle, and—greatest sacrifice of all to one of his temperament and feelings—had condescended to speak for hours with the notorious Armstrong, whose evidence had brought the brother Sheares to the scaffold.

A man so truthful, and so pains-taking, could not turn his attention to a subject like the Penal Laws, without giving many honest views, and stating many new facts respecting them. Both of these will be found to emanate from Dr. Madden in the present work, and, although we do not coincide with him in some of his propositions, we do not respect him the less for the integrity with which he maintains, nor for the candour with which he avows, them.

Having pointed out the reasons why great value ought to be attached to this work—first, from the character of its author; and, secondly, because of his proved zeal and diligence in the collection of materials—we have next to direct attention to the peculiar advantages which Dr. Madden possesses beyond any of his predecessors who have written on the same subject.

This historian of the Penal Laws, and with them of the Reformation, is a man of the world—one who has mixed largely in society, has visited various parts of the globe, and has been a resident in countries whilst they were undergoing the same process of "*Reformation*," although under a different name, which occurred in England during the sixteenth century.

The great difference between the sixteenth century in

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1. Notice of early Irish Medicinists. Dub. Quarterly Jour. of Med. Scien. No. 7, 1847.
 1. On the Birth-place of St. Patrick. Duffy, Catholic Mag. October, 1847.

England, and the nineteenth century in Spain and Portugal, is "the pretence." In both the object was the same,—the spoliation of God's Church and of God's poor, for the enrichment of the avaricious, the base, and the vile. In the sixteenth century the holy name of "the Gospel" was used to sanctify robbery; in the nineteenth century the venerable name of "liberty" was and is misemployed as a subterfuge for plunder. The goods of the Church, and the estates of the poor, were alike craved after by infidels in religion and tyrants in politics.

A useful and a practical lesson is to be derived from these pages by the men of the present day—by English and Irish Catholics more, perhaps, than by any other persons; because none have been more easily seduced, nor more shamefully cajoled, than they have been by the employment of such phrases as "Constitutionalism" and "Liberalism," when ventilated by continental politicians, and who, by such phrases, disguised what were their real objects—the appropriation of Church property to themselves, the annihilation of ancient popular privileges, the centralisation of all the powers of the state in the hands of a few,—the blood-stained desolating despotism of an Espartero, a Narvaez, a Mendizabal, and a Costa Cabral. To our shame be it spoken, a foreign policy of England has been popular which promoted these objects; and Irish chivalry has been displayed, and English blood has been shed, in aiding their accomplishment.

It is, at least, a consolation to reflect, that this periodical has done its utmost to expose and lay bare the delusion, to denounce and hold up to the scorn of the world, the "constitutional" tyrants and the "liberal" despots by whom so many sacrilegious robberies and so many foul deeds have been perpetrated.*

Dr. Madden, to his honour be it said, is one of those who has aided greatly in tearing off the mask from the Peninsular pretenders to "liberalism;" for by detailing their peculation as ministers, their remorseless cruelty as magistrates, their iniquitous jobbing as financiers, and their intolerable tyranny as rulers, he demonstrated that the people in Portugal, as in Spain, have, in the downfall and degradation of the Church, lost the protection of

* See *Dublin Review*, Vol. xviii. pp. 376, 482.

their best friend, and the surest saving-shield for their liberties.

With the example before him of tyrants who cried out "liberty," in order that they might facilitate the robbery of monasteries and the persecution of nuns and priests, he has been the better able to appreciate the motives and judge the actions of those who exclaimed, that "what they desired was Gospel truth," when their hearts were set upon the despoiling monastic Bibles of their golden-clasped jewelled cases; and who afterwards sought to justify their thefts by scandalous calumnies on those who had preserved the Scripture in its purity, and imitated its precepts by their mode of life.

Infidelity, whatever be the form it assumes, or whatever be the object it professes, is a hypocrite. In abandoning the allegiance it owes to God, it forswears the truth it owes to man; it conceals its fraudulent pretences under fine phrases, and its base desires beneath delusive hopes; it kills with an embrace, poisons with a smile, and stabs the victim it pretends to protect. It has been so since the father of sin deceived the first frail mortal into transgression by a promise of knowledge; and *his* children have but imitated him, when they induced vain men to seek for "the undefiled word of God" by breaking open the sanctuary; and to hope that they could find temporal happiness or civil freedom by turning away from Calvary, and renouncing their humble, fitting, complete, and full obedience to the cross. The religious reformers of the sixteenth century were like to the Pharisees in the days of our Saviour—pretenders to piety and hypocrites. The political anti-monastic continental reformers of the nineteenth century are, like the religious reformers of the sixteenth century,—hypocrites, concealing their hatred to the true Church under captivating names and false professions. One common strain of insincerity runs through them all, because by nature, by constitution, and by habit, the infidel cannot be otherwise than a hypocrite.* This is an historical and physiological fact, and Dr. Madden is but an additional witness to it.

"Gospellers" and "liberals" have accused the monks of "ignorance;" and now let us note the testimony given

* "Factus natura et consuetudine exercitus velare odium fallacibus blanditiis."—Tacitus. *Annal. Lib. xiv.*

by Dr. Madden as to the manner in which Church-reformers at one period, and constitution-mongers at another, treated the libraries of monasteries:

"They," (the Church Reformers,) "not only plundered churches, convents, altars, shrines, and libraries; they defaced, destroyed, levelled, tore down, pulled to pieces, all that could be wrecked or injured by them. They ransacked the female convents, sacked their cells and their sanctuaries, terrified the unfortunate inmates, threw some of them into prison, and turned the others into the streets.

"The libraries of the monasteries were not more sacred than the shrines and altars of their churches, in the eyes of the licensed robbers, the subordinate agents of Cromwell. The splendid missals and illuminated manuscripts of the convents were rifled of their clasps and covers, for the sake of their gold and silver ornaments."—pp. 53, 54.

Upon this passage, the following note is added by Dr. Madden:

"This villainous example, in recent times, was followed by the rapacious liberals of Spain and Portugal. *The author, in both countries, has seen the most valuable works taken from the pillaged convents, thus despoiled of their covers, in grocers' shops, sold by the Arroba weight of thirty-two pounds.*"

Upon the similarity between the Church Reformationists and the Liberals, he observes as respects the latter in Portugal:

"There are many things analogous in the suppression of the monastic orders in England and in Portugal, but the plunderers of the religious houses in Portugal, did not thirst after the blood of the victims of their cupidity.* They spoiled, deceived, and violated their engagements with them it is true, but they did not put them to death on the scaffold, they did not hang, embowel, and behead them; they were satiated with the spoil of their churches, their convents, and their estates. At the period of Elizabeth's persecution and spoliation, some of the victims of her rapacity and cruelty found an asylum in Portugal. Englishmen in Portugal should bear

* This praise cannot be bestowed upon the Spanish liberals. See *Times*, 8th of August, 1835, containing an account of the massacre of the monks at Barcelona, and their brutal assassins crying out "liberty," over the dead bodies of their innocent victims. See *Andrew's Orthodox Journal*, 1835, p. 114; and Article on Spain, in *Dublin Review*, Vol. xvii.

this in mind, and evince their remembrance of it by their generosity to the unfortunate monastic victims of the liberalism of 1834."

Dr. Madden has, in his researches abroad, traced the persecuted to their resting-places or to their last homes. Thus we find him (p. 54) giving an account of the Sisterhood of Sion House, whose only representatives at present in the same neighbourhood are the virtuous and amiable community, "*the faithful companions of Jesus,*" and who, under the superintendence of a French nun, Madame Guillimet, and of a kindly-hearted nun of Ireland, Mother Mary Stokes, are, whilst instructing the children of the middle class, gathering the means for diffusing the blessings of education amongst the poor.

The rich woods and the green lawns of Sion House were once filled with the voices of the young, the pure, and the innocent. Hymns to the Blessed Virgin there arose from lips that knew not the stain of sin, and those hymns were responded to by the humble and the poor, by the heart-sad and the ailing, who always found in convent and in nun a sure refuge, refreshment, food, medicine, sisterly love, and maternal tenderness. There, however, the spoiler has been. The spoil remains; its temporary owners have grasped it in many a broken line—childless have held it—strangers have succeeded strangers—unwept, have been torn from it, and have passed into oblivion; whilst the memory of its own old, good, truthful, and once legal possessors, clings around it,—sweet, gentle, and tender as a pious prayer for the soul of a loved one who has departed.

This is Dr. Madden's account of the destruction of the Bridgetine Nunnery at Sion House, and of the persecutions inflicted on one of the sisterhood:

"The sufferings endured by the ladies of the Bridgetine nunnery near Brentford, called Sion House, have been recorded by one of its members, the sister of the well known Jesuit, Father Nicholas Sanders. Several of the community were of noble families, and of noble qualities, as they evinced by their courage and constancy in very grievous trials. Their convent was not only suppressed, but several of the inmates were treated with brutality and cruelty, and some of them cast into prison and kept there. In a subsequent reign they were dragged from tribunal to tribunal, where they were charged with obstinacy and contumacy for the purpose of getting money from their relatives, who had to pay the heavy monthly fines imposed on them for recusancy. In a work of Dr. Sanders, on the

persecution in England, translated into Spanish, there is a narrative of the sufferings and wanderings of the ladies of Sion House, written by Elizabeth Sanders, after the dispersion of the community, in the reign of Henry VIII., and her own long imprisonment. (*Relacion de Algunos Martyrios*, p. 42.)

"This lady states, that at the visitation at Sion House, by the king's commissioners, the nuns were treated with great harshness; their property was taken, several of the community were imprisoned, the rest turned adrift on the world.

"Miss Sanders was imprisoned at Windsor, and, probably on her brother's account, was treated with great rigour. She was frequently exposed to annoyances of the most odious kind, to language offensive to modesty, and conduct insulting to it. When the further changes in religion took place, after Henry's death, she was constantly importuned to go to the sermons of ministers, and punished for refusing to do so, brought before the magistrates, and judicial tribunals at the end of each term of six months, on charges of refusal to attend sermons and the new service, in her prison, and for each monthly offence condemned to pay a fine of eighty ducats, till the sum at length amounted to five hundred ducats, which sum being unable to pay, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This is worthy of notice, for though the crime of non-attendance at church was only nominally punished with a fine of £20. monthly for each offence, the actual penalty, in case of poverty, was imprisonment for life. But the worst of all her sufferings, worse even than those arising from want, on many occasions, of the common necessities of life, to her and the other ladies confined in the same prison, were those which they were subjected to by the guardians of the prison, and the agents of the authorities in the shape of impious discourses and indecorous behaviour. After a long confinement, Miss Sanders effected her escape, but had not been long at liberty, when her conscience reproached her with having fled, and she returned to her prison. Her spiritual director had the good sense to convince her of her error, he assured her it was lawful to fly from an unjust imprisonment; and the wife of the jailer having consented to favour her escape, she fled a second time, and was kindly received by a wealthy gentleman of Berkshire, Mr. Francis Yates, who kept her closely concealed for some weeks, when the authorities came to the house, seized Mr. Yates, and threw him into prison, where he died. She, however, contrived to elude the search that was made for her, and succeeded in effecting her escape to France, and joining some of the members of her community at Rouen, where they had then established themselves.

"After some time they were banished from France, fled to the Low Countries, and established themselves in Flanders; but the persecuting spirit of Elizabeth's government followed them there, and its influence caused them again to have to seek another place

of refuge; they made their way to Portugal, with the intention of proceeding to Spain, where an asylum had been offered to them; but in the former country they were hospitably received, and the kindness they met with from the Portuguese, induced them to establish themselves in that country. Thus the survivors of the community of Sion House, after many wanderings and persecutions in many lands, arrived in Lisbon, in 1594, (Castro, in his *Mappo de Portugal* says, fifteen in number,) and were enabled, by the noble liberality of a Portuguese lady, Donna Isabella de Azevedo, to found their first convent in Lisbon, in the street of Mocambo, which house was destroyed by the great earthquake. Another country establishment was founded for them at Maravillas, near Lisbon, by a dignitary of the church, Archdeacon Cabral.

"Their present house in the capital, called St. Salvador de Sion, the convent of the *Inglesinhas*, was founded in 1651. The community now is chiefly Portuguese, there are a few English ladies belonging to it; the existence of this convent is connived at by the government, the inmates have nothing more to be robbed of."—pp. 54-57.

There are few persons, we suppose, who may honour this article with a perusal, who have not read that narrative of thrilling interest, the "*Memoir of the Rev. Cuthbert Maine*," in Challoner's "*Missionary Priests*."* In that narrative frequent reference will be found made to the name of Mr. Tregian, a gentleman of Cornwall, in whose house the martyred Maine was arrested.

The following are the particulars respecting Mr. Tregian collected by the diligence and the research of Dr. Madden. We are certain they cannot be perused without emotion.

"Let us see what the author of the '*Memoirs of Missionary Priests*,' says of the fate of the unfortunate Cornwall gentleman, who was cast into prison for having the charity to succour and shelter a persecuted priest of his persuasion.

"Mr. Tregian, the gentleman who had entertained him, (Maine,) lost his estate, which was very considerable, for his religion, and was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and several of his neighbours and servants were cast in a *præmunire*, as *abettors* and accomplices of Mr. Maine. Sir John Arundel was also persecuted and cast into prison on this occasion.†

* Vol. i. pp. 37-45. (Derby Edition.)

† Lingard, in speaking of Mr. Tregian says, he was cast in a *præmunire*, his large estate was taken by the Queen, but he was mistaken in stating that "the unfortunate gentleman languished

"Doubtless, Gentlemen of England, you will imagine that a man of such respectability, with such 'a plentiful estate,' as Mr. Francis Tregian, of Golden, could not have long remained in prison for exercising that old English virtue on which your ancestors prided themselves, and especially towards a man in misfortune and a native of his own country ! For this, you will say, was in 'the golden days of good Queen Bess,' and she would not have suffered one of the lords of the land of Old England, to lie for any length of time in a dungeon, and keep his plentiful estate from him ; except for the short period of his imprisonment, with the view of deterring others of meaner quality from harbouring traitors in the guise of Popish priests ! Doubtless, Gentlemen of England, you will presume that intercession was made for him in high quarters, by his rich friends in Cornwall, and the result of such intercession with a gracious Queen, and one of glorious memory, was his restoration to liberty, his family, and his estate. And yet you would be utterly mistaken. In the work referred to, no further mention is made of the unfortunate old gentleman. Lingard speaks of him, but is mistaken in saying that he died in confinement. Yet the sequel of his story may be told from a record of the cruelty of Elizabeth, and of the virtue of her victim, written on stone, on the tomb of Francis Tregian in a foreign land, where by accident it was discovered by the author of this work.

"In the church of S. Roque, in Lisbon, the church of the suppressed convent of the Jesuits, there is, on the left hand side of the aisle, not far from the principal entrance, a sepulchral stone, set in the wall in a vertical position, covering the tomb of Mr. Tregian. The inscription states, that AFTER AN IMPRISONMENT OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS, ON account of his fidelity to his religion, after great sufferings and the loss of all his property, he terminated his days in Lisbon, in 1607, 'WITH A GREAT FAME FOR SANCTITY.' And that after seventeen years his remains had lain in that church, in 1625 his body was found entire and uncorrupted, and was re-interred the following year where it now lies.

"Father Maine was arrested in 1577. Tregian was committed to prison at the same time. He was imprisoned twenty-seven years, consequently his liberation must have taken place in 1604, about a year after the death of the persecuting Queen, and it appears that he only survived his liberation three years.

"The following is a copy of the inscription on his tomb :



"'Aqui esta em pè o Corpo de Dom Francisco Tregian, Fidalgo Ingres, mui illustro o qual depois de confisca dos seus estados e

till death in a prison."—History of England, 4to. Edition, Vol. v. p. 376.

grandes trabalhos padecidos em 28 annos de presam polle defesa de fê Catolica em Inglaterra, na persecucao da Rainha Isabella, anno de 1607, a 25 de Decembro, morreo na esta Cidade de Lisboa, con grande fama de Santidade, avendo 17 annos, que estava sepultado nesta igreja de S. Roque da Companhia de Jesus, no anno de 1625, aos 25 April, se achava seu corpo inteiro e incorrupto e foi collocado neste lugar, pellos Ingreses Catolicos residente, neste Cidade, os 25 de April, de 1626.'

"No more was to be learned there of Francis Tregian; but in another country the history of his sufferings was brought to the knowledge of the author. In the catalogue of the National Library, in Madrid, he found mention made of a Life of Tregian, entitled, 'Vida de D. Fran. Tregian, Fr. F. Plunquetus, (auctor), Sevilla.' Two days in vain were spent in ransacking the library for this work, but unfortunately the book was not to be found. In Lisbon, however, a copy of it was discovered by him in the hands of the President of the English College, taken from a reprint of the work which existed a few years ago in the library of the convent of Jesus, and by the kindness of that gentleman, the author was permitted the use of it.

"The title is, 'Heroum Speculum de vita, D. D. Francisco Tregian. Edidit F. Fran. Plunquetus Hibernus, ordinis S. Bernardi, nepos ejus maternus Olispone, 1655.'

"This little work, notwithstanding its barbarous Latinity, is highly interesting. We learn from it that Tregian was connected with the Arundel family, was married to a daughter of Viscount Stourton, and was a frequenter of the Court of Elizabeth.

"He had the misfortune to become, unconsciously, the object of one of those attachments for her courtiers, of which persons of comely looks were but too often the victims. Elizabeth's passion for Tregian was one of head-long violence,—'Amoris peste corripitur.' She would have him lodged near the palace, and she endeavoured to persuade Tregian to allow her to create him a Viscount, which he constantly refused.

"At length the vehemence of her passion led to scenes of violent advances on one side, and of virtuous resistance on the other, which terminated on the part of her Majesty, in hatred of the man who dared to repel the favour of a Queen, and a determination to be revenged of him. Letters, by the Queen's special orders, were despatched to the authorities in Cornwall, to have Tregian and all his family arrested, and these orders were carried into execution with barbarous rigour, the 8th of June, 1599.

"In prison, in chains, subjected to all kinds of indignities, separated from a beloved wife and children, cut off from all communication with friends and relatives, twenty-seven years of cruel sufferings were endured by him with all the bravery of spirit, dignity of mind, and resignation, that became a christian gentleman.

Prayer was his only occupation and recreation. In his daily form of prayer, to which it would be impossible to find any thing superior in point of elevation of language and of thought—his earnest supplication to God is to take away from him all sense of fear, all feelings of pusillanimity, so that he might bear all that the malice of his enemies might do against him, as it became a christian man to endure persecution.—‘*Deus Immortalis! Solamen peccatorum abige a me procul omnem pusillanimitatis speciem nec me obruat servilis metus.*’.....

“The cruelties inflicted on him were of the most revolting kind; at times he was immured in a filthy dungeon, on one occasion for three months, on a charge of attempting his escape, after suffering personal violence at the hands of his jailers. At length, after a persecution of twenty-seven years and upwards, he was set at liberty, deprived of all his property; for this had been confiscated soon after his imprisonment.

“The ambassador of Philip III. of Spain, was commissioned by his master to offer this unfortunate gentleman an asylum in his dominions; the offer was gratefully accepted, and he was received at Madrid with all the honour and respect due to his virtue and his former position in society. A liberal monthly allowance was made by the king for his subsistence, in a manner suitable to his rank. Shortly after his arrival, he was seized with illness. Change of air was recommended by the physicians, and Lisbon was the place to which he was advised to proceed. There his life was spent in holiness and works of mercy, and especially in relieving the unfortunate Irish refugees, who at that time crowded Lisbon.

“He died as he lived, in the odour of sanctity, in his sixtieth year, the 25th of September, 1608.

“His remains, (adds his biographer,) were interred in the Jesuit’s church of St. Roque’s, in a marble sepulchre, and after seventeen years, when that tomb was opened, his body was found in a perfect state of preservation.

“D. D. Philippa, and D. D. Jacob Plunket, to whom a portion of the shroud, which retained its original appearance, had been sent to Ireland as a relic, presented the same to his widow. A host of miraculous cures, alleged to have been made by similar relics taken from his remains when his tomb was opened, are detailed in the biography, which occupy no small portion of the narrative. These, at least, are evidences of the fame of his holy life.

“In these times of hero worship, of war and warrior idolatry, the eclat of the virtue of Francis Tregian, the man ‘of a great fame for piety,’ of unshaken fidelity to his religion, of constancy invincible in sufferings, and triumphant over them, has now little chance of renown. The merit of the christian chivalry, moreover, of Cuthbert Maine, will sink to the dust, it may be, in our days, in comparison with the glory of great military prowess, no matter how acquired. There may be some persons, however, who would prefer the simple

record of the merit of exalted virtue on the tomb of Francis Tregian, or the remembrance of the dignified bearing and christian chivalry of Cuthbert Maine, to all the trophies that are destined to adorn the statues and the sepulchres of successful soldiers. There may be some who will not laugh to scorn the idea of the virtue of the old Cornish gentleman, and the valour of the other intrepid soldier of the Cross, being on a par with any qualities which belong to military heroes.

"The day will come when the memories of the persecuted missionary priests of England will be honoured in their own land, and the exploits of the heroes who are now the gods of our idolatry, will be remembered, perhaps, with less admiration than theirs. Even now in the Church that persecuted theirs, there are enlightened members, christian men, who would set a higher value on the fame of those martyrs than on all the glory that ever gathered over the eagles of Napoleon, that fell to the share of Picton and Davoust, or was gained by the sabre of Murat; who would deem all worldly honour of small account compared with that of having bravely borne the banner of that Cross which the pious Maine died on the scaffold under the folds of, and the man of great fame for sanctity, the venerable Tregian, sunk beneath, after his long suffering in a foreign land."—pp. 121-126.

But here we must pause in our extracts from the work of Dr. Madden. Of the work itself it may be truly said that it is honest, truthful, candid: that its materials have been sedulously collected, and that whilst avoiding the minute details of history, the author has illustrated the subject so well as to relieve it from the tedium which a mere dry narrative of legal barbarities and legislative enormities, must have inevitably produced.

We would thus willingly bring our observations to a conclusion; but that we feel it necessary to place on record our dissent to one or two points on which Dr. Madden lays some stress. As a Catholic, we think, he concedes too much when he admits the necessity for change at the time the Reformation burst forth and desolated Europe. We do not regard as historically accurate portraitures of society, the denunciations of the ardent preacher, who in warning all men, Churchmen as well as laymen, to attain a state of perfection, boldly exposes individual or class vice wherever he can discern it, whether in the few or the many, the rich, the great, or the exalted. We do not regard as historical truths, the accusations which partisans who profit by a new state of things, allege against the old. We think that Dr. Madden, in the extreme desire to be

impartial, has given an undue importance to isolated facts, and then made those which we may designate as local and particular facts, generally applicable to the great body of the Church. It is in proportion to their weakness and their wealth, that the most pious, ardent, hard-working, and charitable members of the Church, have been either slandered and spoliated, or spoliated and slandered—the accusations serving as pretexts or as justifications to their calumniators and plunderers. We cannot admit that one of the men who aided on the work of the Reformation, was actuated by a good motive; nor, as far as England is concerned, is Dr. Madden their apologist. But when Dr. Madden prefaces his history of the Penal Laws in England, with a detail of the exertions made by good men elsewhere to correct the abuses of Churchmen—as good men, and pious men, and holy Popes in all ages, have struggled to correct such abuses in the Church—and when he, referring to those efforts at a pure reformation elsewhere, regards them as preliminary to, or premonitory of, the Reformation in England, he does that which is calculated to lead the reader astray—to bring him far wide of those causes which gave impulse and strength to the Reformation in England. He should have borne in mind that Henry VIII. was not the first English king who had attempted to tyrannize over the Church, nor to apply its revenues to his own vile uses.

There was, we believe, no country in Europe in which the Gospel was received with more cheerfulness, truthfulness, and simplicity of heart, than by England, when ruled by its Anglo-Saxon sovereigns. Its love and attachment to Rome were unbounded—to Rome its Kings, its Queens, its Ethelings, its Ealdormen, and its Thanes, went as pilgrims—its Archbishops of Canterbury were to be found there, humbly kneeling at the footstool of the Apostles—its people sent with their prayers their Peter's-pence—it was thought of with affection and spoken of with reverence by whomsoever was the occupant of the Pontifical Chair. But it was not destined to remain thus. Twice was England subsequently desolated, almost depopulated, by a conquest—first, by the piratical, infidel, and democratically Thing-ruled Northmen, who brought with them blind superstition, a hatred to the Catholic Church and its discipline;*

* When Hakon, the foster son of king Athelstan, determined upon

a personal animosity against bishops, and priests, and monks;* and with an attachment to their old customs, a horror of Christianity, as if it were inimical to liberty.† And thus was the population—that is, the poorer classes in England demoralized, and from that demoralization, despite of all the efforts of the Church, they never were purely and perfectly recovered, or else we should not see

christianising Norway, he sent to England for bishops and other pious and learned men to assist him, (Konung Hakon Adalstens Fostres Saga. c. 15); and we find him at the great Thing held at Froste, proposing the adoption of christianity to them in these terms: “that they should, whether holders of farms or occupants of houses, or dwellers on other men’s lands, rich and poor, great and small, old and young, no matter what their sex or condition in life, abandon their old pagan superstition, acknowledge the one true God, and Christ the Son of the ever blessed Virgin; turn away from their accursed sacrifices, and abominate their foolish idols; that they should on the seventh, a day of holiness, cease from every species of servile work, and that they should fast one day in every week.” How do we find these propositions received by the poor, the working classes, and the slaves amongst the Northmen?

“An immense clamour arose amongst the crowd, and men were heard murmuring, that they would be deprived of the time which was peculiarly suited for carrying on their field labours—that not only would the old religion be abolished, but the land would be rendered sterile from the want of its being properly and constantly tilled; and to these complaints were added those of the labourers and slaves, that if they were restricted by fasts in the due allowance of their food, they would never be able to go through their work.” Snorro. Konung Hakon Adalstens Fostres Saga. c. 17. Vol. i. pp. 142, 143. See Torfaeus Hist. Rer. Norveg. Vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

* The same authority (Snorro) mentions this fact, as indicative of what we may term the innate hatred of the Northmen to the ministers of religion. Eight men, states the author, entered into a conspiracy to root christianity out of Norway, and to compel King Hakon to offer up pagan sacrifices. “Four of these then sailed to the southern coast of More, where they killed three priests, and burned to the ground three churches.”—Snorro, Vol. i. p. 146.

The darkest pages of English history, with the exception of those occupied by the English “reformation” itself, are those filled with an account of the destruction of monasteries, and the slaughter by the Northmen of monks, nuns, priests, and bishops.

† See Wachsmuth “Aufstande und Kriege der Bauern im Mittelalter.” Historisches Taschenbuch, Vol. v. p. 295.

"the Ancient Laws of England" so crowded with enactments against Northern superstitions.

The second and the worst change was the Norman Conquest, which gave to England so many rapacious, cruel, selfish kings, and brutal nobles, who were for converting to their own uses all that England possessed, and among the rest the sacred property of the Church. Hence that long series of quarrels with the See of Rome, in which every bad monarch of England has found a defender in every base and irreligious historian of England. To the Conquest by the Normans we can trace the insurrection of Wat Tyler—to the popularity of such a leader as Ball, the Conquest by the Danes. The truth is, that wherever these barbarous Northmen—whether democratical or oligarchical—established themselves or made a settlement, we find the "reformation" for a time at least successful; and wherever they had been repulsed, we find the same "reformation" in vain struggling by the aid of brute force to retain a semblance of existence.

The swords of infidels prepared the soil for the seeds of "the Reformation." Its golden harvest was gathered by the hands of heretics.

Doctor Madden should have looked far beyond the period at which he has commenced his researches for the causes that led to the Reformation.

There are other points on which we differ with Dr. Madden; but as we have not space to explain, we do not feel it necessary to specify them. Taken as a whole, we think, this first volume merits a place in the library of every Catholic; and, we wish we could believe, that it was universally perused by those who differ from us in faith; for its pages cannot fail to be suggestive how very doubtful it must be that the creed which they profess can be true, when to found, to prop it up, and to sustain it, such awful crimes were perpetrated, so many inhuman deeds committed, and so many barbarous laws enacted.

What, says an ancient legislator, should the law always be:—"Like to the Divinity itself; the guardian of religion, the spring source of discipline, the workman of pure equity, the origin and regulator of manners, the guide of the Commonwealth, the forerunner of justice, the rule of life, the very soul and spirit of the body politic."*

* "Lex est æmula divinitatis, antistes religionis, fons discipli-

It is a serious and an awful question for every one who differs from the Roman Catholic Church and examines the Penal Code of England—and it is one which must be answered wisely and justly now, or be solved by a terrible judgment hereafter—"Can *this* Creed be true, which required *such a Code* for its protection?" Let Protestants read this work of Dr. Madden, and we defy them to close its pages without some such suggestion being forced upon their minds.

As to Catholics, it is not possible for them to read this book without edification, and without feeling alike their faith strengthened, and their hope animated. They see here the spirit of evil working by the same means that it did in the times of Nero, or in the days of Julian, shedding the blood of martyrs, or punishing with political disabilities and confiscations, an avowed attachment to the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Their faith is strengthened as they read; and the hopes of many of them must be animated as they peruse the details of what have been suffered by their ancestors, in the great cause of Christianity. Hundreds of them are heirs to that sanctified destitution, and most blessed poverty, which they have inherited with an attachment to the true faith. Oh! if they will be but true to their faith—if their lives shall but correspond with the discipline of their Church, how great and how glorious shall be their reward hereafter; for already there is stored for them in heaven the boundless treasures, which lost on this earth, are counted there as charities. This is a truth of which we are assured by one of the greatest Saints of our Church.* May they ever remember it! and great indeed will be their reward.

A single instance of the sufferings endured, and the spoiliations practised upon a single member of a single family,

narum, artifex juris boni, mores inveniens atque componens, gubernaculum civitatis, justitiæ nuncia, magistra vitæ, anima totius corporis popularis."—*Leges Wisigothor*, Lib. 1. Tit. 2. § 2.

* "Non enim illæ tantum opes, quas eleemosynæ nomine dispendimus, transferuntur in cælum, sed etiam quascumque nobis hostes fidei piorumque persecutores rapiunt, illic thesauri erunt: est enim hoc non minus quam illud." St. John Chrysostom, Homily xl. as quoted in the Lives of S. S. Juveninus and Maximus, Act. Sanct. (Januar.) Vol. ii. p. 620. Ch. 2. § 5. See St. Paul to the Hebrews, chap. x. v. 34.

will best illustrate the glory of the English people who adhered to the faith of their fathers. The case we select is that of John Townley, Esq., of whom the following account is given by Mr. Whittaker in his "History of Whalley."

"John Townley, Esq., son of Charles, second son of Sir John Townley, Knight, married Mary, daughter and sole heiress of Sir Richard Townley, his uncle. He was celebrated for his *recusancy* and suffering. In Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, are many memorials relating to him, and his fellow-sufferer, Sir John Southworth. The following inscription, under a portrait of himself, his lady, and children, in the library at Townley, will supply what is wanting in this narrative.

"This John, about the 6 or 7 yere of her matie that now is for professing the Apostolicall Catholick Romain faith, was imprisoned first at Chester Castell, then sent to Marishalsea, then to Yorke Castell, then to the Blackhouses in Hull, then to the Gatehouse in Westminster, then to Manchester, then to Broughton, in Oxfordshire, then twice to Eley, in Cambridgeshire, and so now of 73 yeares old, and blinde, is bound to appear, and to keep within five myles of Towneley, his house: who hath since the Statute of 23, paid in to the Exchequer, £20 the month, and doth still, (so) that there is paid already above £5,000."—Whittaker's History of Whalley, Book vi. c. i. p. 465. 1601.

In the preceding pages we are conscious that we have, when referring to the personal character of Dr. Madden, written in strong and eulogistic terms—perhaps it may be thought too much so of one who is still living. We do so, because we cannot but feel, that we may write of him, as if he were dead. He may never see these lines—may never know they had been written, or, if knowing, perchance, may learn that the heart which dictated them has ceased to beat. Dr. Madden is now on his voyage to the Antipodes. He is about to discharge the duties of Colonial Secretary at Western Australia, and there are many chances against his return to Europe for several years.

There are distances of time and place in this world that are greater than those which separate time from eternity. Place the former between two friends, and their hope of reunion on earth amounts to an impossibility; whilst the latter can include the lapse but of a few years. Let us be but good and faithful children of the Church, and our reward is assured to us—we shall meet those good and faithful Christians whom we have loved upon this earth.

Here there is nothing so uncertain as that we shall again grasp the hand of a friend, from whom a four months' voyage separates us; whilst with a pure and holy life, and the grace of God to protect us, we know that the certainty of our being united in Heaven is a certainty more certain than that Queen Victoria reigns in England;

ART. IV.—*Notes of a Residence at Rome in 1846.* By a Protestant Clergyman. REV. M. VICARY, B. A. London: Bentley, 1847.

WE would respectfully suggest as one of the standing orders of the new Italian *Zoll-verein*, that no foreigner shall be admitted to travel within its territory, unless upon an express understanding that he shall not print his tour. There is hardly a single "Tour in Italy" that is not a disgrace to common sense, as well as to good feeling and propriety, and that does not contain outrages against truth, charity, and justice, sufficient to disentitle the author, not alone to the ordinary privileges of hospitality, but even to the lowest degree of toleration.

We have had occasion, many a time since the commencement of our career, to denounce the ingratitude and treachery with which the unsuspecting hospitality of Italy is requited by strangers, to whose criticism she too confidently lays open her treasures of religion as well as of art. But we had hopes that a better feeling had begun to prevail; that men had come at length to look, at least with toleration, on usages, which, heretofore, were regarded as unmixed Paganism; and that it was no longer a matter of course that every thing which differed from the preconceived notions in which the tourist had been educated, must be condemned because it is not understood, and because it departed from the conventional standard according to which his ideas of propriety had been adjusted.

It is painful to be obliged to confess that the work now upon our table has taught us that our anticipations have been too sanguine. It is filled with the worst and most vulgar prejudices of the olden bigots; and to what in them, Heaven knows, was already sufficiently offensive, it superadds the further offensiveness of a patronizing and apologetic tone. We are unwilling to speak hardly of the author

of this unamiable publication, who is a clergyman, and apparently not a very practised writer: but the publication itself is one which we cannot overlook; especially as it is not without pretensions, at least in externals, and as it has been lauded in no very measured terms by some of the journals which profess to be liberal, and lauded, among other things, for the justice and fairness of its views on the subject of the religion of Rome. Its statements are broad and tangible; they are unhappily of such a character as leaves us without any alternative; to these statements it is impossible to extend any quarter; and for the author personally, the best we can say, (though this is in itself far from complimentary,) is, that the evidence of precipitancy, incompetence, and want of sufficient preparation, which are betrayed in almost every paragraph, leads us to hope that his worst fault is the exceeding rashness of venturing to write upon a subject on which he was not only without accurate knowledge, but even without the means of obtaining it.

Mr. Vicary does not expressly tell how long he resided in Rome; but, judging from the range of the ceremonies which he describes, we conclude that his visit was for the established term which fashion has prescribed;—viz. from Christmas till Easter; and this term, in the year 1846 (even supposing, what is by no means certain, that he did not contrive, during the interval, to take “a run” to Naples, and perhaps to Salerno and Pæstum,) allows somewhere about three months and a half for the preparation of his materials. Now these materials embrace the entire subject of Rome, its religion, its political constitution, its social condition, its art, its antiquities, and even the manners, the usages, and the character of its people. This, one would say, affords “ample room and verge enough” for a three months’ enquiry. We might, however, admit it to be possible that a tourist, well acquainted with the language, familiar to some extent with the habits and character of the people, prepared by careful previous study of the best writers in the several departments, and directed by the advice of skilful and judicious friends, would be enabled to digest within that period his own observations on the conclusions which had been drawn by those who went before him; though we must say that, even with these advantages, it would be the extreme of rashness to offer the judgments thus formed, as certain and beyond suspicion of

inaccuracy. How far Mr. Vicary enjoyed these advantages, we must leave the reader to infer from his own statements. With the exception of one or two hacknied references to such profound works as "Matthews's Diary," "Chambers's Dictionary," "The Library of entertaining Knowledge," &c., his book does not contain a single reference to any authority, whether native or foreign: it is full of blunders in the most plain and palpable matters of fact: it presents no evidence of intercourse with those who could have supplied correct information,* and the author's familiarity with the language may be inferred from the specimens which his pages present, (and which by the way he is fond of parading;)—as for example, "*il fede*" "*homocidio*" "*vino asciouto*" "*lignea di vera croce*," (in another place *legnia*), "*il girandola*" "*nostra protettore*" (twice,) "*questa giorno*" "*il malade di dente (!)*" "*capellane*," &c., &c.

Every one recollects how regularly the English journals, for the last twelve months, have made a standing joke of the style "*Sir Cobden*" which some unlucky Italian journalist gave to the great leader of the League. We fear Mr. Vicary has supplied an inexhaustible source of retort in his numberless blunders as to the names and styles of Italian families, communities, and individuals: e. g. "*Mikara*," "*Oriola*," "*Ruspigliosi*," &c. &c.

It must not be inferred, however, from this special exception in favour of his Italian, that his general character stands very high as a linguist; at least if we may judge from such latinity as "*Miserere me Dominus Deus*;" and such philological profundity as the derivation of carnival "*from carn-a-val*, by reason the flesh then goes *to the pot*, to make amends for the season of abstinence ensuing." (p. 287.)

From the flippant and (we fear we must add) profane tone, too, in which he discusses even the most sacred subjects, the reader will hardly judge that Mr. Vicary approached the enquiry with sufficient seriousness to make amends for his incapacity on another score; and in a spirit becoming the deep and solemn interests which it involves. A clergyman—we say it with great pain—might have

* If we except what every respectable stranger who winters in Rome may claim, an introduction to the rector of some of our national colleges, or to some resident English or Irish priest.—Of this, however, there is but little trace in Mr. Vicary's volume.

abstained, even though the subject is popery, from the unseemly joke about the ladies going veiled to St. Peter's, (p. 95); and about St. Apollonia's being "more fitted to give the heart-ache than cure the tooth-ache," (p. 169.); he might have found some less undignified comparison for the inscriptions over the doors of the churches than "the sign-boards of a hotel" (p. 26); he might have taken the trouble to inform himself as to the truth of the offensive statement which he makes in page 29, even though this would have destroyed the point of his jest about "holy book-keeping;" and the antiquity of the usages which he derides, (p. 247), might have taught him to respect the use of the chrism, which even his own Church does not discard; and to devise for the mystic binding of the priest's hands at ordination, some less mirthful name than that of "handcuff." Such a tone as this may meet the approval of the "liberal" friends, who pride themselves on their enlightened and disinterested patronage of popery: but we must confess that to us it is a source of unmixed pain and regret, and we are much mistaken if the feeling be not shared by every religious mind, no matter how far its sympathies may be removed from the religion and the religious worship of Rome.

These strange specimens of ignorance, however, as well as the numberless blunders in matters of fact with which the book is filled, would hardly be worth notice were there not an evidence of the writer's incompetence to deal with the more important relations of his subject. It would be of very little importance, for example, whether he is right or wrong in describing a solemn ordination at the church of St. John Lateran on Easter-Monday, on which day no such ceremonial is performed (p. 249); in asserting that the office of the Tenebræ contained "an Epistle, Gospel, and other prayers for the occasion" (p. 145); that the Miserere is sung on three "different nights of the Holy Week, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday" (p. 147); that he saw the cardinals kiss the foot of the pope at the commencement of the service in St. Peter's (p. 93); that the "modern name of the Pantheon is "Santa Maria Degli Angeli" (p. 35); that the Jesuits' dress does not differ much from that of the local clergy, but may always be distinguished by "having the cravat *half covered with a piece of white muslin*" (p. 71); that the number of students in the English college "does not appear to amount to more

than fifty"* (p. 237); while that of the Propagandists "varies from two to four hundred"† (p. 235). These, and a hundred similar mistakes, as to usage, ceremonial, dress, &c., &c., unimportant as they are in themselves, may furnish means of judging whether, in matters of more importance, and of greater difficulty, the unsupported assertion of such a writer is deserving of implicit credit. We need hardly take the trouble of directing the reader's judgment. He can form but one.

It is not so easy, however, to deal gently with a blunder like the following.

"This day is remarkable on account of the Pope receiving the eucharist. It is an interesting spectacle, as his method of receiving it differs from all the world. It is usual to receive the elements in a reverential posture, and so do nearly all denominations of Christians. But the Pope, presuming upon his intimacy with our Lord, from his office of vicegerent, always receives it sitting. The cardinal who officiated at the altar, and the bishop, approached his Holiness, bearing the paten and chalice. The Pope received with much apparent devotion, but with a vast deal of ceremony. As they approached and retired from him, they bowed repeatedly. During all this time, there was a solemn silence, and all were attentive. None of the cardinals or other officials present were communicants. It seemed to be enough for all that his Holiness should partake of it."—p. 104.

Now will it be believed that this scene, though the writer describes it as an eye-witness, is, nevertheless, in all its most important details, purely imaginary! That the Pope's "method of receiving" does *not* "differ from all the world;"—that he does *not* "presume upon his intimacy with our Lord, from his office of vicegerent," and "always receive it sitting;"—that "others of the officials present *were* communicants;"—and that it did *not* "seem enough for all that His Holiness should partake of it!"

In one word, the whole scene is a pure invention! The Pope did not, on the occasion on which Mr. Vicary professes to have been an eye-witness, nor on any other occasion, from time immemorial,‡ receive sitting. He received

* It is not twenty in reality.

† We wish it could be reckoned at half the number.

‡ This *was* the custom, but it has been abandoned for more than a century.

the sacred elements in the same posture in which every other priest in the church receives—standing; and not only he, but also the assisting deacon and sub-deacon, communicated at the mass. The only peculiarity of the Pope's communion is a very curious and striking one, which this most observant eye-witness *did not notice at all*;—he receives, by immemorial usage, the Sacred Chalice through a tube (called *calamus* or *fistula*), a usage, however, which is also observed by the assisting deacon, (though not by the subdeacon), at the Papal High-Mass. And the most strange circumstance connected with this absurd, and, we are sorry to add, ill-natured, blunder is, that it is one into which many equally profound tourists had fallen before Mr. Vicary, and which is corrected by every person who has written upon the ceremonies of the papal mass, from Benedict XIV.* to Gaetano Morone: nor should we have cared to notice it in Mr. Vicary, even when we recollect the ill-natured use to which he turns it—a sneer at the papal pretensions—except as an illustration of his accuracy as an observer, and of the degree of credibility to which his statements are entitled.

There is another equally ludicrous specimen of ignorance, which we cannot pass over so lightly.

“After an early examination, upon retracing my steps, an object caught my eye which had at first escaped notice. I observed over the door of almost every church, in large white letters on a black ground, the words ‘*Indulgentia plenaria perpetuo pro vivis et defunctis.*’ This startling announcement is generally upon a board,—like a sign over an hotel, declaring what sort of entertainment is to be found within. There seems to be an absolute rivalry upon the subject. In some we find it placed more prominently than in others; while it is not forgotten, if the letters become defaced, to have them carefully renewed.

“What an extraordinary announcement in a christian temple—the utmost liberty for the living and the dead!” No doubt, this subversion of the principles of Christianity drives only at one object—the replenishing of the coffers of the Church. It is the prostitution of religion for purposes of gain, and upon a subject which is sure to have no lack of customers, as conscience will urge millions to the absolving shrine, and affection call as many to

* De Sacrificio Missæ, sect. i. N. 339. p. 131. (Cologne 1751. Strangely enough, Eustace (vol. ii. p. 170) falls into the same mistake.

purge the ashes of their dead. The words were on St. Peter's, and thus are stamped with all the authority of the Vatican.

"If the announcement is fully acted on, the question may be well asked, What are its effects? Immorality and irreligion must, I conceive, be the inevitable result. If a man under the influence of sin, or committing actual crime, knows where he may without any inconvenience (where there is an absolute competition to serve him) wipe out all these stains and scars, and return to innocence, participating in full pardon,—if the accounts he owes are settled so easily, the long bills ignored by the ecclesiastical jury, with whom the *heaviest* arguments are the best,—it is to me a great doubt, whether, with youth as it were invigorated, and conscience cleansed, he will not return with renewed zest to his original life; and thus a sort of holy book-keeping be kept up, the account of debtor and creditor regularly proceeding, and as regularly settled.

"If individuals in courts of law could, by undergoing some nominal penalty, have no fears of the consequence of crime, and might obtain full exemption from punishment, would the state of society be as inviolable, and men's property and persons as secure, as when that law vindicates itself, and its red right arm is bared for punishment? It is so with human nature,—equally the case with the conscience. Where punishment, the dread of future recompense, can be bought off on such easy terms, vice in its varied forms is likely to flow with an unobstructed course, and exert its evil influence upon the great mass of society. The objection once made, 'Who can forgive sins but God alone?' is exactly reversed in Papal Rome. It is hard to know what the character of Roman morality is—it is difficult to read the heart. The very name of the City of the Church will serve as some outward check. I speak only of the genuine consequences of the practice.

"Although the principle involved be so opposed to true religion, it is for many reasons the very last thing that the priesthood would be likely to abandon. Let as much light as possible be thrown upon it, they will still cling to and clutch it. The '*Plenaria Indulgentia*,' thus openly advertised, serves two important purposes in the economy of the Roman Church. It gives the great body of the people an exalted idea of the priesthood, and being the true '*thesaurus theologicus*,' it recruits the finances, and oils the wheels of the whole system. And then how comprehensive is its circle; it includes the living and the dead,—'*vivis et defunctis*.' No matter how unsubstantial the theory, its results are gratifying. It may be truly said of them, '*Quod volumus faciliè credimus*,' or more pertinently in the present instance, '*Populus cultu decipi*.' Its manifest use will maintain it, and the infallibility of the Church comes in to check any doubt that may arise concerning it—a mode of stifling argument, that has been devised in modern times, to chain the reason and the will to the chair of the Popes."—pp. 26-29.

The first question which presents itself to one's mind on reading this, we must say, disgraceful passage, is, whether it is possible that any man, who had received the education of a clergyman, could be ignorant of the meaning of the words "*Indulgentia Plenaria*" in this inscription. If Mr. Vicary really did not know the meaning of these words, we need hardly say that his attempting to write a book upon any topic of controversy, betrays an amount of presumption, so extravagant and so hopelessly beyond correction, that it would be folly to waste a word of criticism upon him. And yet we should much prefer to give him credit even for this inconceivable ignorance, than to adopt the other branch of the alternative—that, knowing full well what catholics mean by *indulgentia plenaria pro vivis et defunctis* (a plenary indulgence for the living and the dead) he was uncandid and dishonest enough to translate it "the utmost liberty for the living and the dead." The substance of the imputation itself—viz., that indulgences are nothing but a license to commit sin,—has been so frequently refuted, and the odious construction which Mr. Vicary thus dishonestly fixes upon it, has been so repeatedly and so indignantly disclaimed, that we shall not trust ourselves to enter upon it here; and we shall only repeat that the impossibility of believing the mistranslation to be wilful in the present instance, furnishes, in our mind, the author's best vindication from a charge more dishonourable, even than that of ignorance so gross as this mistranslation must be supposed.

Mr. Vicary, however, is far from being himself sparing in his judgments of the opinions and the religious dispositions of others. He once took a part, he tells us, in a procession at Rome.

"It was on the Circumcision, January 1, 184—, that my progress in the *Strada de due Marcelli* was arrested by the procession of the day. It was headed by twelve priests, apparently not above the rank of rector, in their officiating dresses. Then came some religious attendants, or Church officers, bearing a painting of the Virgin, and behind them a black crucifix of moderate dimensions. Some large wax candles were also carried, although in the face of day.

"As soon as the whole group had turned the corner of the *Collegio di Propaganda Fede*, the person with the picture of the Virgin drew near, and they stopped: a table which they carried was arranged as a temporary pulpit, which a priest having

ascended, he began to address the multitude. My knowledge of the Italian at the time was not very perfect, but sufficient to observe the scope of his discourse, and to what subjects he drew the attention of his hearers. The manner of the preacher was unquestionably sincere, as it was warm; his voice firm and commanding, and his action theatrical to a great degree. The Virgin was held on his right hand; to it during his discourse, with all vehemence and earnestness, he pointed. '*Santissima Maria*' was the theme, the beginning and the ending of his address, while far behind, unmentioned and unnoticed, was the crucifix. As he urged the topic of repentance, and pointed out the fitness of the day, commencing a new year, for reformation and amendment; he dwelt little upon the name of God, but that of the Virgin repeatedly occurred. '*Santissima Maria*,' ever and anon, in the language of the sweet south, fell on the ear from the not inharmonious voice of the speaker. The name of '*Gesu*' was but once or twice during the whole time mentioned. To the Virgin he pointed while he bade them date a new life from this period; to her he pointed while he asked them to hope for the happiness of heaven. Upon her he turned his eyes, full and significant as they were, while bewailing the sins and guilt of his hearers; he invoked her protection, or implored her intercession. And as he concluded with a blessing that they might improve in christian perfection, and attend the duties of the Church, to the picture he looked affectionately, imploring that that blessing might be confirmed."—pp. 118-120.

The obvious tendency of this description of the preacher and this analysis of his discourse, is to create an impression that, in the popular instruction of Rome, Almighty God is lost sight of altogether, and that the main object of devotion is the Blessed Virgin. It would be wrong, of course, to suppose that this was not the impression produced upon Mr. Vicary's own mind, prejudiced and predetermined as it was; but that he was able, fairly and satisfactorily, to gather this impression from listening to the preacher's discourse, we do not hesitate to pronounce a pure imagination of his own, not a whit less extravagant than that which led him to believe that he saw the Pope communicate in a sitting posture. He modestly admits that "his knowledge of Italian at the time was not very perfect." We beg the reader to call to mind the specimens of Mr. V.'s knowledge of Italian at this present publishing of his book, which we collected together a few pages back, and to draw his own inference as to what it must have been, at the time when he had just, probably, arrived in Rome. But, whatever may have been his know-

ledge of the language, we can say from experience, that far more practised Italian scholars than he seems likely ever to become, long continue to find it difficult to follow the inflections and modulations of an animated preacher; and that the idea of a novice, at hearing a "street-preacher" for the first time, understanding the general tenor of his sermon, is preposterous and absurd in the extreme. Mr. Vicary heard and understood these things, *because he wished to hear and understand them*, and because, in his preconceived views of the popular preaching of Rome, he was prepared to hear them, and was determined that he could not hear anything else.

However, this subject of the popular teaching of Rome is one on which so much of misrepresentation is abroad, that we are tempted to take this opportunity of placing before the reader the most complete and most practical refutation of it which it seems possible to devise or to desire. It consists simply in a descriptive enumeration of the books of devotion which are chiefly in circulation among the people of Rome, and which, of course, must fairly represent their devotional practices, and their views on the subject of the worship of God and of the saints. This enumeration is not new, being taken from the concluding chapter of Mr. Newman's "Essay on Developments;" but, as it may probably be new to many readers, and as it is the least suspicious of all the possible evidences which could be presented, it may be pardonable to reproduce it here; especially as the writer of these pages is well acquainted with the collection to which Mr. Newman refers, and can vouch for its having been made with perfect fairness, and without the least desire or intention of concealing or softening down any of what are commonly regarded as the most repulsive features of Catholic doctrine and practice.

"The other instance which I give in illustration is of a different kind, but is suitable to mention. About forty little books have come into my possession which are in circulation among the laity at Rome, and answer to the smaller publications of the Christian Knowledge Society among ourselves. They have been taken almost at hazard from a number of such works, and are of various lengths; some running to as many as two or three hundred pages, others consisting of scarce a dozen.

"They may be divided into four classes:—a third part consists of books on practical subjects; another third is upon the incarna-

tion and Passion; and of the rest, the greater part are on St. Mary, and the remainder upon the sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist. There are two or three besides for the use of Missions.

"As to the first class, they are on such subjects as the following: 'La Consolazione degl' Infermi;' 'Pensieri di una Donna sul Vestire Moderno;' 'L'Inferno Aperto;' 'Il Purgatorio Aperto;' St. Alphonso Liguori's 'Massime Eterne;' other maxims by St. Francis de Sales, for every day in the year; 'Pratica per ben Confessarsi e Comunicarsi;' and the like. The titles of the second class are such as 'Gesù dalla Croce al Cuore del Peccatore;' 'Novena del Ss. Natale di G. C.;' 'Associazione pel Culto Perpetuo del Divin Cuore;' 'Compendio della Passione.' In the third are 'Il mese Eucaristico,' and a few others.

"These books are, as even the titles of some of them show, in great measure, made up of Meditations: such are the 'Breve e pie Meditazioni' of P. Crasset; the 'Meditazioni per ciascun Giorno del Mese sulla Passione;' the 'Meditazioni per l'ora Eucaristica.' Now of these it may be said, generally, that in the body of the Meditation, Saint Mary is hardly mentioned at all. For instance, in the Meditations on the Passion, a book used for distribution, through two hundred and seventy-seven pages, Saint Mary is not named. In the prayers for Mass which are added, she is introduced at the Confiteor, thus, 'I pray the Virgin, the angels, the apostles, and all the saints of heaven to intercede;' &c., and in the preparation for Penance, she is once addressed after our Lord, as the 'Refuge of Sinners,' with the saints and guardian angel: and at the end of the exercise, there is a similar prayer, of four lines, for the intercession of Saint Mary, angels, and saints of heaven. In the exercise for communion, in a prayer to our Lord, 'My only and infinite good, my treasure, my life, my paradise, my all,' the merits of the saints are mentioned, 'especially of Saint Mary.' She is also mentioned with angels and saints at the termination.

"In a collection of 'Spiritual Lauds' for missions of thirty-six hymns, we find as many as eleven addressed to Saint Mary, or relating to her, among which are translations of the Ave Maria Stella, and the Stabat Mater, and the Salve Regina, and one is on the sinner's reliance on Mary. Five, however, which are upon repentance, are entirely engaged upon the subjects of our Lord and sin; with the exception of an address to Saint Mary at the end of two of them.

"Seven others upon sin, the crucifixion, and the four last things, do not mention Saint Mary's name.

"To the Manual for the Perpetual Adoration of the Divine Heart of Jesus, there is appended one chapter on the Immaculate Conception.

"The most important of the first class is the French "*Pensez-y bien*," which seems a favourite book, since there are two transla-

tions of it, one of them being a fifteenth edition ; and it is used for distribution in Missions. In these reflections there is scarcely a word said of Saint Mary. At the end there is a method of reciting the crown of the Seven Dolours of the Virgin Mary, which contains seven prayers to her, and the *Stabat Mater*.

"One of the longest books in the whole collection, is one consisting principally of Meditations on the Holy Communion, under the title of the 'Eucharistic Month,' as already mentioned. In these 'Preparations,' 'Aspirations,' &c., Saint Mary is but once mentioned, and that in a prayer addressed to our Lord. 'O my sweetest Brother,' it says, with an allusion to the Canticles, 'who being made man for my salvation, hast sucked the milk from the virginal breast of her who is my mother by grace,' &c. In a small 'Instruction' given to children on their first communion, there are the following questions and answers : 'Is our Lady in the Host? No. Are the angels and saints? No. Why not? Because they have no place there.'

"Of the fourth class, which relate to Saint Mary, such as '*Esercizio al onore dell' addolorato Cuore di Maria*,' '*Novena di Preparazione alla festa dell' Assunzione*,' '*Li quindecim Misteri del Santo Rosario*," the principal is a remarkable book by Father Segneri, called '*Il Divoto di Maria*,' which requires a distinct notice. It is far from the intention of these remarks to deny the high place the Holy Virgin holds in the devotion of Catholics ; I am but bringing evidence of its not interfering with that incommunicable and awful relation which exists between the creature and the Creator ; and as the following instances show, as far as they go, that that relation is preserved inviolate by such honours as are paid to Saint Mary ; so will this treatise throw light upon the rationale, by which the distinction is preserved between the worship of God and the honour of an exalted creature, and that in singular accordance with the remarks made in the foregoing section.

"This work of Segneri is written against persons who continue in sins under pretence of their devotion to St. Mary. And in consequence it is led to draw out the idea which good Catholics have of her. The idea is this, that she is absolutely the first of created beings. Thus the treatise says, that God might have easily made a more beautiful firmament, and a greener earth ; but it was not possible to make a higher mother than the Virgin Mary ; and in her formation there has been conferred on mere creatures all the glory of which they are capable, remaining mere creatures.—p. 34. And as containing all created perfections, she has all those attributes, which, as was noticed above, the Arians and other heretics applied to our Lord, and which the Church denied of Him as infinitely below His supreme Majesty. Thus she is the 'created idea in the making of the world.' To her are applied the words, '*Ego primogenita prodivi ex ore Altissimi* ;' because she was predestinated in the eternal mind coevally with the Incarnation of

her divine Son. But to Him alone the title of Wisdom Incarnate is reserved, p. 25. Again, Christ is the first-born by nature. The Virgin, in a less sublime order: viz., that of adoption. Again, if omnipotence is ascribed to her, it is a participated omnipotence, (as she and all the saints have a participated sonship, divinity, glory, holiness, and worship,) and is explained by the words, 'Quod Deus imperio, tu prece Virgo, potes.'

"Again, a special office is assigned to St. Mary, that is, special, as compared to all the other saints; but it is marked off with the utmost precision from that assigned to our Lord. Thus she is said to have been made 'the arbitress of every effect coming from God's mercy.' Because she is the Mother of God, the salvation of mankind is said to be given to her prayers, '*de congruo*, but *de condigno*, it is due only to the blood of the Redeemer.'—p. 113. 'Merit is ascribed to Christ, and prayer to St. Mary.'—p. 162. In a word, the whole may be expressed in the words, 'Unica spes mea Jesus, et, post Jesum, Virgo Maria. Amen.'

"Again, a distinct cultus is assigned to St. Mary; but the reason of it is said to be the transcendent dignity of her Son. 'A particular cultus is due to the Virgin, beyond comparison, greater than that given to any other saint, because her dignity belongs to another order, namely, to one which, in some sense, belongs to the order of the hypostatic union itself, and is necessarily connected with it.'—p. 41. And 'her being the mother of God is the source of all the extraordinary honours due to Mary.'—p. 35.

"It is remarkable that the '*monstra te esse matrem*' is explained, p. 158, as, 'Show thyself to be our mother.' An interpretation which, I think, I have found elsewhere in these tracts, and also in a book commonly used in religious houses, called the '*Journal of Meditations*,' and elsewhere."—*Essay on Development*, pp. 441-5.

Let the reader set this calm, deliberate, and scholar-like judgment, formed after such an examination, against the crude and hasty impressions of an Italian scholar, so perfect in his knowledge of the language, as to have discovered that "*carn-a-val*" means "flesh to the pot," and so original in his views of it, that he cannot even put three words of an Italian phrase together without violating as many of the first principles of grammar. Having done this, let him decide as to the character of the popular teaching of the Roman clergy.

And yet, will it be believed, this weak and silly writer presumes to censure the conduct and to judge the motives of those universally beloved and respected clergymen, immeasurably his superiors in learning, in integrity, and in every quality that does honour to man, who, as he says, "false to their first love, and allured by the attrac-

tions of Rome," have deserted "to her seductive ranks." We have not patience to refer to the passages in which he has the bad taste to provoke the comparison. It is ludicrous to read his allusions to "weakly constituted minds," (p. 107); his surprise at such a proceeding on the part of "men of studious and enquiring habits," (p. 158); his lamentations over those "who neglect the heart, and make up the defect by ample concessions to sense," (p. 107.) But it is with a deeper feeling than that of merriment that, knowing the enormous, and, in most cases, the public and notorious sacrifices—sacrifices of fortune, of rank, of position, of family, of friends, of old associations, of everything that men hold dear, which these men have made for conscience' sake,—we read from the pen of a brother clergyman, the odious and revolting, if it were not ludicrously false, insinuation, that "the baser object of *certain gain* moved the springs which have influenced their conduct." (p. 30).

We have seldom met, at least on this side of the Atlantic, anything more "cool" than the following proposal:

"If our relations with Rome were of a more intimate nature, it is probable that the nuncio we should have would be one of the most wary of the cardinals; and however the equipage, the red hat, and the red stockings might excite attention, it would be a matter to be lamented that the persecuting and intolerant Church should have its recognised representative in our free metropolis. It is a spectacle that the people of England would be unlikely to endure. At the same time, a representative of our own at Rome, however the same feeling would naturally resist any proposition of the sort, would be attended with considerable advantage. I do not now, with reference to this diplomatic post, speak of Church matters—of this different views will be entertained; but I refer merely to the benefit of an accredited agent of our government to the English residents. It requires a residence in Italy to become acquainted with the underhand and disingenuous nature of the Italian character. No men, at least to a great extent, are so low in the moral scale; nowhere can there be found a greater want of integrity, truth, and honesty. In their dealings with Englishmen the three last principles are entirely thrown overboard; and reckoning our countrymen as persons well able to bear it, they do not scruple to make use of unfair dealing. Numberless cases of flagrant injustice have come under my notice; I mean cases of contract for houses and lodgings violated and falsified, and among classes where one would not expect it,—so universal is the taint, or the appetite, to over-reach John Bull. The English consul has no power where

natives are concerned, so the maltreated Englishman is left to have recourse to laws whose language he is not conversant with, and whose justice all precedents assure him is one-sided.

"The wealthy English pay these enormous demands, or pocket their affronts; but to the artist or the invalid, the person of small means, they are most serious evils. The Romans know that we have no one to apply to, and hence, in almost every case, there is some breach of faith, with its consequent annoyances. This system would all be put an end to, the ill-got gains of the papal subjects would cease, if the *Inglese* had their ambassador, armed with powers to decide and punish."—pp. 56-58.

If Pius IX. be the man he is commonly taken for, we should not like to be the organ of communicating this proposal. That the "persecuting and intolerant Church," should "have a representative" in Mr. Vicary's "free metropolis," is a thing which "the people of England would be unlikely to endure;" but it is a matter of course, that the Pope is to feel himself honoured in receiving an accredited agent, not on Church matters, (Heaven forbid!) but to hire houses and lodgings for poor, unprotected, "maltreated," John Bull, whom "there is such an appetite to overreach;" and to "put an end to the ill-got gains of the Papal subjects!" It would be a pity not to submit the proposition to Lord Minto, before he shall conclude his preliminary diplomatic mission at Rome!

We hope we are right in believing that the following description of an ordination at St. John Lateran's, is conceived in a spirit, and expressed in a tone, which are not likely to meet much sympathy from any religious or well-regulated mind.

"One cardinal bishop only attended. He wore his mitre, and was seated in the chancel as he administered the rite. Several priests stood by his side, who also placed their hands on the postulant's head, when he meekly knelt for admission as one of the shepherds of the Church.

"Perhaps the sitting posture in the bishop is more significant, as tending to represent that authority with which he is invested; although there is no lack of means to declare this to both clergy and laity in the Church of which the Pope is the supreme head. The form of words that was pronounced was very brief, but was repeated over each candidate. On two several occasions he approached his Eminence; at the first, the vestment, which is indorsed with the cross, was placed upon his shoulders. He then retired to his place, evidently fully impressed with the responsibilities of the station which he had assumed. Subsequently he again

appeared in the chancel, where he presented the palm of his right hand to the bishop, who then poured some of the sacred chrism from the anointed cup into it. The attending priest, his chaplain probably, immediately placed the other hand over it, and taking a small white napkin from a bundle that was provided near him, he tied them both together: with this handcuff the young priest retires again to the seat he had occupied in the oratory. He continues in this posture for hours, until, I suppose, the chrism has worked its expected effect, or till it has been absorbed by the animal heat.

"I should not have been surprised if the bishop had anointed candidates upon the head, which was the ancient and usual method; but I am at a loss to discover the intention of anointing the hand. Perhaps it was a hint taken from the school of the gladiators, who oiled their arms, hands, &c., that their bodies might be more pliant for the struggle, and that they might slip more easily from the grasp of their opponents. So this would signify that he should be prepared for controversy—ready to grapple with any adversary who might hurl a 'negative' in the clerical arena; and then it would contain a hint that, if hard pressed, he could retire, as there would be no danger of his antagonist being able to hold him in his grasp.

"No doubt the act may be significant, and this, or some such conjecture, may explain it. Perhaps it is done, founded upon the well known fact, that, as oil cast upon troubled waters soon reduces them to a quiescent state, so they should regard their ministry in the same light, checking schism in the Church, as well as quelling tumult in the state. If this be the true interpretation, it were well for the sister country if many of her priests were ordained at Rome. As to schism, it probably does not exist to give them any uneasiness; but political movement, and the evils following in its train, would fall still-born, but for the decided part taken by the Maynooth priest.

"But I am inclined to believe the real cause of this rite is to impart a sanctity to the hands which are to hold the host in consecration. Such an opinion might follow from the belief in transubstantiation. It were well adapted to impress upon the young priest the idea of his own importance, as the act itself he is destined to perform raises him in the estimation of the people. That the host is of so sacred a nature, that he should not venture to touch it with common hands; but it requires the blessing of the bishop, in addition to the ordination and the chrism of the Church, to adapt them for the high duty: so much amongst Roman Catholics is religion reduced to externals. The ceremonies—the mass—all speak in the same language. To have a true spiritual church, it were better to receive the Saviour in the heart than in the hand, and to anoint with heavenly influences the former rather than the latter. The heart is the test in all things. In the dealings of life,

in the intercourse of society, if that is not steady and sincere, all is hollow and deceitful, although it be wrapped in specious pretexts. Devotion is the heart of religion, showing itself in pure doctrine and conduct, and pulsates as strong and as warmly, although the body that meets the eye be in modest garments, and without the aid of ornament."—pp. 250-253.

We cannot trust ourselves with any comment on this coarse and offensive passage. Honest and hearty reprobation of any practices which are considered objectionable, would, at least if it seemed earnest and sincere, be entitled to fair and candid, if not respectful consideration; but the rude and unfeeling levity which marks every line of this ill-natured diatribe, is incapable of exciting any sentiment but one which we are reluctant to indulge. It is unworthy, not alone of the serious habit of mind which a clergyman should be presumed to cultivate, but even of the fair and manly views which become an English gentleman. The heaviness of its coarse and vulgar wit overpowers even the profaneness by which it is so painfully distinguished, and the only feeling which remains after its perusal, is regret at the want of good taste and good feeling which could dictate its publication.

But we have already devoted to this ill-starred volume more space than we had intended, or than it deserves. It is no exaggeration to say that we have seldom read any book with more pain, and in some respects with more astonishment. There is hardly a charge against our religion which is not, at some time or another, insinuated or advanced;—charges of idolatry, of modified paganism, of persecution, of hollowness and hypocrisy, of hostility to enlightenment and civilization. There is hardly a class which is secure from the malevolence which pervades it. "It is hardly possible," we are told, "to think that *the Pope* can be sincere." (p. 154.) "Ostentation seems, with *the cardinals*, to be the ruling principle." (p. 54.) "*The monks* betray but little intelligence or acuteness in these countries;" he doubts whether "their qualifications, in many instances, embrace anything further than a capacity for chaunting the burial services." (p. 73.) "Nothing can be more melancholy and monotonous than the life of *the unhappy nun*, though it cannot be denied that they are said to be sincere." (p. 80.) As to *the people*, "no men, at least to a great extent, are so low in the moral scale," (p. 57) "many, perhaps the majority, lead the life of a

Nero, and look forward to have the black catalogue of years wiped away, like a Constantine, by an imposing, but momentary rite!" (p. 132.) Truly, one cannot but wonder at the variety and extent of the enquiries which this tourist contrived to compress into the short space of three months and a half, and at the unhesitating confidence with which his enquiries have enabled him to pronounce upon them all!

Seriously, however, the confidence with which he puts forwards statements, so palpably false as scarcely to need a word of refutation, would, in many cases, be exceedingly amusing, if it did not create a more painful feeling. He tells, for example, that "some of the Sacred College have built spacious palaces, which are exceedingly beautiful, and the principal ornaments of the localities in which they are placed; but he could not hear of them founding useful institutions, or bequeathing their wealth to purposes of national or public utility." "Ostentation," he adds, "seems to be, with all, the ruling principle; and they are ignorant that the connexion of their name with some hospital or college would form a more noble and enduring monument, and would transmit it more lastingly to the gratitude of posterity." (p. 54.) If we might suggest an explanation of Mr. Vicary's not hearing that the cardinals had connected their names with any of the munificent public institutions of Rome, we would say it was because he did not enquire, or because he did not desire to learn. The truth is, that there is hardly one of the countless institutes of mercy with which Rome abounds, that does not count popes and cardinals among its founders or benefactors. If he had taken the slightest pains to examine—if he had but enquired of his friend Mgr. Zacchei, (whom, in true Mrs. Nickleby strain, he describes as "a thin, cadaverous looking man, but with a good deal of the gentleman in his features and deportment:") if he had but glanced into a volume which no tourist should omit to consult—Morichini's *Istituti di Carità Pubblica in Roma*—he would have found that almost every institution in Rome has a pope or cardinal for its founder—that the hospital of San Salvatore was founded by Cardinal Giacomo Colonna; the conservatorio del Rifugio by Cardinal Marcantonio of the same noble house; that to the munificent Cardinal Salviati Rome owes the hospital of San Giacomo, that of San Rocco, and the asylum of S. Maria in Aquiro; that the

hospital of S. Maria della Consolazione was enlarged and beautified by Cardinal Cozza; that that of San Gallicano was founded by Cardinals Corradino, and Orsini (afterwards Benedict XIII.); that the lunatic asylum of Santa Maria della Pietà was founded by Cardinal Queva; that the great central institute of universal benevolence, the Ospizio of San Michele, is a large debtor to the celebrated Cardinal Baronius; and the Borromeo asylum to Cardinal Vitalian Borromeo, of the family of the illustrious St. Charles.* These and fifty other similar facts he would *necessarily* have learned, if he had but enquired from any well-informed Roman; and yet he has the incredible effrontery to tax the whole illustrious body of Cardinals with "ostentation" and indifference to the interests of charity and benevolence, because "he could not hear of them founding useful institutions!" It would be just as reasonable for a man to shut his eyes, and then complain that he could not see the sun.

With this crowning specimen of Mr. Vicary's cool effrontery we shall take our leave of him. If he or any of his "liberal" admirers should think that our strictures have been unreasonably severe, we shall only request them to reflect whether it is fair to expect that an ignorant and irresponsible stranger shall be at liberty, because he chanced to have had an opportunity of spending a few months in a foreign capital, to revile the people and their institutions with impunity; to heap obloquy and insult upon the highest personages in the land; to tax "prudent popes" and "wily cardinals" with ingenious frauds for the purpose of increasing their finances (p. 175); to declare it "impossible that the pope can be sincere" (p. 154); and to represent the *plenaria indulgentia* as a device "to recruit the finances, and oil the wheels of the whole system." We should like to see some poor Italian papist try such a course as this in a "*Viaggio d' Inghilterra*." Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Vicary and his "liberal" friends would be the first to raise the cry of "bigotry" against him; and, much as we deprecate this unkind and acrimonious warfare, we feel, nevertheless, that it is a duty

* This asylum might well be regarded as having given the idea for the new popular institute of Ragged Schools. The poor girls of the Borromeo Institute were called, from their exceeding poverty before their admission, *Le Cenciuse*.

to our unsuspecting and defenceless co-religionists in Italy to shield them, as far as in us lies, from this and every similar attack, whether it proceeds from ignorance which misunderstands, or from malevolence which seeks to misrepresent, their religion, their character, and their institutions.

ART. V.—1. *The fourth Annual Report to Parliament on the Fisheries of Ireland.* 1847.

2. *The 5 and 6 Vict. c. 106: An Act to regulate the Irish Fisheries.*

3. *Report of the proceedings of the Irish Council.*—Dublin: 1847.

THE importance of the fisheries of this country has at length attracted the attention of the government and people of England, and many projects are consequently afloat for the purpose of turning this source of national wealth to account, and societies are in course of organization, whose objects are to reduce those projects to practice. A few honest well intentioned Englishmen were the principal originators of those projects; but not knowing much of Ireland practically, they availed themselves of the aid of some members of "the Irish party," and the result is that the efforts of the societies are to be confined solely to the deep-sea fisheries, as if this island had no other. Regarding these societies now chiefly as foils to divert attention from the gross injustice inflicted on the mass of the community with regard to the inland fisheries, and as calculated to confirm the idea already too prevalent in England, that the neglect of the fisheries is attributable to the idleness of the people, we have seen with regret on some of the committees, names that might well have been absent, and resolutions adopted at meetings where real friends of the people were present, hailing the formation of such companies as one of the great levers to be employed in raising the country from its depth of want and misery. Men who seek to lead public opinion should be careful not to lend themselves to the propagation of delusions.

The cause commonly assigned for the neglect of the fisheries, is the want of piers and harbours, and of the means of providing boats, nets, &c.;—the cause assign-

ed by the leading organs of public opinion in England is of course the innate idleness of the Celt. We shall not stop to controvert the favourite doctrine, that the Saxon race are now the chosen people of heaven, and must overrun—indeed, ride rough-shod over—all creation; but when we recollect the indignant denunciations hurled against the indolence and cowardice of the peasant, who prefers starving and basking idly in the sunshine on the shore, to bestirring himself and gathering from the waters the wealth and food which Providence had bountifully placed within his reach, we cannot help suggesting, that it might be as wise and charitable, though of course it would not smack so strongly of philosophy, to ascertain first whether there was not some statute which might account for the conduct so energetically denounced. Efforts to force an unnatural occupation on a people have seldom proved successful. The efforts of some heartless Lairds in Scotland to convert Highland cottiers into deep-sea fishermen, have been attended with results at which few can rejoice. Employments of such a nature should come naturally. If you wish to make the people of Ireland fishers in the deep seas, you should allow them to take a few preliminary lessons in the shallow waters, and try their 'prentice hands on the lakes, bays, and large rivers of their country. It is too great a call on their dexterity and courage to force them to make their first experiments in fishing and sailing on the main ocean. The English, great and mighty and transcendental a people as they are, do not shut out from their fishermen the use of the rivers, bays, and harbours of their country: they do not forbid the fishermen of Barking to exercise their trade on the Thames, nor compel them to take their first lessons in spreading sails and casting nets on the Goodwin Sands or the Maelstrom.

Six years have now elapsed since we called attention to the illegality of the contrivances by which a few individuals had, in defiance of the laws of nature, and of the common and statute law of the realm, appropriated to themselves the exclusive fishery of all the tidal rivers, bays, harbours, and sea-coasts of the country.* Believing in the futility of any appeal to the legislature for the suppression of this foul and enormous wrong, we suggested that the people should at once proceed to avail themselves of the ordinary

* See Vol. xi. p. 356.

forms of law which were still open to them. In many cases they did so with success, and began generally to exercise the rights of which they had been so long deprived. The monopolists took the alarm, and as they and the rest of their class recently conspired under the name of "the Irish Party," to prevent the extension to the people of the recognition of the right to existence out of the produce of the soil—a right which forms one of the elemental conditions of all society, and is not questioned in any other civilized country on earth—so they then combined to deprive them of the rights secured to them by the law of nature and of nations, and the usage of all civilized countries, and the positive common and statute law of the realm, and abusing the confidence of the legislature under the false pretence of amending the fishery laws, procured, in 1842, the enactment of provisions which for barefaced iniquity are unparalleled in the history of modern legislation.

At the time this measure was before the legislature, we pointed out a few of its objectionable provisions,* in the vain hope that some of our representatives might abandon for a few days the ambitious pastime of squaring the circle of abstract political theorems, and protect the people from the gross, palpable, practical wrongs which those provisions were calculated to inflict. But our appeal was in vain. We saw with mingled feelings of regret and indignation, men going on deputations to the ministry in support of the measure, who must have been either ignorant of its provisions, or false in their professions of devotion to the interests of Ireland; and it passed without a single protesting voice being raised against it in either branch of the legislature. In order to enable the reader to form some conception of its character, we shall state a few of its leading provisions.

The 5 and 6 Vict. c. 106. is entitled, "An Act to regulate the Irish Fisheries;" and not, as it ought to be, "An Act to confine the benefit of the Irish Fisheries to a few individuals, and to deprive the community at large of all benefit therefrom."

The 1st section, after a preliminary flourish as to the necessity of consolidating and amending "the several acts now in force in Ireland relating to the fisheries thereof,"

* See vol. xii. p. 561.

and setting out a number of modern peddling statutes, proceeds by a general paragraph, embracing "all enactments whatsoever now in force in Ireland relating to the fisheries thereof," to repeal the well-known passage of the Great Charter relating to fisheries, and all the other ancient valuable statutes on that subject, which the authors of the measure had not the audacity to point to by their titles.

Just conceive the Great Charter repealed for the benefit of the Irish landlords! This is the work of the 1st section.

The 2nd section makes the Commissioners of Public Works "commissioners for the execution of this act," and enables them to appoint clerks and fishery inspectors, and to pay them such salaries as the Commissioners of the Treasury may appoint. Subsequent sections convert the men employed in the coast-guard service, and a subsequent statute converts the police, into water-bailiffs,—for the landlords.

Thus appropriately the people of the United Kingdom are taxed, according to custom, in order to enable the Irish landlords to rob the rest of the Irish community.

The other sections, up to the 7th, under the semblance of securing to fishermen the right of using "the beaches, strands, and wastes, on or adjoining the sea shore, or any estuary,"—a right which no lawyer would ever question, and in recognition of which decisions are to be found in the Year Books,—actually deprives them by construction of this right on the beaches and shores of tidal rivers.

The 7th section enacts, "That no person shall, at any time between sunrise and sunset, set either in the sea, or within the tideway, or any estuary, any sea net for the catching of herrings, or any trammel net, or leave any drag or other net in the water between sunrise or sunset, except stake or fixed nets for the catching of salmon, as is hereinafter provided, and save also seines or drift nets for pilchards or fish other than herrings," under penalty of forfeiting the nets and "any sum not exceeding ten pounds."

You must read this section often before you can have any adequate idea of the inexpressible iniquity of the framers. As a general rule, the night is the proper time for all kinds of fishing. The fisherman lays his nets at night, and brings home the fish early in the morning for his wife

to take to market. To prevent him from fishing at night, is to prevent him from fishing altogether. Just fancy the population of this country forbidden to catch herrings or anything else at night in the sea, and ask yourself is it right, or just, or endurable, to require any human beings, no matter how abject their condition or their nature, to obey or respect such enactments?

The 16th section requires every vessel—which, by the interpretation clause, includes “a ship or a boat, cot or corragh”—used either temporarily or permanently in fishing, to be registered at the coast-guard station of the district in which it is used, and to have its number and name, and the name of its owner and of the port to which it belongs, &c., &c., marked on its stern, sails, buoys, &c., &c., and to carry a certificate of such registry, &c., &c., under a penalty “not exceeding ten pounds” for every offence.

Would any sane man ever dream of proposing such a law for England, or for Scotland, or for any other country but Ireland? Yet this was not enough to satisfy the monopolists; and at a meeting of that portion of the body belonging to the county of Cork, a resolution was adopted, suggesting the propriety of a clause for the registration of *fishing rods*!

The 18th section enacts, that, “*Whereas doubts exist with respect to the right to use stake weirs and stake nets, bag nets, and other fixed nets for the purpose of catching salmon in the sea and tideways along the coast of Ireland, and it is necessary to declare and define such right,*” it shall “be lawful for any person legally possessed of or entitled to any several fishery in or along any estuary or part of the sea coast in Ireland, to fix or erect, or authorize, or empower any lessee or assignee to fix or erect within the bounds of any such fishery” “any stake weir, stake net, bag net, or other fixed net for the taking of salmon.” The 19th section empowers “every person who shall hold and occupy as tenant in fee simple or in fee tail, or as tenant for life, or as tenant under any lease for a life or lives, or as tenant for a term of years, of which not less than fourteen years shall be unexpired at the time of first erecting such net on any land adjoining the sea shore or any estuary, not being within the limits of any such several fishery,” “to fix or erect such stake net or other fixed nets as aforesaid, attached to that part of the shore adjoining

ing such land; provided always that no tenant under any lease for a life or lives determinable, or for years of which less than 100 shall be unexpired, shall be empowered to fix or erect such stake nets or other fixed nets as aforesaid, without the consent in writing of the chief landlord or lessor seized of any rent and reversion on such land." The 20th section provides, that no net or engine for the taking of salmon, with meshes of less than certain specific dimensions, "shall be used on *any part of the coast of Ireland, or within any of the bays, estuaries, or tideways thereof, save and except by the proprietor of the whole of the fishery* of the river flowing into such bay, estuary, or tideway, from the mouth to the source thereof, including its tributary streams." The 27th section renders it unlawful for "any person, save and except the proprietor of a several fishery within the limits thereof, at any time to draw, shoot, or use any net for taking salmon at the mouth of any river opening into the sea (the inland or freshwater portion of which river is frequented by salmon), where the breadth of such mouth between the banks thereof shall not exceed a quarter of a mile statute measure," or "within half a mile seaward or along the coast from the mouth of any such river," or "to shoot, draw, or stretch nets entirely across the mouth, or across any other part of any river."

We have set out these clauses together, so that the reader may see their joint effect. The framers knowing that there was not "any person legally possessed of or entitled to any several fishery in or along any estuary or part of the sea coast of Ireland," except in a few instances under private statutes, in order to give a sort of parliamentary sanction to the usurpations of the landlords, used this vague phraseology in the first section, and then in the next, convey everything to the landlords in due form of law, which they had not had the audacity to seize upon before. Why should all the fisheries of this country be thus conferred upon them, and taken away from the rest of the community? Is it just? Is it right? Is it politic?

Having robbed the community of the salt water fisheries, they next proceed to rob them of the fresh water fisheries; and by sec. 65 enact, "that in the inland and fresh water portions of rivers and lakes in Ireland, no person, save the owner of a several fishery within the limits thereof, shall at any period of the year, lay, draw, make use of, or fish

with haul, draft, seine, or other net for the taking of salmon or trout, unless in cases where a general public right of fishing for salmon, with such rights in the nature of a common of piscary, has been enjoyed" for twenty years next before the passing of this act.

We need scarcely say, that this section operates to prevent large inland lakes, such as Lough Corrib, Lough Dearg, Lough Neagh, Lough Erne, &c. &c., from being fished at all. No man can pretend to claim the fishery of such a lake as Lough Dearg, which is about fourteen miles broad, *ad medium filum aquæ*, as appurtenant to a patch of ground on its banks. The object of this iniquitous provision is to prevent such waters from being fished, lest indeed an odd salmon should be lost to the monopolists of the salt water fisheries.

Under this act, no man can fish any where or in any way, except he is a landlord or the proprietor of a several fishery. Indeed, so large, so unlimited, so universal is its language, that the framers were obliged to insert a clause, (sec. 69th.) allowing the owners of lands adjoining lakes and rivers, to fish "with rods and lines." Its language is worth preserving. It provides, "that nothing in this act contained, shall be construed to hinder or prevent the proprietors of any lands adjoining any lake or river, and not being within the limits of a several fishery, or any person authorized by them, from taking, catching, or fishing for salmon, trout, or other fish, with rods and lines, in any such lake or river," excepting, of course, the close season, or sec. 70, "by means of cross lines."

Having plundered the community at large, they next proceed to rob the proprietors of lands adjoining inland waters, and actually, by sec. 78, forbid any person to have or use between sunset and sunrise, "any light or fire of any kind, or any spear, gaff, strokeall, or other such instrument, with intent to take salmon or other fish in or on the banks of any lake or river;" or to attempt at any time to catch fish in any way except with rod and flies only, or to dam, teem, or empty, any river or millrace for the purpose of taking salmon or trout.

Having thus secured to themselves all the fisheries of the country, they next take effective measures to enforce their newly acquired privileges. As a matter of course, each proprietor is empowered to appoint any number of water bailiffs. They next convert all the officers and petty officers

of cruisers, and the entire coast-guard service into water bailiffs, and as if this were not a sufficient outrage upon all decency, they actually come to parliament the next year for an act, (the 6 and 7 Vict. c. 96.) for converting all the police too into water bailiffs.

What are the powers of these water bailiffs? They are thus described by a gentleman who has published an edition of the act, for the edification of all whom it may concern. Jagoe, on "*The Irish Fishery Act*" says, the powers of the water bailiffs "are very great, their duties are not only executive but judicial. They can enter all fishing boats, examine standing, floating, or other nets, and seize all illegal nets, instruments, and devices whatsoever used for fishing; the water bailiff is made the judge of the illegality of fishing instruments;"—"the officers and petty officers of cruisers, and officers and men of the coast-guard service, get by this section (86th.) judicial power, as they can seize illegal nets, and decide regarding any offences contrary to the provisions of the act or of the bye-laws." Again he says, speaking of sec. 103, "the justices change places with the water bailiffs who are the judges, and the justices become merely directors in enforcing the sale or destruction, according to the decision of the water bailiffs."

One illustration of the vigilance with which these police water bailiffs exercise their functions may be sufficient. There is a village in the county Limerick called Ballyhahil, about three miles from the Shannon. A small mountain stream passes by it, which empties itself into the Shannon at Loughill, about four miles on the mail coach road from Glyn. The stream is so shallow, that, except during floods, there is not water enough in it to enable even a trout to make its way to Ballyhahil. Near this village it spreads over a large space covered with stones and gravel, and in the summer season is so low that it is almost lost to sight. On Sunday the 10th of August, 1845, a number of the little boys and children of the village were fishing for eels in the stream with forks, (plain forks, those articles that are commonly mentioned in conjunction with knives,) the police came up, caught about half a dozen of them, and in their character of water bailiffs confiscated the forks!

What is the effect of the system of monopoly on the fisheries of the country, and the condition and feelings of

the people? We shall give an instance from that part of the country with which we are personally acquainted.

The Shannon abounds in salmon, haddock, flounders, and a variety of other fish, and if properly and legally fished as the Thames, Severn, and the other tidal rivers of England are fished, with boats, floating nets, &c., and without any fixed weirs, which are nuisances and unlawful, would afford profitable employment to upwards of ten thousand people, both in the actual fishing, and in the making of boats, nets, sails, &c. &c., and a supply of food, the amount of which there are now no data for estimating. Soon after the claims of the corporation of Limerick to the exclusive fishery of the river from that city to Scatterry Island had been overthrown, the proprietors of the lands adjoining the shore, who had not had the spirit to resist or even to aid in resisting the corporation, claimed and enforced by means of the new act, the rights which the corporation had been forced to abandon, erected new weirs, made their tenants give up theirs under the penalty of ejection from their houses and lands, and then let all to Scotch and English lessees. We know that on Friday the eleventh of September, 1846, in the western part of the county of Limerick, a poor man had his house thrown down because he would not give up his weir to his landlord; he was a very honest, active, and industrious man, and his house and garden were such as any Irish landlord might be justly proud of; his landlord too was one of whom better things might be expected, and who now appears as a leading member of "the Irish party," and a promoter of deep sea fisheries. The landlords having secured the shore to themselves, prevent any one from fishing in the deep waters, as the police under their directions, seize and confiscate the boats, nets, and other instruments, of any one found fishing in any part of the river without the consent of the next neighbouring landlord, and of course bring the offender himself to be fined and imprisoned by the next weir-owning justice. Under this regime, the fishery of the river is conducted after the following fashion.

Salmon only are fished for—and thus only. On various prominent points along the shore stakeweirs are fixed to the number probably of 150 on both sides of the river, between Limerick and the Atlantic, each of which is fished on the ebbing of the tide by two men who, in ordinary

seasons, are paid tenpence or one shilling a day each. This fishing continues from February to September. During the rest of the year there is no fishing of any kind carried on. The weirs do not extend beyond low water mark, which is generally about 100 yards, the river being on the average between Limerick, and its mouth at least three miles wide. Beyond low-water mark there is no fishing, except by seals and porpoises, which were said by several witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee on the Public Fisheries of the United Kingdom, that sat in 1831 and 1832, to destroy thirty times more salmon than were caught in the weirs. Those caught in the weirs are immediately carried to central depots, where they are cured by Scotchmen, packed up in vessels made by Scotchmen, and sent off to England or Scotland under the care of Scotchmen. No person in the country except a lessor of a weir can, for love or money, get a salmon, unless one that is pale or spent, or otherwise unfit for the foreign market.

The present system of fishing may be summed up thus. It gives employment during seven months of the year to about 300 of the native population, at 1s. a-day. Nothing but salmon is fished for, and whatever good salmon are caught, are sent out of the country. The salmon even are fished for only in weirs, into which they are welcome, but are not pressed, to come, and which are fixed at from one to two miles apart along the shore, and extend inwards only about 100 yards, while the breadth of the river is 5,400 yards, the exclusive right of fishing for salmon in every other part of the river, and for everything but salmon in every part of the river, being strictly preserved for seals, porpoises, &c., &c. And finally, the salmon taken in the weirs are disposed of in a manner that leaves the people of the surrounding country just as little interest in them as they have in those caught in the Indus, or the Ganges.

This is only one instance of a system pervading every part of the country. We hear of people from other countries coming to fish on our coasts. So they may: but we cannot. The law forbids the exhibition of any such activity on our parts. An instance of the operation of the system in this respect, occurred in August, 1846, in the Shannon. A grampus pursued a shoal of herrings into the river as far as Tarbert Island. The arrival of such a shoal would have been regarded in any other country as a special gift

of Providence, but there it was useless, as the people had not any means of availing themselves of it. The grampus remained a fortnight in the river, coming up occasionally as far as Foynes, and destroying what might have been a blessing to thousands, and finally departed in safety—a not inappropriate symbol of the triumph of British Legislation.

The remedy which we propose for this system, is at once easy of attainment, simple, and practical. If some one could be found amongst our gifted representatives, who would, for the sake of the suffering poor of his country, condescend to exercise during five minutes of his existence in the House of Commons, so much self-denial and humility as to get up in that assembly, and, refraining from making a profound sensation by a great oratorical display, content himself with asking the Counsel for the Admiralty, Mr. Godson, and the Attorney and the Solicitor-General for England, whether the 5 and 6 Vic. c. 106, is not a violation of the common law rights of the subject; their answer would at once render this legislative fraud abortive, as the Government would be bound, in justice, to forbid the further employment of the coast-guard and police in this iniquitous service, and the people at large would proceed to enforce their then recognized common law rights, and so obtain an inexhaustible supply of good and wholesome food, and a source of employment at once profitable to themselves, and useful, or at the least, costless and harmless, to the rest of the empire.

Another course would be this. If those interested in this question were to appeal to the Lords of the Admiralty, as the Conservators of the seas and other navigable waters of the realm, we have reason to believe their Lordships would at once take measures for abating the weirs and other nuisances erected by the monopolists, and testing the legality of their pretensions, and so bringing about the same desirable result.

A third course would be, to apply to Parliament for a repeal of the 5 and 6 Vict. c. 106, so as to leave the law as it was before, or the repeal of every statute on the subject applying peculiarly to Ireland. This is all that can be desired or wanted. As Irishmen, knowing something of the law of England and the wants of Ireland, we must say that the course which we should wish to see pursued on this or any other question is, the abandonment of all

special exceptional legislation, and the sweeping from the statute book of every act applying peculiarly to Ireland. The object of every such enactment has been to do the landlords some benefit and the people some injury, that could not be done by the common law of the realm, or the statute law of England. No Irishman can hope to see any good result from a course of legislation moulded entirely with reference to the wishes of a class, many of whom are the most merciless tribute-takers that one conquering tribe ever yet imposed upon another—whose interests are directly opposed to those of the mass of the community—and with whom, though nominally Irishmen, Ireland can in reality claim no more kindred than Prometheus could with the vultures that preyed upon his vitals.

ART. VI.—*Byways of History, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century.* By MRS. P. SINNETT. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847.

HISTORICAL writers of late years seem to have vied with one another, when treating of men or subjects connected with the era of the Reformation, in doing justice *on* the leaders in it, and *to* their Catholic opponents. The former are not *quite* so pure, the latter not *quite* so bad, as they have been represented. Indeed, should authors equally impartial continue to arise, it may fairly be expected that the lapse of a few years will suffice to render obsolete the charitable notion, that to have been a Protestant in the middle ages was enough to transform the greatest monster into an angel, whilst to have been a Catholic was sufficient to change the best man into a demon. In one of the chapters in Mrs. Sinnott's "*Byways of History*," we find some materials for adding another link to the chain of evidence requisite to procure the reversal, or at least, the reconsideration (in her own words) of "verdicts long considered as settled beyond appeal." In respect of one verdict, at all events, that which has pronounced Luther all but perfect, we venture to assert that these materials, gathered too by a zealous Protestant, go far towards upsetting it.

Luther, as the founder of Protestantism, must have been an ardent advocate of the rights of the humbler classes. That is the theory—here are the facts.—When a noble, who was more merciful than his fellows, and whose conscience had been rendered more sensitive by a severe illness, applied to Luther as to the lawfulness of tyrannizing over the peasants, this champion of enlightenment, liberty, and so forth, declared that “it was not well to relinquish one’s rights, and that the common man must be laden with many burdens, or he would grow restive.”—vol. ii. p. 158.

He, even Luther, taught also the doctrine of divine right and non-resistance, and clearly demonstrated to the ignorant Germans, who, under the nightmare of popery, had been in the habit of fining and imprisoning their kings, that according to the scripture they were bound to obey them under all circumstances whatever, without any exception, unless they had recently received “a new and special command from God,” to justify them in resisting. These enlightened, liberal, and truly Protestant opinions are thus developed in his letter to the peasants:—

“It is written that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword, and that every soul shall be subject under the powers that be with fear and trembling; that the excuse that the conduct of the rulers had been bad and intolerable; that they would not allow the Gospel to be preached; that they were guilty of every kind of tyranny; and that the bodies and souls of their subjects were destroyed under their dominion—all this was no excuse for insurrection. Both divine and human law agree in this, that no man shall be judge in his own cause, nor seek to avenge himself; for ‘vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.’ You cannot deny that in this insurrection you have been seeking to avenge yourselves, and have not been willing to suffer wrong. Should you persist in your undertaking against your lords, since you have the law both of the Old and New Testament, and also the natural law against you, you ought to be able to show a new and special command from God, which he had confirmed by signs and wonders..... You see the moat in the eye of your rulers, but see not the beam in your own. St. Paul says, to do evil that good may come of it, is deserving of everlasting damnation. Your rulers have done wrong in refusing to allow the Gospel to be preached to you, and depriving you of your temporal goods; but much more do you do wrong that you do not trust to God’s Word alone. Cannot you see, friends, that if you are right in what you have done, any man may become judge over another, and neither power nor authority, law nor order, subsist any more in

the world, but only murder and bloodshed? 'Thus much,' he continues, 'is merely divine and natural law, that even Jews and Turks acknowledge; but the Christian, and especially the evangelical Christian, is bound to much more. Does not Christ say, 'Resist not the evil: whosoever will compel you to go with him one mile, go with him twain; whoever will take your coat, give him your cloak also; whoever strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other?' Suffer! Suffer! the Cross! the Cross! that is the law for the Christian; that and no other."—vol. ii. p. 160-162.

These are very pretty theories on "civil and religious liberty" from the inventor of Protestantism.

The reader may be curious to know what were the demands of these persons to whom this invaluable document was addressed. They consisted chiefly, our authoress tells us, in requiring

"The abolition of various kinds of forced labour, as well as the granting of such rights as one would think could hardly admit of much dispute, such as marrying whom they pleased, without the necessity of asking permission of the lord, and, moreover, of *hanging* themselves, if they pleased, without affording the lord thereby a title to deprive their families of whatever goods and chattels they might leave behind."—vol. ii. p. 107.

As we consider that nothing could give a better idea of the oppression under which the peasants laboured, than their demand to be permitted to hang themselves, we shall not give any of the reiterated proofs of it that are to be found in Mrs. Sinnott's work. We are unwilling, however, to lose this opportunity of rendering a just tribute to her, for her sympathy with the oppressed. Her constant advocacy of their cause does her great honour.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from the lighter portions of the book. The following picture of the manners and customs of the German nobles in the sixteenth century, affords a curious contrast with the present day:

"Noble young gentlemen, who would not, to save their lives, have employed themselves in any sort of useful art or manufacture, had no objection to lay cloths, carry up dishes, wait at table, hold horses and lead them to the stables; and noble young ladies did not disdain to perform many of the offices of a chambermaid at a hotel, for a knightly guest."—vol. i. p. 32.

The advantages conferred by a residence in the Free

Cities, of the rise and progress of which we find many interesting particulars, must have been very great, when banishment from one of them—Nurnberg—for a distance varying from 4 to 20 miles was considered a sufficient punishment for many offences. At a Factory in connexion with the Hanseatic league, established at Bergen, the following ridiculous ceremonies attended the initiation of novices:—

“Sometimes the unhappy candidate was seized, tied to a rope, and hauled up to the opening over the fire, while barrels of such materials as were thought best adapted to emit a disgusting smell in burning, and which had been carefully prepared for the purpose, were kindled, and the victim was kept in the smoke to answer a long string of questions, until he was nearly suffocated; sometimes he was ducked repeatedly in the sea, and flogged every time he came up.”—vol. i. p. 102-3.

The following amusing story of the mode of choosing a site for the Abbey of Altenberg, is taken from a long account of the Abbey.

“The highly honoured Neddy, (a donkey,) was conducted to the gate of the castle of Altenberg, laden with the money to be expended for the building, and with the insignia of the convent, and then left to take whatever way might in his wisdom seem good to him. Slowly and deliberately did he pace down towards the valley, the monks following at a reverential distance: now and then the sagacious animal stopped and cropped the thistle, doubtless to give himself time for reflection, and occasionally he stood still, and looked around, as if to consider the capabilities of the place. He went on till he entered a shady grove, that afforded a delicious refuge from the burning rays of the afternoon sun, and stopped where a bright rivulet, trickling from the Spechtshard, and marking its course by a strip of the loveliest green, fell into the beautiful Dhun. The monks watched him with breathless expectation; for here they thought would be a delightful spot, and they dreaded lest he should go further. The respectable animal, after due consideration, slowly stopped and tasted the water, and then, that he might omit no means of forming a correct judgment, began to try a little of the fragrant grass that grew in rich abundance on the banks. At length he lay down, and having apparently quite made up his mind, rolled over ‘heels upwards,’ and gave vent to his feelings in the trumpet-tones of a loud and joyful bray. His sonorous voice was drowned in the exulting psalms of the monks—and on this, the loveliest spot of the whole valley, the sacred edifice was erected.”—vol. i. p. 151-2.

A description of the German beggars of the sixteenth century—a body who, acting as spies, afforded no small assistance to the peasants—shows that they were not less ingenious in their impostures, than their successors in this less religious but equally gullible age.

“One who traded on the capital of a disease in the lower limbs, wore a tattered black tunic, and a black felt hat, and travelled under the sign, that is, the especial protection of our Lady of Einsiedeln and Saint Anna, and carried about upon a board images of his two patronesses. Another was a stout jolly-looking young fellow, more than half naked, who used to go along bawling for alms, for the sake of the holy Saint Cyriac; he carried on business with an open wound in the right arm, which he would never suffer to be healed. A third had a little girl of seven years old, whom he carried with her feet tied up as if she had lost the use of them, and he had his hat stuck round with no less than eight images of saints, wore a long red beard, and carried a huge knotted stick, with a sharp iron point at the bottom, a hook at the top, and a dagger concealed within it. One was a dwarf, and the proprietor, moreover, of a very frightful eruption on the face. Another carried a knife and a large stone, by way of penance, as he informed the passers by, for having accidentally killed a woman by throwing a knife at her.”—vol. ii. p. 43.

The following account of the stratagem to which Jess Fritz, one of the peasant leaders, was obliged to resort, in order to obtain a standard, besides being amusing, may give us an idea of the difficulties encountered by the peasants:—

“After much seeking, he found in the city of Heilbronn on the Neckar, a painter to whom he thought he might venture to make the proposal, but only under cover of a disguise. He assumed, therefore, as he well knew how to do, the manners and language of a Swiss, and went to the painter with a long story, which he told with an appearance of great simplicity, of how he had lately been in a battle, in which he had nearly lost his life; and that at the moment of danger, he had vowed if he came safe out of it, to make a pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle, and there dedicate a banner to the service of our Blessed Lady the Virgin Mary. He therefore begged the painter to paint for him a picture of our Lady and St. John the Baptist, standing near a crucifix, and beneath them, to represent a Bundschuh. The painter turned sharply round, and asked him what he meant by that; but Jess put on an innocent look, and said his father had been a shoemaker, but that he now kept an inn, and had taken for a sign this emblem of his former trade, and that, therefore, he, the son, had wished to place it in his banner, that

every one might know from whom it came. The painter, completely duped by the clever acting of Jess, no longer hesitated to comply with his request, and painted upon the banner, not only our Lady and St. John, but the pope and the emperor, a peasant kneeling before the cross, and finally a bundschuh, with the inscription, "O Lord, assist the righteous!"—vol. ii. p. 47-8.

We shall close our notice of this work—which we can recommend as an exceedingly well-digested repository of many facts and views of society which have been altogether unnoticed by those who have travelled only on the highways of German history, but which, in the present tone of the public mind, may be deemed more useful, as well as more interesting, than details of carnage or diplomatic intrigue—with a description of one scene of revenge, among many, indulged in by the ferocious rulers after the final overthrow of the unfortunate peasants. What a melancholy contrast does the hideous barbarity of these *educated* men present to the moderation of the ignorant peasants, who never committed any excesses, but in one instance: and who can wonder that, with such an example, they should have been betrayed into *one* act of cruelty?

"The Landgrave, (Philip of Hesse,) and Duke George (of Saxony,) had a preacher and his chaplain brought to the wives of the prisoners, and told them to beat the priests to death with clubs, if they would obtain the lives of their husbands; and the women did so, and the heads of the preachers were smashed like a boiled herb, and their brains left sticking to the clubs; and the princes looked on and saw it done. (MS. chronicles of Erfurt.) It is most painful to draw aside the veil from such horrors, but it is necessary to remember what was really the 'life, character, and behaviour,' of men of whom several (the Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, the Elector, John of Saxony, and others,) were allowed to take a part in a great religious reform, lest we should confound the Reformation itself with the evils that stained its course, and be tempted to turn from it with grief and loathing, and love darkness better than light."

We need scarcely repeat, that the authoress is a believer in the "light" of the Reformation.

ART. VII.—1. *A Church Dictionary*. By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D. Vicar of Leeds. Fifth Edition, with many additional Articles, and carefully revised throughout. London: Rivington, 1846.

2.—*The Churchman's Theological Dictionary*. By the REV. ROBERT EDEN, M.A., F.S.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Minister of St. Mary's Chapel, Lambeth. The Second Edition, revised. London: John W. Parker, 1845.

FUTURE historians will be not a little perplexed to give an adequate account of that system of opinion for which the Catholic faith in this country was abandoned. On the one hand it has a very learned appearance; on the other it utterly despises all learning. One portion of its adherents quotes fathers and councils, and gives elaborate explanations of historical facts; another, with a fluent tongue, and an English Bible, ridicules all the saints and doctors of the church, and in its heart doubts whether it be true that it is at the distance of 1800 years from the awful facts which it so wretchedly misapplies. Still there is a learned side of the established religion; and probably that is the true point from which it should be viewed. If it cannot make out some pretensions to learning its case is hopeless, for it has no other gifts whatever: it has trained no saints, instructed no doctors, inspired no martyrs. It has avoided greatness in all its efforts, and whenever it draws near to an extreme, it is invariably the bad one. Accordingly its learning is captious, querulous, and overbearing, never profound, seldom accurate. Whenever a principle is stated, an exception to its rule is instantly forthcoming, and this exception supersedes in practice, what it apparently only corrected. Plain people are puzzled by its subtleties, while others despise them as mere tricks, and the poor who have need of guides are left as a prey to the first spoiler. Its learned defenders are learned only in negations: they give us no rule to follow, no clue to thread our way through the mazes of history. Isolated facts are sometimes explained, but more frequently contemptuously denied; and the whole cumulative evidence against them they would rather ignore than deal with or admit.

Notwithstanding this defect in the established religion and its adherents, its strength has consisted in the belie

that its cause is capable of proof. If there be enthusiasts among the members of the establishment, they are "church and state men," and their love is kindled not by the contemplation of the Church, but by that of "the glorious constitution in church and state." There are certainly enthusiasts of this school, and a very dangerous school it is. These, however, are not learned, for their studies are confined to Blackstone's commentaries, and their synods are held at quarter sessions: but so far as the Church is concerned, we do not think they would bestir themselves very much, unless the parson of their parish was peculiarly obnoxious, in which case mischief might happen. As for the poor they understand nothing; the whole machinery of instruction, and even the prayers which some of them hear once a week, are absolute strangers to their understanding, and inspire no sentiment of devotion in their hearts.

The clergy alone understand their religion, but their understanding of it is according as individual taste decides. There is no unity of teaching, not even a hollow uniformity. What one parish is taught as a fundamental truth, another, perhaps the next to it, is instructed by its pastor to regard as a deadly heresy. In how many churches of the establishment is the true doctrine of baptism taught? In how many is it prudently reserved? In how many is it denied and branded as a ruinous delusion to those who hold it? Yet out of this modern Babel arises a school of theologians, which presumes once more to speak against the one Church, and to call attention to its own insignificance as a rival to the impregnable Rock.

"A familiar acquaintance with the works of the fathers, and the other monuments of antiquity," says Mr. Dowling, "has always distinguished the leading writers of the better schools of Anglican divinity; and the constant allusions to the facts of ecclesiastical story, which enrich the pages of our most eminent theologians, show the extent to which they cultivated this branch of professional study."* Dr. Hook agrees with Mr. Dowling in this estimate of the learning of the great Anglican divines; are we therefore expecting too much when we expect from Dr. Hook some knowledge of the subjects of which he treats? He who undertakes a long and wearisome history may

* Critical Study of Eccles. Hist. p. 156.

occasionally fall into errors: but if such errors be not the result of mere carelessness, no one will very heavily blame him. The compilers of dictionaries may also themselves fall into errors: though upon the whole, there is less excuse for them. Each subject of which they treat is brought separately before them, divested of the circumstantial colouring which its historical place may have given it. In dictionaries we demand, as of right, that their contents be true, for the real use of such works is to give information briefly; which, if they do not give it accurately, were better not given at all. A dictionary cannot be a poem, or a romance, and if it fails in exactness of information, it fails in the fundamental law of its being. In such a case it is not only useless, but a positive nuisance, for it misleads those who consult it, and gives circulation to what is false.

Mr. Eden, in the preface to his dictionary, tells us plainly that "accurate information and freedom from misquotation are essential in a work professing to be impartial, and in order to supply the knowledge sought for in a book of reference. In both these respects the editor trusts that this volume will bear the scrutiny of a rigid examination." Dr. Hook says of his own work, that "it was designed merely to explain those terms and practices of the church, which are most important and interesting to persons who have neither time nor ability for learned investigations; and it has no pretensions beyond those of an elementary work." Notwithstanding this modest avowal of the worthy doctor, Mr. Eden is not satisfied with the "Church Dictionary;" and out of his dissatisfaction comes the "Churchman's Theological Dictionary," as a safer guide to the ignorant, through the intricacies of religious controversy.

These two dictionaries are rivals, and not friends. Mr. Eden is indignant with Dr. Hook, on the ground that the latter has insinuated his own views, which are not those of Mr. Eden, who "repudiates as disingenuous," so he tells us, "the artifice, which unhappily is no uncommon one, of insinuating opinions of things under the guise of an explanation of the meaning of words." How far Mr. Eden has observed the rule which he lays down for himself will appear by and by; but it is clear from his own words that Dr. Hook's conduct disturbed his repose, and compelled him to write a book. The high church theories of the

"Church Dictionary" brought forth the latitudinarianism of the "Churchman's."

Dr. Hook is, doubtless, well known to our readers, as a very energetic defender of the sect to which he belongs. Mr. Eden is not yet so greatly famous. He has entered the lists against a great man, and is therefore entitled to some consideration. We have joined these two divines together at the head of this article, according to the rule of contraries: a companionship, we allow, which neither of them would desire, and which both would gladly forego.

Dr. Hook's work lies before us in the fifth edition: while Mr Eden's has on its title page "the second edition revised." We have therefore the matured opinions of these writers on the subjects which they discuss. But before we proceed further, it is but justice to Mr. Eden to state that he has entered on his task somewhat unwillingly, compelled by his sense of duty. "Had there been already before the public any work fairly conveying information on such subjects as form the main contents of this volume, and free from an obvious bias towards some particular set of opinions, the editor would not have entered into competition with it." Both the authors admit their obligations to those who preceded them in their learned labours. Dr. Hook has given "several articles, abbreviated from works of established reputation and authority;" and Mr. Eden "has received, throughout, many contributions of articles from writers of high and acknowledged ability."

In some points Dr. Hook and Mr. Eden agree: but these are few: in general, they are at the opposite points of the compass. They represent the two sides of Anglicanism; learning and the want of it. Dr. Hook is the advocate of learning and of ecclesiastical studies generally: but Mr. Eden has a more compendious way of arriving at knowledge, and a very considerable contempt for those ancient men who had never the advantage of reading "Whately's Logic."

Dr. Hook, on the contrary, respects learning, and is in earnest when he speaks; but Mr. Eden belongs to a school which almost denies historical facts, and, under the pretence of candour and hatred of party spirit, would abandon every article of the Creed. We are not saying anything of Mr. Eden personally, for we shall show by and by that he has opinions of his own; at least, he holds the denial of some to be extremely perverse. Dr. Hook is a

fanatical believer in the practical infallibility of the Anglican establishment, Henry VIII. with him only came short of inspiration in his deadly sins; but Mr. Eden looks on all authority in matters of religion as a great absurdity, and appeals to his own Church, as of the same mind with himself. "Our own Church," he says, "abstains from, and disallows all arrogant assumption of a right to be regarded, as in herself, a standard of orthodoxy: her articles declare, not only the possibility, but the actual occurrence, of error, both in Churches, and what are called general councils."--Art. *Orthodoxy*. On the word "Authority" he says, "The Universal Church has authority, that is, *deserves deference*, in all controversies of faith." This is but a very slight reverence for the Universal Church, but even this is to be abandoned, for "no opinions can be quoted as deciding authoritatively any disputed question, *unless our Church in her formularies has recorded such design*." It might appear now, that Mr. Eden defers, at least, to his own Church; nothing of the kind,—for under the head, "Office of the Church," we are taught how to escape from all control. Mr. Eden is apparently giving the opinions of others, but we cannot help suspecting them to be his own. He says:

"Never, if we would, in deed and in spirit, avoid the errors of Romanism, never should we appeal to Creeds, Liturgy, or Catechisms, for the *proof* of any doctrine, or the refutation of any error; never must we admit as decisive such a syllogism as this. The doctrines of our Church are scriptural; this is a doctrine of the Church, therefore it is a scriptural doctrine; this must never be admitted without immediately proceeding to the proof of the first premiss."

So that Mr. Eden is at liberty to form his own theological opinions, and to draw them from any sources he may please to use.

Mr. Eden dispenses with the fathers, and the whole ecclesiastical theory connected with them. Even the "primitive Church," and the "primitive doctrine," are so spoken of as to lead us to doubt whether any such had once a being. Not so Dr. Hook; he becomes poetical in the recollection of the fathers, who, in his mind, are shaking hands with Cranmer and Latimer:

"These," that is the fathers, "were familiarly known to the reformers of the Church of England; and having taken the primitive Church as their model, and as the best witness of Catholic principles and usages,

they transfused its spirit not only into the Liturgy, but into the whole framework and superstructure of that venerable fabric they aimed to restore. How well they succeeded is evidenced in that fearless appeal which Catholics ever make, first to the Apostolic Church, then to those who drew their principles from it along with their infant breath, and flourished and died in an age when inspiration itself was scarcely extinct. That Church has nothing to dread which can lay its standards on the altar of antiquity, and return them to her bosom, signed with the glorious testimony of a Polycarp, an Ignatius, a Clement, and a noble army of martyrs; nothing has she to dread, but the possibility of declension and unfaithfulness to her sacred trust."—Art. *Primitive Church*.

It sounds marvellously fine to speak of the "altar of antiquity," where it seems some mythic bishops deposited the XXXIX. Articles of the Anglican religion, and received them again, subscribed by Polycarp, Ignatius, and Clement. Whenever Dr. Hook shall produce the particular copy so subscribed, or even an authentic transcript, we shall be ready to add our own humble name to the list. Still, notwithstanding this subscription on the "altar of antiquity," everything is not safe: a "possibility of declension," and "unfaithfulness to her sacred trust," are awkward things to contemplate, and take away much of the confidence people would wish to have in the religion they profess, especially when they oppose themselves, as in this instance, to the greatest number of Christians.

Mr. Eden, in general, is amiably modest in the expression of his opinions, and almost always fathers them upon others; "it is said," "they say," "some suppose,"—he thus avoids the special error which his school so greatly condemns, namely, certainty in anything. But this does not prevent him from giving his own opinions occasionally, and when he does so, they are found to be particularly obnoxious. When a cunning man would persuade a friend or foe to adopt his own views, he contrives to show them in an agreeable light, and perhaps as advantageous to him whose espousal of them he desires. Mr. Eden, pretty much in the same spirit, addresses himself to us on the use of the word Catholic. He does not like the word at all himself, and would be glad to be rid of it. He gives a reason to the protestant for withholding it from us, and another to ourselves for abandoning it, founded upon the most charitable solicitude for our welfare.

"There are others," he says, "who too carelessly concede to Roman-

ists the title Catholic : *now this is equivalent to acknowledging themselves heretics.* This concession may be harmless and innocent enough as far as protestants are concerned, *but it is most pernicious to those to whom the title is conceded ;* men in all times have an inclination to trust in names and privileges, and nothing has proved, or will prove, a greater obstacle to progress in Christian truth, than this feeling of being possessed of exclusive privileges—of being exclusively Catholics, that is, members of the Catholic Church—of that holy community that must secure a special share of divine favour to every member of it.”—*Art. Catholic.*

Mr. Eden hates certainty : what he loves is doubt, obscurity, and weak probabilities ; with him to be sure of anything, is to be without doubt in great error, if not in sin ; and a man ought not to be certain of anything, but that he is certain of nothing. There is a striking diversity between the two theologians on these matters. Dr. Hook has no difficulties, and is troubled with no doubts. His work is distinguished by a remarkable ease and breadth of statement, abounding in conclusions, the premisses of which lie hid in some undiscoverable land of history. On the word Catholic the learned doctor disserts as follows :

“ In ecclesiastical history the word Catholic means the same as orthodox, and a Catholic Christian denotes an orthodox Christian.

“ From this may be seen the absurdity of calling those who receive the decrees of the council of Trent, Catholics. The Romanists, or Papists, or Tridentines, belong to a peculiar society, in which Romanism, or Romish errors, are added to orthodox truth. When we call them Catholics, we as much as call ourselves heretics, we as much as admit them to be orthodox : and they gladly avail themselves of this admission, on the part of some ignorant protestants, to hold up an argument against the Church of England. *Let the member of the Church of England assert his right to the name of Catholic, since he is the only person in England who has a right to that name.* The English Romanist is a Romish schismatic, and not a Catholic.

It seems from this, that a man born in England is incapable of communicating with Christians abroad except under pain of schism ; and that if such a person, after living in France, or reconciled to the Catholic Church there, were to return to this country, he would forfeit his Catholicity at the custom-house as contraband, and turn into “ a Romish schismatic.” The worthy doctor rules it, “ that the papist in England is not justified in calling his the old Church, since ours is the old Church reformed, *his a sect* in this country comparatively new.” At all events, it is not newer than the reformation.

"The bishops and clergy accorded with the laity and government of England, and threw off the yoke of the usurping Pope of Rome. They at the same time corrected and reformed *all* the errors of doctrine, and *most* of the errors of discipline, which had crept into our Church during the reign of intellectual darkness and papal domination.....They stripped their venerable mother, [he reminds us of Noah's undutiful son,] of the meretricious gear in which superstition had arrayed her, and left her in that plain and decorous attire, with which, in the simple dignity of a matron, she had been adorned by Apostolic hands."—Art. *Church of England*.

We shall now examine what, on the doctor's own showing, is this "plain and decorous attire," and the "simple dignity" of this "stripped" mother. Under the title, "chasuble," the doctor tells us, "worldly fashions change, but the Church, *semper eadem*, retained, and *yet retains*, this dress. The Romish Church has altered it much by cutting it away laterally," &c. We hardly know how to characterise this way of writing; and if we knew, we should abstain from doing so. "Pious frauds," says Mr. Eden, "are artifices and falsehoods made use of in propagating what is believed to be useful in the cause of religion." Whether the Vicar of Leeds meant to pave the way for the chasuble, by pretending that he has always worn it, we leave to the charity of our readers to determine. It is clear and undeniable, that the chasuble in the establishment is the rarest possible "relic of popery," yet Dr. Hook represents it as being in constant use in its pure and primitive form. Mr. Eden adds, that "pious frauds" are "the offspring of sincerity and insincerity, of religious zeal combined with a defective morality, of conscientiousness in respect of the end, and unscrupulous dishonesty as to the means." We cannot find that Dr. Hook has treated of this subject himself.

We turn next to "Cope," where we learn that

"By the Canons of the Church of England, the clergy are directed to wear this vestment; *but out of tenderness to the superstition of weaker brethren, it has gradually fallen into disuse*, except on such an occasion as the coronation."

"The maniple is not retained in the ecclesiastical vestments of the Church of England.

"Incense has been disused by the Church of England since the reformation."

On the word "Crozier" he quotes a rubric which directs a bishop to wear, on certain occasions, "besides his rochet,

an alb, and cope, or vestment, and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne by his chaplain." Upon this the doctor gravely adds:

"The writer of this article does not remember to have seen an English bishop attired as this rubric directs. Most, if not all the bishops, probably omit this observance in condescension to the superstition of those whose consciences, *though not offended at a transgression of a command of the Church*, might be offended at ornaments, which many pious persons reverence as emblematical."

This seems to be a melancholy state of things. The guides and rulers of the Church neglecting obvious duties for fear of giving offence to those who are only offended themselves when what is right is done; "weakness" and "superstition" seem to have had the upper hand over bishops and clergy, till that "venerable mother," whom the reformers "stripped" at her first setting out into the world, has become so bare, that it might be prudent for her to retire into privacy till she can recover some of the pilfered garments.

Dr. Hook loses no opportunity of calling attention to anything whatever which he thinks desirable to be known, whether connected with his subject or not. Mr. Eden, owing to this peculiarity in his predecessor, is consequently driven to the same expedients. One would suppose that a very good account might be given of St. Bartholomew, without coming down to the sixteenth century, and describing events that occurred in Paris. Our worthy divines have determined otherwise, and we have therefore a history of the dreadful tragedy acted in Paris on St. Bartholomew's day. Dr. Hook is very profuse in his description, but Mr. Eden has consulted brevity; at the same time he did not forget his obligations to Dr. Hook, for he brings the history of that day down to the seventeenth century, and reminds his brother lexicographer of another tragedy acted on that day in Protestant England. Thus we read:

"On St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, the year in which the act of uniformity was passed, two thousand nonconforming ministers were ejected from their benefices."

This tragedy was acted by the strict Protestants, fitly represented by Dr. Hook, with whom Mr. Eden as little sympathizes as the Vicar of Leeds with the actors in Paris.

* Both of our authors occasionally relieve the heavier matter of their most original lucubrations by the singularity of the knowledge they convey. Dr. Hook tells us, that one of the "principal characteristics" of the Greek Church is, that "they *celebrate* the Eucharist in both kinds, and the bread is always leavened." Are there any who celebrate in one kind? or is it a mistake for communicate? Again, we are told, that "they *reject* extreme unction and confirmation." "The Roman number of the Sacraments was first taught by the Council of Trent, A. D. 1545." How comes it, then, that the schismatical Greeks have seven Sacraments? Bramhall had more conscience than Dr. Hook, for that learned divine admitted that the number was "first devised by Peter Lombard," who lived in the twelfth century. "Passion week" is "the week immediately preceding the festival of Easter;" Mr. Eden follows him in this, and says it is "the last week in Lent." The "*ciborium* is a small temple or tabernacle placed upon the altar of Roman Catholic churches, and containing the consecrated wafer." Mr. Eden, not willing to appear as a mere transcriber of Dr. Hook's words, has given the substance of them in his own words, and according to his own understanding of them. With him the *ciborium* is "a kind of tent, used in the Romish churches to cover the sacred symbols at the Eucharist." Mr. Eden dismisses "Rosary" abruptly as "a string of beads on which the Roman Catholics count their prayers." Dr. Hook gives a very minute account of it, not without some ironical intermixture :

"Rosary,—Among the Roman Catholics is a *pretended* instrument, or help to piety, being a chaplet consisting of *five, or fifteen, decads or tens of beads*, to direct the reciting so many *Ave Marias* in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Before a person repeats his rosary, he must cross himself with it : then he must repeat the Apostles' creed, and say a *Pater* and three *Aves*, on account of the three relations which the Virgin bears to the three Persons in the Trinity. After these preliminaries to devotion, he passes on to his decades, and must observe to let himself into the mystery of each ten, by a prayer which he will find in the books treating of the devotion of the rosary."

We are quite satisfied that Dr. Hook has not helped his devotion by the use of the rosary.

"Nipter (Gr.) In Latin *Pedilavium*. The ceremony of washing feet. This is performed by the Greek Christians on *Good Friday*, in imita-

tion of our Saviour, who on *that day* washed his disciples' feet with his own hands."

The Vicar of Leeds is certainly not a Bible Christian.

On the subject of the mass Dr. Hook becomes grimly facetious: the offensiveness of his language is in some measure lost sight of in the contemplation of his skilful habit of blundering.

"As to ordinary masses, there are some which are said for the Christian's soul, and are supposed to contribute to fetch him out of Purgatory, or at least to ease him there. *Whosoever has his salvation at heart, must never forget this point. A necessary fund must be left by will to the curate, to rescue him from the everlasting pains he has merited.* In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, it often happens that the souls of the faithful are the first heirs of the wealth they leave behind them in this world. The dying man sometimes bequeaths twenty or thirty thousand masses to his soul, charging the pastor in whom he confides most, *to remit this stock to him in the other world*, immediately after his departure out of this. There are likewise private masses.....That said at sea is called dry mass, *the cup being retrenched*, for fear of spilling the consecrated wine by the ship's motion."

This is the way in which a grave divine, who boasts of a pure faith and a reformed Church, speaks of the most awful work which the servants of God may do. What wonder is it, when the Sacrament in which Christ Himself is present is made light of, that the state of a human soul in another world should be the subject of profane jesting, and described in sneering language, such as Gibbon himself might have used. It is probably a waste of expectation to look for seriousness in such a book as this, so we shall proceed.

"The mass of the presanctified," he says, "is *peculiar* to the Greek Church;" but in another place he tells us, and truly, that on Good Friday "this liturgy of the presanctified is offered in the Latin Church."

"Canonization of Saints was not known to the Christian Church till towards the middle of the tenth century." Leo III., however, in the very beginning of the ninth century, is said to have canonized Swibbertus, bishop of Werda, at the suit of Charlemagne. We are borne out here by Mr. Eden. This, however, is a matter of no moment, compared with the most marvellous reason which the doctor urges against the practice:

"It has been properly objected against canonization, that it is performed by human beings, who assume a power of rendering something

an object of divine worship, which, while in this life, was no more than mortal, and that it is a direct violation of the Saviour's command, judge not: and since it is contrary to scripture and antiquity, it is in any wise to be rejected."

It would be merely useless to tell the doctor that we do not make the Saints objects of "divine worship," he knows our religion far better than we do ourselves. But we may ask him for an answer to this reason, if any evil-disposed Socinian were to urge it, which he does, against worshipping the Son of God. The Socinian finds nothing in Scripture or antiquity which contradicts his own misbelief: to him our blessed Lord "was no more than mortal." He may object, too, that the adoration we pay to our blessed Lord "is performed by human beings;" nor will he acknowledge himself in error because Dr. Hook thinks otherwise. We wish people who take up Protestant arguments against the Catholic Church, to consider whether they have not a double edge; that those who decry the invocation of Saints may have no great sympathy with holiness; and those who revile the Virgin Mother, may be secret enemies to the Holy Child. Reasons are very subtle agents; they arise from a peculiar state of mind, and again they produce it: one age may go on, perhaps, quietly with dangerous reasons, but the next will apply them, and pursue them to their remotest issues. Mankind reasons much more by practice than speculation, and the true conclusions of admitted principles are brought out, not in books or philosophic converse, but in hardy exertion and in the practical business of life. Let Dr. Hook and others beware in time: their principles are infidel in their issues. Their greatest security is in their inconsistency, unless they will embrace the whole truth, which they now deny.

Mr. Eden has no scruples, and goes more practically about his work than Dr. Hook. He calls canonization "a ceremony in the Romish Church, by which persons deceased are ranked in the catalogue of Saints. *It is derived from the pagan custom of deifying heroes.*" Yet, by the showing of these two divines, the Church was 800 years old before she began to imitate the pagans, when the reasons usually given for such imitation had ceased. It is by no means improbable that, if we allowed the process of canonization to be a mere pagan ceremonial, we should in that case find evidence of it in the very earliest ages. But,

because it is "a corruption," the later it is discovered the better. We shall say nothing further on this point except this,—that there are people who consider the doctrine of the Trinity to be "derived" from the Platonists; and it will be quite as hard for Dr. Hook and Mr. Eden to persuade these people of the contrary, as to persuade us to adopt their views of the reverence due to the Saints.

"So many superstitions," says Dr. Hook, "had become connected with the use of holy-water, that it was obliged to be discontinued at the reformation." Is not this objection equally in force against holy communion? had not that become so much involved in "many superstitions," according to Dr. Hook? Do not the great body of evangelical clergy consider at this day that many superstitions have become connected with baptism, and with giving the communion to the sick? Were there not also, at the reformation, equally great superstitions about the holiness of churches and altars, and were not the altars thrown down for that very reason? why are the Churches then retained? Were there not foundations in Mr. Eden's own college for saying mass? the "superstition" of the mass has been got rid of, but the annual payments for saying it are duly received. There is great superstition it seems, in doing the work, but none at all in being paid for it without doing it. Mr. Eden very quietly disposes of holy water by saying, "the use of it is evidently derived from Pagan rites."

"The celibacy of the clergy was justly considered," says Dr. Hook, "as a principal cause of irregular and dissolute living, and the wisest of the reformers were exceedingly anxious to abolish a practice which had been injurious to the interests of religion, by its tendency to corrupt the morals of those who ought to be examples of virtue to the rest of mankind."

The anxiety of "the wisest of the reformers" did not last long: for no one of their practices was more eagerly adopted than marriage. Monks rushed from their cloisters and broke their vows; and that their sin might be doubled, infatuated nuns became their prey. Peter Martyr, in his last days, married a second wife; and the Elizabethan bishops, after they were appointed to their sees, took wives, a proceeding which even at this time causes no small scandal to be given. Dr. Hook, however, admits "that the arguments are forcible which are used 'in favour

of celibacy,' but there is one general answer to them all: *the experiment has been made, and it has failed.* In a country where there are no nunneries, the wives of the clergy are most useful to the Church." Why not have nunneries then? Is it a secret consciousness that nunneries and a married clergy cannot co-exist? A most respectable clergyman once admitted that the marriage of the clergy was the safety-valve of the establishment. A common way of defending the marriage of the clergy is to produce instances from antiquity of priests or bishops who were married. This really proves nothing, unless it can be shown that these marriages were subsequent to the ordination of the husbands. The Greek clergy are a married, but not a marrying, clergy: they are not allowed to marry after ordination; not even if the wife died on that very day. Mr. Eden holds a middle course, and says that

"Some advantages are possessed by an unmarried, some by a married clergy: both are lost by making celibacy compulsory; *because, even if there were any who would have voluntarily remained single, this can never be known.*"

So that the great good of celibacy consists not in itself, but in its being known to others. Mr. Eden's school is well known for giving unheard-of reasons instead of ordinary ones, and we take this to be one of them.

"In all the reformed Churches, the marriage of the clergy is left as discretionary as that of the laity, and though efforts have been made at different times to recommend celibacy, the proposal has been coldly received by most protestants."

We are not surprised at it: for is it not an infringement of their Christian liberty? Could any other reception of it be expected in a religious system, begun by a doubly apostate monk, and patronized by the Landgrave of Hesse? That worthy son of the reformation told Luther that he must have two wives. "If we take arms," wrote the most pious Landgrave, "in the cause of the gospel, I shall do so with a troubled conscience, in fear and trembling, for I cannot conceal from myself that if I am slain I shall go to the devil direct. *I have read, with great attention, the Old and the New Testaments, and I can discover no other resource save that of taking another wife; for I neither can, nor will, change my course of life; I call God to witness my words.* Why am I not to be permitted that

which was lawful to Abraham, to Jacob, David, Lamech, and Solomon?" It is well known that Luther, Melancthon, and Martin Bucer, afterwards professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and the author almost of the English prayer-book, so far as the form of it is concerned, granted permission to this resolute reformer to break a law which our Lord himself had published. Leyser, a protestant Jurist of the last century, in his *Meditationes ad Pandectas*, considers Luther's permission to the Landgrave to be "pious, just, and prudent." Even Archdeacon Hare—a most respectable Anglican clergyman now living—pronounces that marriage a "hallowed union," and there we leave it.

Protestants have no right whatever to charge immorality on the mediæval priests: for upon protestant principles they were married, as much as any member of the establishment. The wives of the priests were concubines in the eyes of the law, which forbade such marriages. The canons, both in the east and in the west, never allowed a person in holy orders to marry: and if he did, his marriage was no marriage.

At a time of great degeneracy in manners the priests set at nought the authority of the canons, and married wives as laymen. This marriage did not make their sin no sin, for to this they added the profanation of the sacrament; but in the opinion of protestants it was only an exercise of right which no law could restrain; and though the canons called these wives concubines, yet no protestant, who denies the power of the Church to constitute impediments of marriage, can honestly deny them to be lawful wives.

The case of the married clergy in the middle ages has been repeated in the protestant establishment of this country. During the reign of Elizabeth the marriages of the Anglican clergy, even of the bishops themselves, were against both the canons and the statutes then in force. Those marriages were, however, public and common, so were those of the mediæval priests, and in both cases against the laws. We are not defending the conduct of the Catholic priesthood in breaking the laws by which they were bound: but when Popes and bishops did not enforce the canons, it is no wonder that parish priests considered such connivance to be a valid dispensation, and availed themselves of that liberty which their rulers did not abridge. The non-enforcement of a law is almost the same as its abrogation.

The state of things in this country during the Elizabethan reign, was such as to require royal interference; in the year 1559 the queen published an order that no priest or deacon should marry without the allowance of the bishop and "two justices of the peace," who were to approve of the person chosen to be the wife: and if any clergyman acted otherwise he was to be suspended, and to be incapable of preferment. The wives of bishops, by the same order, were to be approved of by the metropolitan and certain commissioners appointed by the queen: heads of colleges were to have their wives subject to the approbation of the visitors of their houses. Mr. Eden, therefore, is not quite correct, when he says that in "the reformed churches the marriage of the clergy is left as discretionary as that of the laity." Connected with this subject we find the following in Dr. Hook's dictionary:

"A bishop empales his family coat with the arms of his see, to denote his spiritual marriage with his Church; but the arms of the see occupy the *dexter* side of the escutcheon, or the side of greater honour. *When a bishop is married he empales the arms of his wife with his own family coat on a separate escutcheon, and this escutcheon is placed by the sinister side of the shield, empaling his own coat with the arms of the see.*"—*Arms.*

We turn now to the account of the Breviary given us by these two divines. The Breviary certainly is not a rare book, and few books are better known throughout Christendom. We shall give Mr. Eden's account first; whose "accurate information and freedom from misquotation," he trusts himself "will bear the scrutiny of a rigid examination."

"Breviary.—The book of daily divine service used in the Romish Church. *It contains the matins, lauds, first, third, sixth, and ninth vespers, and the compline, or post-communio.* The Breviary of Rome is general, and may be used in all places; but on the model of this have been constructed various others, peculiar to each diocese. Formerly all persons were obliged to recite the Breviary, but this obligation was gradually relaxed; and was at last confined to the clergy, who are strongly enjoined to recite it at appointed periods. The services of the Breviary are quite distinct from the mass, which is, &c."

This comes of following blind guides: Dr. Hook had before Mr. Eden given his account of it as follows.

"Breviary, a daily office, or book of divine service in the Romish

Church. It is composed of matins, lauds ; first, third, sixth, and ninth vespers : and the compline or *post-communio*, i. e. of seven different hours, on account of that saying of David, ‘seven times a day will I praise Thee.’ Whence some authors call the Breviary by the name of *Horæ Canonicae*, Canonical Hours.

“The Breviary of Rome is general, and may be used in all places ; but on the model of this have been built various others, appropriated to each diocese, and each order of Religious.”

“The Greek Breviary consists of two parts ; the one containing the office of the evening called *μεσονύκτιον*, the other that of the morning divided into matins, lauds ; *first, third, sixth, and ninth vespers*, and the compline.

“Originally every person was obliged to recite the Breviary every day ; but by degrees the obligation was reduced to the clergy only, who are enjoined under pain of mortal sin, and ecclesiastical censures, to recite it at home when they cannot attend in public.”

We acquit Mr. Eden of all responsibility here ; his only exercise of private judgment consists in the very gentle interpretation which he puts on the words “under pain of mortal sin :” this he understands to mean “strongly” only. “Ecclesiastical censures” he omits probably as not thinking them worth mentioning. It is to Dr. Hook alone that the merit of this account is due : and we believe him alone capable of conceiving it. Dr. Hook has had a learned education, and is a member of the University of Oxford, and yet makes *Prima, Tertia, Sexta*, and *Nona*, to be adjectives whose substantive is *Vesperæ* : accordingly prime is the first vespers, tierce is the third, sext the sixth, and nones the ninth vespers, of the day. We are almost sure that many a hard working priest, on the eve of a great festival, would be most grateful to Dr. Hook if he can prove, that when the overworked missionary has said prime, he has, at the same time, said the first vespers of the coming feast. Nor will his gratitude be less on the next morning, when saying the *post communio* at the conclusion of mass, he has also fulfilled the obligation of compline at night. “Casuistry is useless,” says Mr. Eden, “when it only displays a teasing subtlety ;” but is capable of being employed to the most valuable purposes, when, in connexion with important subjects, it exhibits a “philosophic depth.” Here, then, is an opportunity for it to be employed upon, to show that compline and *post communio* are one and the same thing. There is a general suspicion abroad that many of the clergy of the establishment are in the habit of “saying office ;” we have no

means of confirming or dispelling this suspicion, but we are quite certain that Mr. Eden and Dr. Hook are perfectly innocent in the matter. We pass over the other blunders, for it would be endless to expose them.

Here are two respectable clergymen, with the best education and of fair abilities, without any temptation to go astray: for the true account of the Breviary would not make anything against their opinions, nor the true account of the use of it, and by whom it was to be used. Yet the original sin of the reformation, misrepresentation of the Catholic Church breaks out, in the persons of its spiritual children, into involuntary falsehoods and ludicrous mistakes? We would put it to any honest man who takes for granted what such as Dr. Hook tell him of the "primitive Church" and of "ancient doctrine," whether the probabilities are in favour of the true account being given him; when on matters of comparatively no moment, but connected certainly with the subject of the controversy, such strange perversions as this are continually made.

If, when there is no temptation to misrepresent the Catholic service, a misrepresentation is actually made, what must be the case when that temptation is too strong for resistance? If the Breviary is thus described, are men sure that they have a true account of the Missal? Are men, who are ignorant of the contents of a book which may be seen anywhere, in constant circulation and general demand, which yet they deliberately describe amiss, qualified to speak of what perhaps they have never seen, and if they have, cannot understand? Are these to be heard when they blaspheme the mass, and revile the memory of the saints, pronounce the Catholic religion idolatry, and dishonour the Mother of God?

So far is Mr. Eden from understanding the Catholic religion that he does not understand his own. He tells us that the Church of England "expressly asserts that the intention of the minister does not affect the efficacy of ministration. See xxvi. Art. of Religion;" that article says nothing of the kind. It merely tell us, and truly, that the sacraments are equally valid, whether administered by immoral men or by saints. On the Apostolical succession Mr. Eden says that "there is not a minister in all Christendom who can thus trace up with certainty his own spiritual pedigree," that is, up to the Apostles; "the fact probably does not exist in some cases, and the proof

of it, even where it does exist, never can possibly be established." He says, further on, "that, independently of its having no warrant from scripture or from the formularies of the English Church," the Apostolic succession "is much more easily asserted than proved." And, beside this, he denies that his Church has even "entered on the question," whether the Apostolic succession be necessary to a valid administration of sacraments. Dr. Hook, on the contrary, says "the Apostolical succession of the ministry is essential to the right administration of the holy sacraments."

Here are two divines, two ministers of the same religion, at issue on a fundamental question. One holds the Apostolic succession to be essential: the other says it "is much more easily asserted than proved," which means that it cannot be proved at all, and is of no consequence whatever. Mr. Eden denies, in effect, that Anglicanism is a church; Dr. Hook, on the contrary, maintains that it is: and the only Church in this kingdom. Though these two divines can thus dispute about their own misbelief, and maintain each of them the contradictory of the other; yet when they come to speak of the Catholic religion, which alone is true, they are wonderfully agreed to revile it: Herod and Pilate became friends when the Son of God must die.

"Proses. A part of the Popish Mass in Latin verse."

Such is Mr. Eden's account of the *Prosa*. He has consulted Dr. Hook as usual, but has been unable to understand that learned doctor, who said truly that they are in prose, as their name shows. The doctor, however, must blunder for himself; accordingly he tells us that the *Prosa* "being sung after the *Gradual* or *Introit*, were likewise called *Sequatio*. Of this kind is the beautiful *Stabat Mater*." Where he found the word *Sequatio*, is beyond our skill to discover: and probably those who consult his dictionary will be quite as well satisfied with *Sequatio* as with *Sequentia*. Here comes the extraordinary part in this account: the doctor proceeds,

"An uncharitable inference having been drawn from the epithet 'beautiful' having been applied to the *stabat mater*, as if the idolatry of that composition, in spite of the contrary principles every where prevailing in this dictionary, had been approved, it is necessary to state that the epithet has reference only to the music."

If we had not had the doctor's word for it, we certainly should have applied the "epithet beautiful" to the words of the *Stabat Mater*, and not to the music of which nothing had before been said. "Of this kind," says he, "is the *Stabat Mater*, ordinary people would understand the kind of composition." It would be uncharitable to suggest that the explanation of the epithet is an afterthought, and somewhat difficult to reconcile with the form of the explained expression. Let all people, therefore, understand that the *Stabat Mater* is an idolatrous composition, but the music which sets out that composition, to the greatest advantage, is "beautiful." Idolatry is a wicked thing, but the ceremonious pomp of its celebration is not affected by the use it is put to, and we may like it, and call it beautiful!

We have put an uncharitable construction upon this explanation, carrying on the difficulties in which the author has involved himself. Those who drew the first "uncharitable inference" will, we are persuaded, draw a second, of the same character, from the laborious explanation he has here given us. We are the more confirmed in our opinion of the doctor's honesty, by the following fact: While defending the use of lights in the church, he produces the Apostolical canons as authority, which he says, "expressly mention oil for the lamps;" but when he speaks of "incense," he says, "the use of incense in connection with the Eucharist, was *unknown* in the Church until the time of Gregory the Great, in the latter part of the *sixth century*." Incense having been discarded at the reformation, it is obviously necessary to make the use of it as late as possible. But the truth is this: Dr. Hook, anxious for his candles, discovers "oil for the lamps" in the Apostolical canons, but when he speaks of incense, considerably shuts his eyes, lest he should see it. *Oleum ad luminare*, oil for the lamp, he sees clearly; but the very next words, *et incensum tempore sanctæ oblationis, incense at the time of the holy oblation*, he does not see at all. The old saying is true, none so blind as those who will not see.

Dr. Hook labours hard for candles and flowers. "Strewing with flowers is a very simple and most innocent method of ornamenting the Christian altar, which is enjoined indeed by no law, but which is sanctioned by the custom of some Churches in this kingdom, in which also the protestant Churches in Germany agree." This mention of the

protestant Churches is adroit, but it will not succeed in making people look on flowers as anything short of "popery." In the discussion on "lights," the doctor very ingeniously slips from lights to candles. The authority for candles requires these candles to be lighted, but the practice of Dr. Hook's communion has been to keep them, but not to use them. Dr. Blomfield, we believe, allows candles, provided they are not made to burn; and indeed, the Vicar of Leeds is content with this simple and economical use of them. Mr. Eden is of opinion, that it is "more suitable to remove the candles," on the ground that he has no "altar;" but admits, that if candles may be had at all, "they ought to be lighted." Dr. Hook denies that the "reformers removed them from the altar;" perhaps not, but the reformers having removed the altar itself, cared very little for the "candles." The learned doctor knows well that the reformers were distinguished for their zeal against altars, and among these, Ridley was the most conspicuous in the unholy work. Dr. Hook finds instances of lights in all Churches that are not a Church; the Greek Church, and the Syrians, with the Lutheran or protestant, "all these Churches agree with the Anglo-Catholic Church in this matter," that is, in the use of unlighted candles. The number of lights comes next under discussion. "The western Church seems generally to have used *seven* lights.....In the Greek Church the number five.....The number two, which is specially Anglican, refers doubtless to the two natures of Christ.....And by being strictly limited to two—whereas so far as we know, there is no absolute limitation to that, or to any other number, in any other Church—it is *obvious to remark*, that we of the Anglo-Catholic Church, can scarcely fall into the error of lighting them as a part of the service of any other except God." Certainly not, for they are never lighted at all.

This extravagant praise of Anglicanism meets us on every page; the reformers were endowed with supernatural wisdom, when they broke forth into deliberate sin. Their learning was beyond all possibility of mistake, and the only reason that religious respect is not offered to them, is the rigid prevalence of their own principles, that no man is worth thinking of after he is dead.

Dr. Hook's way of seeing things is somewhat peculiar; he tells us, "In England the Catholic Church is the establishment." Again, "The property of the Church

remains with those who have descended in an unbroken line from the clergy to whom it was originally granted." And again, "With respect to the *Roman Catholic dissenters*, we know that, instead of being descended from the original grantees, their line of succession began at Rome, scarcely more than two centuries ago." He has, however, some slight misgiving as to the certainty of his views, and gives another reason if the first should turn out to be insufficient, and it is this: "Admitting then that we may differ in some *particulars of practice* from our ancestors, yet certainly we do not differ from them so much as the modern Romanists." The man who could write this is past the reach of reasoning.

"By popery," he says, "we mean the peculiar system of doctrine, by adopting which the Church of Rome separates herself from the rest of the Catholic Church, and is involved in the guilt of schism." And again, at the Council of Trent, "the Church of Rome incurred the guilt of authoritatively sanctioning heresy." In another place he adopts these words as his own, "the sect—the sect of English papists or Roman Catholics—*arose* in the reign of Elizabeth." These strange assertions are gravely put forth as a true statement of the facts in dispute; we have nothing to say to them; their untruth is lost sight of in the profound abyss of their absurdity.

The indissoluble nature of marriage seems to have been held only in the Catholic Church; the Greek schism tolerates divorces, and pronounces them even on the most frivolous grounds. In this country divorces may be had for money; and no cry is raised against the sin by the prelates and clergy of the state religion; on the contrary, some of these have taken advantage of the legal divorce to contract marriage anew while the other party to the first marriage is alive. This is a state of things which is notorious to every one; not only may the innocent party to the divorce marry, but the guilty parties, whose sin caused it to be sued for, may themselves be married to each other. The House of Lords inserts a clause in the bill, by which the divorce is decreed, to the effect that the guilty party may not marry; but the House of Commons rejects it, and the Lords concur in their amendment, which it was never intended to abide by. In the face of these facts, which are known throughout the kingdom, and without instances of which scarcely any session of parliament is held.

Dr. Hook has the hardihood to say, "on a divorce for adultery, *some* acts of parliament have allowed the *innocent* person to marry again." The natural inference from these words is, that not every act of parliament allows marriage at all after divorce; and that the guilty person may never marry, much less may the marriage of both the offenders be allowed. The words of the honest writer are perfectly true, and the impression they convey to the reader may be one which the writer never intended to convey.

Dr. Hook, like other men, has his own especial hallucinations, not dangerous, but highly amusing: it should be said, however, that it is by no means clear that he labours under them himself, for it may be, that he is like Brutus in ancient Rome, acting folly, that he may be believed. He says "that the bishops have united with the state in affirming the principle, that the state has a right to rearrange the revenues of the Church." He admits it to be a dangerous principle; but nevertheless the principle being affirmed he is no longer afraid; the bishops having, as he says, deprived certain of the clergy of their property to enrich another portion of them. The good doctor adds, "the bishops, *we may be sure*, will carry out their principle, and yield half their estates, or at least a third, for the endowment of new bishoprics." At present there is no sign of it.

In another place he speaks of daily service, and the rules that enforce it in the Churches of the establishment, as follows:

"As this is not only a direction of the Church, *but also part of an act of parliament*, any parishioners desirous of attending daily prayers, might *compel the clergyman to officiate, by bringing an action against him*, as well as by complaining to the Bishop. For this of course there can seldom be any necessity, *as most of the clergy would be too happy to officiate*, if they could secure the attendance of two or three of their parishioners. *By the general practice* of the clergy, it seems to be decided, that they are to say the morning and evening prayer in private, if they cannot obtain a congregation; though even under those circumstances, the letter of the rubric seems to direct them to say the offices at Church if possible."

We, of course, cannot be presumed to know what is the "general practice" of the established clergy, but it does surprise us to hear that the "general practice" is to use the services of their prayer book in private. If it be so, we are certain that the privacy is so great that it escapes

the observation even of those who use it. The great majority of the Anglican clergy condemn the practice as worse than useless, and we believe a great many of them are not aware even of the obligation which is upon them. As to the readiness of the clergy to open their churches for prayer we have nothing to say, but appeal to the common sense of the whole kingdom whether this be true. If the clergy are so ready to fulfil their obligation, why does Dr. Hook hint that parishioners should have recourse to "an action" against their pastor? This does not look as if every thing was as the doctor represents. The truth is, Dr. Hook is anxious for the success of his own opinions—and we do not blame him—and knowing the materials he has to work with, throws out most turbulent principles, and appeals to that fund of affection which too often subsists between a rector and his parish. In short, he suggests a law-suit, and a general stirring up of ill-will, malice, and discontent, as an exercise of Christian charity, and a fitting preparation for "daily prayers." Verily this is the true Church!

Mr. Eden's view of the matter is what we have given above: "the manifest unsuitableness of reciting in solitude a form of common prayer, *joined with the tendency of such a practice to the superstitious notion of the people worshipping by proxy*, is the reason why this part of the rubric has been left to fall into desuetude." Here, at all events, we have a clear denial of Dr. Hook's "general practice," and a clear reason to support it; we say nothing of the reason ourselves: it is Mr. Eden's, and he is one of those gifted men who can see through a millstone at midnight. Mr. Eden, throughout his book, discards as superstitious all acts of devotion which are not founded on reason and addressed to the intellectual faculty: he sees no advantage in acts of religion to any one who does not himself perform them. It is an inconsistency in him that he tolerates the baptism of infants. "In the Church of England," he says, "the minister does not pretend to *impart* any blessing;" it seems he only "prays" that good effects may follow. Indeed, Dr. Hook himself, on the words 'Power of the Keys,' seems to have no higher notion of it than Mr. Eden. "The power of the keys is *only a ministerial power*," are his words, and then coolly adds, that the changes of the reformation were "ratified in heaven."

We come now to a much more serious part of these two theological dictionaries; we begin with Mr. Eden, who says that "the conduct of the Third General Council *cannot be too highly censured*: it was certainly the utmost presumption to anathematize any individual for declining to use a title not to be found in Scripture."

"The title of Sabellian," he says, "is applied to those who are careful to point out that the word *Person*, in the *theological sense*, is widely different from the modern colloquial sense."

On the word "*Person*," he gives explanations, or rather evasions, which makes it very difficult to believe that he is not a Sabellian himself. He says in another place, "The Scriptures describe God—though *manifested in a three-fold relation to man*—as one."

"All the different representations which our Lord gives of Himself.....are inconsistent with the belief of three Gods, or of any division in the Divine nature in itself, but reconciled with, and leading to, the belief of a *Godhead revealed to us in three persons, standing in varied relations*: and therefore there can be no doubt that *this is what was conveyed*—and therefore must have been intended to be conveyed—to ordinary *unphilosophical, but candid, pious, and teachable Christians*." And in another place he speaks of God's *three-fold manifestations of Himself*. We leave Mr. Eden here: if he be orthodox, we are sorry he should be so unhappy in his way of showing it, and his frequent references to Dr. Whately make it doubtful. We turn to Dr. Hook who, cautioning people so very earnestly against popery and superstition, makes us involuntarily remember that there are some who busy themselves about outward rites, while forgetting the weightier matters of the law.

"On the death of our Lord, His soul—His *human soul*—went to this 'place of departed spirits.'" These are the doctor's words, who himself puts *human* in italics; thereby insinuating a separation of the humanity from the Divinity, contrary to the Articles even of his own religion. After insisting on this, he adds, "one great use of the system of catechizing, is the opportunity it affords of inculcating on the people *such distinctions as these*."

Curiously enough, the next words are, "Heresiarch—a leader in heresy."

"Piscina—a perforation in the wall of the church,

through which the *water is poured away with which the chalice is rinsed out*, after the celebration of the Holy Eucharist."

This reminds us of an event in the ministerial career of Dr. Hook, soon after he settled at Leeds. It happened one day that he had used too much wine, of which a good deal remained after all had communicated. It seems it was too much to drink as the rubric directs, and the Vicar of Leeds was perplexed what to do: we give his own words:—"In my church there was no *piscina*, and therefore I made one for the occasion, and *poured away the wine at the side of the chancel.*"* Is it conceivable that Dr. Hook believes in the real presence? If he does, we have no words to express what his conduct implies. The more charitable and true supposition is, that he does not; and that he well knew that he poured away nothing but wine into his extempore *piscina* on that occasion. The wine that he "poured away" was, according to his own confession, consecrated; and yet he poured it out like water. All the "errors of Popery," yea, even all the immoralities charged against popes and priests and monks, vanish out of sight at this act of Dr. Hook, if what he threw away was anything else but wine. It is too horrible to conceive even for a moment that he "poured away" the blood of our Redeemer.

No one can be surprised after this, to find in Dr. Hook's writings the most determined hostility to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist; of which he says that "we know moreover that it was not authoritatively received, even by the Roman Church, till the Fourth Lateran Council in the year 1215." He repeats the same assertion in another place. Dr. Wordsworth, in his Letters to Mr. Gondon, also says, "Scotus tells us that before the Lateran Council under Innocent III., Transubstantiation was not an article of faith." In a note he pretends to produce the original words of Duns Scotus. We give the note as a curiosity.

Scotus in 4 Sentent. Dist. xi. 9. 3. "Ante Lateranense Concilium. (A.D. 1215.) Transubstantiatio non fuit dogma fidei."

Scotus has written commentaries certainly on the Sentences, but the Dist. xi. on the fourth book, contains only

* Dr. Hook's Letter, British Magazine, July 1838.

seven questions; Dr. Wordsworth has therefore discovered a ninth. Possibly in that ninth question the words he produces may be found, for they are not to be found in the whole of the writings of Scotus at this day known to the world. The learned Doctor, with his usual skill in blundering, saw somewhere this pretended quotation from Scotus; and mistaking the mode of citing it, turned the letter q before 3—the third question referred to—into the figure 9. The error is not worth much: but it is a grave offence to attribute words to Scotus which he did not write, and upon them to found a charge against the Church. Bramhall preceded Dr. Wordsworth in this matter; who, by misunderstanding a passage in Cardinal Bellarmine, and altering the form of the expression, gave his readers to understand that he was quoting from Scotus himself, whose writings probably he had not even consulted on the subject.

That Dr. Hook does not believe in the Real Presence, is certain from his own acknowledgment; and consequently is not chargeable with any great irreverence in that memorable act of throwing away the wine. He takes the definition of the Presence, from the Homilies of his Church, where it is defined to be, "a Communion of the Body and Blood of the Lord in a marvellous incorporation, which by the operation of the Holy Ghost, is through *faith wrought in the souls of the faithful*." The Presence, therefore, which the Anglican Communion teaches, and which Dr. Hook believes, is in the souls of the faithful, and not on the altar, under the figures of bread and wine. Dr. Hook produces a passage from the reformer Ridley, which he considers to state "admirably" the difference between "the Ancient and Catholic doctrine," and "the doctrine of the Church of Rome." By "the Ancient and Catholic doctrine," is meant Dr. Hook's doctrine; or that which he conceives to be held in the establishment. Ridley "confesses" our Lord's "a natural Body to be in the Sacrament indeed, *by spirit and grace, because that whosoever receiveth worthily that bread and wine, receiveth effectually Christ's Body and drinketh His Blood; that is, he is made effectually partaker of His passion.*"

Here again is the same shuffling, the same clouding of the truth under a multitude of words; why not state plainly that there is no Presence at all, not even to the

communicants themselves, unless they have faith? The solemnity of their worship and their form of consecration have no effect except through the faith of those who receive. This is clearly the doctrine of Dr. Hook, and yet he shrinks from stating it; and we are quite certain that it is the doctrine held by the great bulk of his co-religionists.

We have finished our intended task. Two most respectable men, of unblemished reputation; who would scorn a lie, and hate theft, robbery, or fraud, in the common matters of this world, make no conscience whatever of the most extravagant blunders, the most prodigal utterance of untrue statements, in matters of the highest possible moment. Men who would not injure their neighbour by saying anything untrue of his habits or character, make the most unfounded statements and scandalous insinuations against the Catholic Church. Whence is this perverseness, this moral blindness, this insensibility to shame, and whole forgetfulness of truth? There is somehow or other, in Anglican writers, an excess of confidence when they speak against the Church whom they hate at once and fear. They will not believe the clearest denials of the accusations they bring against us, nor understand the most lucid explanations of what we hold. They will give us no credit for honesty; and when outward appearances and private habits give the lie to calumny, and illustrate the truth we teach, they will then attribute the whole to hypocrisy and craft: and not unfrequently Satan himself is introduced as the source of his own destruction. Surely this is what the Apostle speaks of, when he tells us that upon those who do not love the truth, God will send the strong power of error, so that they shall believe a lie.

The dignity of the establishment consists in its wealth and in its learned men. Its riches are great we readily admit, but it owes them to habits of life to which it has become a stranger now. Its theological learning we altogether deny. Whom has the establishment produced to compare with S. Thomas, Scotus, and Richard Middleton? We will come down to the reformation, and search for men who can be compared with Vasquez and Suarez, with Bellarmine, Baronius, and Bona, with our own English controversialists, Stapleton, and Knott, and Southwell, and the founder of the English Mission, Cardinal Allen. Anglican Divines have recourse to the prodigious theory,

that for 800 years the truth was not known. We, on the contrary, have continued the same: we have not forgotten the faith, and our teachers have not been hid. God raised them up from age to age, and each generation has heard their voice, the living voice of a living guide: from Paul the Doctor of the Gentiles, and Peter the Ruler of the Church, in all succeeding time, we have had our one unbroken divine succession in a long line of illustrious Pontiffs, Saints, and Doctors, down to our present father, servant of the servants of God, Pius IX.

ART. VIII.—1. *Loyamon's Brut, or Chronicle of Britain, a Poetical Semi-Saxon Paraphrase of the Brut of Wace; now first published from the Cottonian Manuscripts in the British Museum; accompanied by a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary.* By SIR FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. London: Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London: 1847.

2. *Galfredi Monumetensis Historia Britonum.* (Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons.*) London: D. Nutt, Fleet Street: 1844.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years before the Christian era, rumours were spread amongst the civilized men of the earth, that some such lands as those which we designate the "British Islands" were to be found, far, far away in a distant sea. What a strange country, we can well imagine, must not England then have been deemed by those enlightened nations from which it seemed to be separated by a world of waters—a barrier to them nearly as impassable as that space which separates earth from its satellite! Merchants, and sailors, and even philosophers, must then have talked of the dark, stormy seas of the north, and of their cluster of islands, inhabited by a fierce race of men; of lands that were covered with forests, and often concealed by mists, and on which the sun shone dimly and fitfully; of the earth on which they trod, glittering with a shining white metal, that seemed to spring, as if it were herbage, out of the soil—of its strands, rich with white pearls and pellucid amber—of shoals of fish circling around its coasts—of its denizens in the gloomy

woods, or of those who gathered in caves on its white cliffs—of men daring, dauntless, bold, and free, seemingly governed by no laws, acknowledging no lord, recognizing no king, and bowing down before no superior. Imagination must have lent its aid to misinformation, until at length the imperfectly known assumed in the fancy of Eastern minds a substantiality which there was no experience to control, and no well-ascertained facts to contradict. The barbarian race of the British Isles came to be thought of as giants—their land as a land of magic, in which the dying were watched over by spirits of the air, and the dead evoked to abandon their former dwellings, and, bodiless and unseen, to press down to the water's edge the boats that were to bear them to some more distant region, in which they were to abide for ever. Again, the British Isles were the "Fortunate Islands," in which the good live eternally, and around which clustered amongst infidel nations those traditions that had descended to them of the gardens of the lost Paradise, and to which they assigned in the British seas a perpetuated existence.*

The facts that were known to a few Phœnician traders, and of which they made a mystery, as appertaining to the profitable craft of commerce, † dwindled, and dispersed away, as trade was interrupted, and the traffic with the British Isles discontinued, until, at last, the very position of these countries may have become a tradition, on which may have been based many a tale to amuse the evening hours of the wandering Asiatic in his migratory expeditions, or the rough Roman soldier in his encampment. What strange stories of that wild, wonderful, and distant country, may not have been told in the tents of Alexander by those who crossed the Granicus! What strange notions may not have been entertained about our islands amongst those dusk warriors who marched with Hannibal to the battle of Cannæ!

And then, as the British Islands emerged from the doubtful, the obscure, the uncertain, and the unknown—as they came to be recognized as a fact; and that the invasion of Cæsar brought them within the grasp of minds

* See Camden's *Britannia*, vol. i., pp. xlix-lxxvii.

† See Lingard's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 11.—Lappenberg's *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, vol. i., pp. 1, 2.

that were learned, astute, and intelligent, and, for a moment, cleared away the mystery that surrounded them,—even then, the region of fact did not extend beyond the Roman highway, and was confined within the Roman wall. Outside of that wall, where civilization dare not place its foot, and the strength of the Roman eagle had been stricken down—where the life of the Roman legionary was not safe, the imagination of the Roman citizen revelled, shaped frightful forms, and dreamed horrid dreams.*

To Rome and its pagan emperors, Great Britain gave willing martyrs and rebellious subjects. The title of "Britannicus" did not at all times denote a victory gained, nor a revolt subdued in Britain,† but it tended to remind the haughty Roman, that his arms had penetrated to a place which he could never completely overcome, and that, whenever the deep forests of Germany should send their multitudinous man-slayers across the Rhine, the iron legions would be compelled to abandon in England a rampart which marked the boundary of an empire; but could never be esteemed as a trophy of victory over a conquered nation.

And then, when the over-swollen Roman empire did collapse, and enveloped in its destruction those Britons who had acknowledged their fealty to Roman emperors or Roman soldiers; and when the fierce Pict, with his woad-painted body (the emblem, in his estimation, of old British independence), crossed the Roman wall, and came to punish those who had abjured the customs, *the blue colours*, and the habits of their fathers; when that which was the assertion of the ancient rights of Britons, came as a spoiler, an invader, and a murderer into British homes; and Britons, in their despair, sought the aid of idolatrous Saxons, and unbelieving Angles, and miscreant Jutes, and, doing so, only invited new invaders and more fierce spoilers amongst them; and when, as the fitting punishment on Christians for allying themselves with infi-

* Procopius De Bell. Goth., Lib. iv. c. 20.

† "Appellatus est Commodus etiam. Britannicus ab adulatore, quum Britanni etiam imperatorem contra eum deligere voluerint." Lampridius. Commod. Ant. vol. i., p. 495. (Hist. August. Script.)

dels,* they were finally driven from England, and found on the rude coasts of Brittany a home, a refuge, and a resting-place; what recollections, what traditions, what records did they not bring with them to a strange country of their mighty men in the olden time, of their heroes, of their christian martyrs, of their great warriors, who had lived, who had suffered, who had fought, and who had won mighty triumphs, in homes and in lands that they should never, never see again!

At any age, at any time, or amongst any nation, there never did occur a more extraordinary or a more remarkable emigration than that which took place in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries from England to Brittany. The surface of the old country was laid waste with fire and sword; a war against christianity was proclaimed; to profess a faith in our Lord was to be visited with death; to be a Briton was a crime to be punished with the axe or with slavery, and to avoid either fate exile was indispensable. There was no security for the Briton from the Angle and the Saxon in that glorious country which they afterwards called "England;" and hence those who had the means of doing so repaired to Brittany, whilst those who could not procure shipping fled to the fastnesses of Wales, or hid themselves in the distant region of Cornwall.† The hatred which the Pict had brought with him against their fathers, they carried with them, across the sea and the Severn, against the Saxon; and with it a detestation of him as a pagan, as a cruel spoiler, as a merciless persecutor. Bitter thoughts of the present commingled in the hearts of the exiles with sweet recollections of the past. They carried away with them wondrous unwritten traditions, which had sprung up amongst the Roman veterans, whose children were Britons, and who talked so long and so constantly of Troy, and Æneas, and Lavinia, and probably of some brave Brutus who loved freedom overmuch, that at last their grandchildren discovered that there must be some rich golden chain of connexion between Troy and Rome and Britain, if poets would but link it together. These, and a thousand traditions like these, were gar-

* Gildas, Hist. § 23.

† Gildas, Hist. § 24, 25.—Beda, Hist. Lib. ii., c. 14.—Rog. de Wend., vol. i., pp. 89-90.

nered up in the hearts of the exiles, and with them all that British *tyerns*, or priests, had gathered from the songs of the bards in banqueting halls, or that the monk had collected in the guest-room from the wandering harper, and afterwards transferred to the parchment-roll in the *Scriptorium*.

And what precious things are these old memorials and traditions! How these marvellous tales of England having once been a land of giants—of its great hero, who gave his own name to the country, being an immediate descendant of him who had bled with Hector, and fought his way from out the burning ruins of Troy—of its glorious christian empress, St. Helena, the discoverer of the true cross—of its Constantine, who made the cross itself the proudest emblem of supreme dominion—of its Arthur, the most generous hero of chivalry, before chivalry itself had a name, and the record of whose deeds tended to humanize warfare, and uplifted to that pinnacle, from which they have never since descended, female purity and female loveliness. How must the thoughts of these things, the narration of these things have tended to soothe the sad hours of high-born princes, of holy priests, and of landless men, who had once been mighty leaders in their homes beyond the sea; but who had lost their all because they were true christians, and would not bow their necks to slavery.

There was a time when all these traditions—these wild legends and wondrous tales, which circulated in the homesteads, and were recounted in the castles, and recited in the monasteries of the exiled Britons, in Armorica, in Wales, and in Cornwall—were believed to be the invention of a single author,—Geoffrey of Monmouth; that they had been fabricated *by him*; that he asserted a falsehood when he pretended to have derived them from a British manuscript, which had been placed in his hands for the purpose of translation into Latin, by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford.*

The character of Geoffrey of Monmouth is one point for consideration; the statements he makes another. Let us for the moment confine ourselves to the first; for, if we cannot maintain and uphold that, then all that we possess in the writings of Wace, of Layamon, of Robert of Gloucester, &c., are but figments piled upon figments.

* *Historia Britonum*, Lib. i. c. 1.

"The greatest reason," says Mr. Wynn, in his Preface to Caradoc, "that I can think of, why the British History is attributed to the invention of Geoffrey is, that almost upon its first appearance in the world, William of Newborough, and Giraldus Cambrensis, exclaim against it and *seem* to lay the whole imposture to the charge of Geoffrey.....It is apprehended, that Newborough thought that the British History was solely owing to the contrivance and invention of Geoffrey; whereas nothing is more evident than that the *only thing he lays to Geoffrey's charge* is, that he *augmented*, and of his own head, made additions to the copy he received.* And seeing that Newborough expressly mentions Geoffrey's translating into Latin, some ancient figments of the Britons concerning king Arthur, and unwarrantably adding to the same; it is manifestly apparent that he never took Geoffrey to be the contriver of the whole of that he had published, otherwise, it is hardly conceivable, that such an inveterate enemy of that history would conceal any thing that might derogate from the truth and authority of it.....The other reason why Geoffrey is thought to be the author of the British History, is grounded upon a passage in Giraldus Cambrensis, who speaking of the etymology of Wales, rejects the denomination of it, from either Duke Wallo, or Queen Wendolen, (as falsely affirmed in Geoffrey's fabulous history of Arthur,) '*Sicut fabulosa Galfredi Arturi mentitur historia.*' Now this is thought an invincible argument against Geoffrey, and a palpable detection of his insincerity, since Giraldus, his own countryman, strikes at him, and accuses him of forgery; whereas upon nicer examination, we may easily discover how that Giraldus quarrels only with the history which Geoffrey published, and which, upon that account, bore his name. For had Giraldus thought it to be only a contrivance of Geoffrey's, had he suspected that Geoffrey falsely pretended to have received an ancient British manuscript, and by that means to have imposed upon the world; can it be supposed that upon so plain a conviction of falsehood, he would believe and give credit to an history, which he was satisfied was altogether a fable? But on the contrary, we find him assenting to the story of Brutus, and the division of the island betwixt his three sons; and, in short, *excepting in this one place*, he expresses himself to be an absolute votary of the British History, whence it is evident, he apprehended Geoffrey to be no more than a faithful translator of an ancient British Copy.But, besides, Geoffrey dedicates his translation to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, son to king Henry I., which in all likelihood he never would have ventured to do, had the original been of his own contrivance, for fear, lest that the cheat being discovered, he should be found to put upon a person of eminent quality, with whom the British History was then in great

* "Gaufridus hic dictus est, agnomen habens Arturo *ex priscis Britonum figmentis sumptas*, et ex proprio auctas per superductum. Latini sermonis colorem, honesto historiæ nomine palliavit."

esteem.....It was a very easy matter for the Earl of Gloucester to find out Geoffrey's integrity, by inquiring of the Archdeacon (who, by all accounts, is reckoned his co-temporary,) whether he had delivered such an ancient British Copy into Geoffrey's hands, and whether the translation justly answered the original. These inquiries were natural upon the publication of any new history, which made such considerable noise and clamour in the world, and which gave such an account of the ancient Britons, as was never before thought or heard of among the English nation.....I cannot see upon the whole, the least reason why the contrivance and invention of this history should be attributed to Geoffrey, or that the authority of it depends any way upon him more than the fidelity of his translation."*

"We must suppose," says Herr Lappenberg, in his *History of the Anglo Saxon Kings*, "this extraordinary writer (Geoffrey of Monmouth,) to have used ancient works no longer in existence."†

"The objection to which Geoffrey of Monmouth is liable, is not that he invented a book and called it a translation, but that he did not confine himself as he ought to have done to the original work; that he endeavoured to make his translation more perfect than the original by availing himself of the works of Gildas, of Nennius, and of Bede, and embodying extracts from, or adopting statements to be found in their pages.‡

It is not, we conceive, necessary to enter further into that long disputed question—the authenticity of the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth; for if any hesitation were still felt as to the veracity of his assertion, that the *Historia Britonum* is in all material points a bona-fide translation of the "Brut y Brenhind," the doubt must be removed by the volumes, now for the first time published by Sir F. Madden.

We repeat the observation we have already made—the *character* of Geoffrey of Monmouth is one point for consideration: *the statements* that he makes another, and a

* Preface by W. Wynne to Caradoc's *History of Wales*. See also Preface by Mr. A. Thompson to his translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

† Vol. i. p. 45. note 2. In his literary introduction, Lappenberg remarks, "many of his accounts are supported by narratives wholly unconnected with, and independent of Jeffrey."—p. 29.

‡ See Lappenberg's *Literary Introduction*, p. 30., and notes 4. 5.

very different thing. Whether we believe or disbelieve *those statements*, whether we accept some of them as *true statements*, and reject others as *mere fables*, still there is great value in them all as *traditions of an ancient people*, if we be convinced that they are traditions, and that we are indebted for them to the translation of Geoffrey. In this manner *their value* is based upon his integrity. Now, the character of Geoffrey of Monmouth has suffered because mankind do not generally mark the distinction between that which they believe to be *historically true*, and that which others accept as *true history*. It does not follow, because we will not believe in ghosts, that when another tells us a ghost-story, with all the manner and solemnity of a firm believer in apparitions, that he is a fabricator of that, which in its circumstances, seems to us false, but that yet may be impressed upon his mind, and his honest conviction as an indisputable truth.

We cannot destroy facts by our disbelief, nor pervert the moral to be derived from them, as it may accord with our whims, nor suit our fancy. The honest narrator is entitled to a patient hearing. We can afterwards test his statement by collateral evidence, and contemporaneous circumstances. We can do so, with perfect respect for him, whilst at the same time we bear in mind, that there is nothing so difficult to ascertain as "*what is the truth?*" "*What is the fact?*" What should be believed to be the one—what should be assumed as the other? Why, there are at this moment hundreds of sensible, shrewd, clever—aye, and witty persons too, living in France, to whom it is a matter of marvel how the Duke of Wellington could have survived for so many years the shameful strategic defeat he experienced at Waterloo! Facts remain though they may not be acknowledged—facts mould events and control the current of circumstances, even though the very existence of such facts may be disputed. In the latter case they are like the hidden sand-banks at the mouth of a river, turning and guiding its flow of waters, as it hurries onwards to the ocean.

There is a vast difference between that which is assumed, or believed to be *historically true*, and that which is *true history*. And the great error into which the narrators or commentators on past events fall is this—that each sets up himself, in his own judgment, a tribunal, by which, according as it pleases his fancy, his notions, his

passions, and his prejudices, he determines by his own "ipse dixit" *what is true history*, and rejects as fabulous, as false, and as fictitious, thousands of things which may be, and some of which certainly are, historically true. The deist, guiding himself by the narrow standard of his own contracted reason, and influenced by his own selfish heart, rejects all evidence which is corroborative of the Redemption—the self-sacrifice of God himself—encircled as it is with the glory of numberless miracles at His Birth, in His Life, and with His Death. The deist denies that the gospels are true history, because to believe them includes the doing of that which his dominant passions assure him to be impossible—their control, their mortification, their ultimate and entire annihilation. The Sectarian rejects "the Lives of the Saints," because those "lives" are narratives of the miracles achieved by the supreme majesty of self-abasement, by the might of humility, the wonder-working powers of faith, and the boundless energies of charity. The man of the world, knowing well what is his own life, its sordid avarice, its mean jealousies, its petty envies, its foul indulgences, and its accursed thoughts which make of moments, epochs of sin—the man of the world, feeling selfishness clinging as closely to all his impulses and actions as the epidermis to the cutis, is told of the lives of the monks—of their unceasing toil, their never-ending prayers, their long fasts, their severe vigils, their endurance of cold, of hunger, their avoidance of ease, of repose, and of every thing that can give satisfaction to the senses—he is told these things—his bad heart is the monitor to his head, and he concludes that the monks are impostors; and he adds sin upon sin—he persecutes them, when he is powerless, with slanders; he robs them of their property, when he has power; and when he is endowed with the potency of a despot, he massacres them.

And yet the facts remain. Christianity, punished as an imposture and a crime, overthrew the philosophy and the dialectics of paganism. Catholicity still continues to work miracles although infidels deny, and heretics would discredit them. Monks creep from beneath the ruins of the monastery, in which fanaticism had hoped it was buried for ever—it comes forth bleeding from the pile of its massacred and martyred brethren,* it comes forth again

* See Chron. Petriburgens, ad an. 870, Ingulphus, pp. 14, 24.

to teach the ignorant, to console the heart-broken, to suffer willingly many mortifications, to endure new persecutions, and to outlive, and to pray for mercy on those who have assailed, and afflicted, and slandered, but who can never overcome it. Christianity, Catholicity, Monasticism, each in turn denied to be historically true, have proved themselves to be true history, and have moulded events, and made facts, and fashioned mens' hearts, and guided mens' actions; and if there were not in each, and all of these, the very things which were denied to be *truths*, which were actually declared to be *falsehoods*, they never could have advanced as they have done, and never could have so changed the state of every society in which they have appeared.

We refer to that which is so notorious, that no man can make denial of it. We do so for the purpose of inducing self-styled philosophers, pseudo-historians, and would-be critics, to look with humility on what they cannot possibly know to be untrue—to warn them, because what they read for the first time is not in accordance with what they heard before, that they should not therefore hastily, and at once conclude, that it must be positively false.

There is, what we may be allowed to designate as a "materialist—utilitarianism" in the composition of books, and a "materialist utilitarianism" in criticism, which are alike dangerous to the advancement of truth, and to a complete knowledge of it. The first develops itself in writers who sit down with the fixed purpose of establishing some preconceived notion, or of working out some favourite theory. Of all classes of men these are the most pernicious when they place their unhallowed hands on history. As far as they are concerned, and their influence over the minds of their readers can extend, they perform again the deeds of the Vandals, and the atrocities of the Northmen—they destroy, or they mutilate the records of the past; and from the same motive, it may be said, which actuated the barbarians—a hatred of christianity—a detestation of the holy saints, of the doctors, confessors, and martyrs of the Catholic Church. It is in vain that libraries are opened to these men, that the facility of reference to original documents is given to them. Ancient charters are blotted out—ancient manuscripts neglected or repudiated, that only is prized which serves their particular purpose, which can be misinterpreted with facility, and garbled with

ease. They cog, they juggle, they suppress, they exaggerate, they omit, they invent, they fabricate a fraudulent brief to sustain a false plea, and they call it "a history." They write prettily, because they have selected their own theme, and they will not introduce any thing, which may interfere with *their* "moral," nor mar the harmony of their style.* They are popular with the world, for they play with its inclinations, pander to its prejudices, and plead for its passions.

The "materialist-utilitarianism" of criticism is not so mischievous nor so dangerous as this; but it is, in its own small way, a great impediment to the advancement of real knowledge. It is so very anxious to have within its grasp the hard, dry husks of facts, that it not unfrequently casts away the sweet fruits of truth; and this simply because they are fair to look upon, bear upon them the fresh bloom of genuine poesy, and are savoured with the aspirations of noble and generous natures. With them, traditions and Sagas, and Märchen, and old stories, and older ballads, and even legends of the saints are nought—because they tell us of what these ultra-wise, and over-cautious men choose to regard as impossibilities, and that *therefore* cannot be facts. They are so severe, so stringent, and so exacting on this point, that if an author, writing on English history, will but presume to refer to Geoffrey of Monmouth for statements illustrative of his subject, they immediately denounce him as careless in the collection of facts, as giving that as an authority which is no authority, because, say they, Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum* is "a collection of fables" and not "a true history."

We differ altogether from these over-cautious, and ultra-wise men, when they affirm that Geoffrey of Monmouth's book is "a collection of fables, and not a true history." It would, we believe, be as utterly incorrect to affirm that it was *all* "a collection of fables," as that it is *all* "a true history."

There are, if we may so express ourselves, two descriptions of facts. First, *the positive fact*; second, *that* which is believed to be a positive fact, and which, as a *matter of belief*, influences the actions, sometimes of indivi-

* See description of Hume as a historian, in *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii. pp. 536-592.

duals, sometimes of communities, and sometimes of entire nations. The *belief* of things, which may be absolutely untrue, thus influencing a small, or a large portion of mankind is, in itself, a *positive fact*; and he who omits in his account of a nation such a fact, may fancy he is writing a history, when he is, in truth, only putting together a Chronology, and a very bad Chronology too, for he is omitting an item, which is of far more importance to the reader, than to know in what particular year, before or after the Christian era, one individual with a barbarous name succeeded to another individual with a polysyllabic designation.

Let us now suppose that there was not from the first page to the last, in Geoffrey of Monmouth, a single germ of truth—and we, on the contrary, think there is much truth—truth too that is to be found in no other author: * but permit us to admit, that every incident mentioned in that book, as pure a piece of fancy as “Goody two Shoes,” still it is, in our estimation, a most valuable work; for it is a *true work*—that is, it is a true record of that which the ancient Britons, the Cornish refugees, and the Armorican exiles, believed to be the genuine, and the veracious history of their dearly loved country. That portion of it which professes to be history was *their* consolation for past misfortunes: that portion of it, which professes to be the prophecy of Merlin,† constitutes their hope for

* “In conclusion we will venture to express the hope of one day seeing what is historical in Geoffrey of Monmouth separated from that which is fabulous; the latter honoured as a pleasing relic of the times of old, and the rest exalted into useful matter for the national history.” Lappenberg, vol. i. p. xxxi.

† The following, which is the title page of a very rare work, will demonstrate the importance, at one time, attached to the prophecy of Merlin:

“Prophetia Anglicana, Merlini Ambrosii Britannii, ex incubo olim (ut hominum fama est) ante annos mille ducentos circiter in Anglia nati, Vaticinia et prædictiones; a Galfredo Monumetensi Latinè conversæ una cum Septem Libris Explanationum in Eandem Prophetiam, excellentissi sui temporis Oratoris Polyhistoris, et Theologi, Alani De Insulis, Germani, Doctoris (ob admirabilem, et omnigenam eruditionem cognomento) Universalis, et Parisiensis Academix, ante annos 300 Rectoris Amplissimi. Opus nunc primum publici juris factum, et lectoribus historiarum, præcipuè vero Britannicæ, cognitionem, non parum lucis allaturum. Francofurti, typis Joachimi Bratheringii, MDCIII.”

the future. If then we look to these traditions, we cannot but respect the men who cherished, and who believed in them for their attachment to the old Catholic faith; and we cannot but admire them for their credulity as to other things, for its inspiration was a keen sense of honour, and a noble veneration for all that is grand and beautiful. We admire, and we respect these ancient Britons, because we are assured as to what they believed. In their traditions we can trace out their customs, distinguish their virtues, and discover their domestic manners. Call the entire mass of details to be found in Geoffrey of Monmouth, nothing more than the "Volks-marchen" of the ancient Britons, and even then they will be found to constitute a body of legendary lore, such as no other people on the face of the earth ever possessed. Regard them but as the remnants of bye-gone superstitions, and still they are more worthy of being known, and studied by an Englishman, than the superstitions of ancient Greece and Rome, in which the fancy of the poet will be found defiled but too frequently with the nauseous suggestions of the sensualist.

The first embodiment in a language universally read of the old British, Welsh, and Armorican legends, was their translation into Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his "*Historia Britonum*:" their most perfect and complete development is to be found in "*Layamon's Brut*," of which, and its author, an interesting account is given in the introduction, by the profound scholar and able antiquarian, Sir F. Madden, to whom the world is indebted for its publication.

From that introduction, as bearing upon the old British legends, we make the following extract:

"That Layamon was indebted for some of these legends to Welsh traditions, not recorded in Geoffrey of Monmouth or Mace, is scarcely to be questioned, and they supply an additional argument in support of the opinion, that the former was not a mere inventor. Many circumstances incidentally mentioned by Layamon, are to be traced to a British origin. From these, and other passages, it may be reasonable to conclude, that the author of the poem had a mind richly stored with legendary lore, and had availed himself, to a considerable extent, of the information to be derived from written sources. We know that he understood both French and Latin; and when we consider that these varied branches of knowledge were combined in the person of an humble priest of a small church in one of the midland counties, it would seem to be no unfair inference, that the body of the clergy, and, perhaps, the upper classes

of the laity, were not in so low a state of ignorance, at the period when Layamon wrote, as some writers have represented."—Preface, pp. xvi. xvii.

Sir F. Madden shows (vol. i. pp. 20-21.) that Layamon's poem must have been written at the commencement of the thirteenth century.

With this book then before us—the poem of an humble, obscure, shorn, black monk,* we have in the most attractive form the pure old British "*aurea legenda*," of which this country may well boast. From out of these Milton, with all his hatred of Popery, sought facts, and within these Shakspeare found plots for his noblest plays, and may have enriched even his fancy with their imaginary beings.†

And here now, if we could—if a volume, and not a certain number of pages were assigned to us—we would open up all that rich vein of traditionary lore which is to be found in Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Nennius, in Wace, in Layamon, and in so many others. Even the curious gossiping of the scribbling Rossius or Rous should not be omitted.‡ As it is, however, we must give—and these but a few—extracts from the work, which the care and diligence of Sir F. Madden have rescued from obscurity; which his learning has illustrated so profusely, as to render it an indispensable companion to all who study the ancient history of England, or would trace the language we now speak and write through its various changes and modifications.

Most reluctantly we admit, do we confine ourselves to three extracts, for these do not suffice to illustrate the subject which we desire to discuss—the apocryphal history of England. In making the selection of these three, we have been influenced with the desire to interest the Irish reader, first, by the description—(and a strange description

* "In the initial letter of the Cotton MS. Cal. A. ix., there is a small miniature representing the author writing his book, in the habit of a black monk, with a shaven crown." Kemble, Preface, p. ix., note 1.

† See Layamon's Brut, vol. ii. pp. 384, 463, 876, vol. iii. p. 144. See also a most valuable and interesting series of papers in the Athenæum, entitled, "The Folk-lore of Shakspeare," by Mr. W. J. Thoms, the secretary of the Camden Society.

‡ *Historia Regum Angliæ*, pp. 10-20.

it is)—of the manner in which the ancient Irish fought their battles. The second and third extracts allude to that heroic character,—Arthur, whose very existence is denied by the hypercritical, and yet whose achievements form the substance of thousands of Romances.* The extracts from Layamon give *his* description of the formation of the celebrated Round Table, and the transportation of Arthur to Avalon.

The translation of these extracts is based upon that of Sir F. Madden. So much of his is adopted, that we should not venture to claim one particle of merit for our own, and we would not refer even to the variations from his literal translation, if we did not fear that fault might be found with them, and we would save him from a censure which should justly fall on our own shoulders.

With this apology we place the extracts before the reader:

BATTLE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND IRISH.

"Up arose Uther, the wise and the wary, and ordered his knights forthwith to horse, and to march quickly towards Meneve—for all, he declared, should make preparation for battle. In his foremost troops he had seven thousand, brave, active, well-chosen knights. His centre too was composed of stalwart knights, and seven thousand brave thanes, and in his rear were eighteen thousand knights, and of foot soldiery, so many thousands that the speech of man could not well tell them.

"All these troops marched on quickly until they came to Meneve.

"Gillomaur (the Irish King) as soon as he saw the army of Uther advancing against him, commanded his knights on the instant to take up their weapons. The Irishmen speedily threw off their breeches (*and of mid here breches*)—strange were their looks! as they grasped their knives—as they clutched in their hands their long spears, and hung on their shoulders great battle-axes.

"At this moment a strange thing was spoken by King Gillomaur. 'Here,' said he, 'cometh Uther the brother of Aurelie; he will, I know, ask peace from me—he will never dare to fight against me. I see there are swains in his foremost ranks—let us march against them, for ye need never fear to slay such wretches. Now if Uther, the son of Constantine, will become my man, and give to Pascent

* As to the historical character of Arthur, see Milner's *Antiquities of Winchester*, vol. i. pp. 55-60.

his father's realm, I will grant him peace, let him live, and in fair bonds conduct him to my own land.'

"Thus spoke the king, but far worse befell him than he ever had supposed could occur; for on the instant Uther's knights were in the town where the Irishmen lay, and then they set it on fire. There did they fight fiercely; for with their swords they cut down the Irish, who were all naked. The Irish too fought furiously with the British; but they fell in great numbers; yet as they fought they thus called out to their king: 'Where art thou, coward? Why wilt thou not come hither? Thou lettest us be all destroyed here. Where, too, is thy comrade, Pascent? He sees us falling here. Come, come ye both, with all your strength to help and to aid us.'

"Gillomaur heard these words, and his heart was sore. With his Irish knights he then advanced to the fight, and Pascent too came with him. Both were fated!

"When Uther saw Gillomaur advancing, he instantly rode at him, smote him in the side with the spear, and it glided to the heart, and pierced through the Irish king. Uther rode forward quickly until he overtook Pascent, and then Uther the Good spoke these words:

"'Nay, Pascent thou must now abide, for here cometh Uther riding after thee.'

"And with these words Uther smote Pascent on the head, so that Pascent fell to the ground, and the sword of Uther was in his mouth and its point was in the earth. Such meat was strange to him, I ween!

"Then thus spake Uther: 'Lie thou there now, Pascent. Thus hast thou Britain all under thy hand. Such has been thy hap, and therein art thou now dead. Dwell here now, thou and thy companion Gillomaur. Thus do ye both possess Britain; thus do I deliver it to you both—thus may both abide here. It may never be a cause, a dread to either of you, whom you shall have to feed.'

"Thus spake Uther, and then speeded he onward until he drove the Irish over the waters and over the fens, and slew all the host that had come to land with Pascent."—Vol. ii. pp. 330-334.*

THE ROUND TABLE OF ARTHUR.

"It was on a holiday that Arthur in London lay; and there came to him men of all his kingdoms, of British land, of Scotland, of Ireland, of Iceland, and of every land that Arthur had in hand; and all the highest thanes, with horsemen and with swains. There came seven kings' sons, with five hundred knights, without mentioning the folk that obeyed Arthur. Each of these had in his

* See note by Sir F. Madden, vol. iii. p. 366. on vv. 18022-18121.

heart proud thoughts, and esteemed himself to be better than his neighbour. From many lands they came, and each envied t'other's fame; and if one accounted himself high, the other thought himself much higher. There blew the trumpets, and then were the tables spread. Water men brought on the floor, in golden bowls; and next soft clothes, all of white silk. Then Arthur sate down, and beside him Wenhaver, the queen; next sate the earls, and thereafter the barons; and next then the knights, as men disposed them. Then high-born men bore the meat forth-right to every brave knight, then to the thanes, then towards the swains, then toward the porters forth at the board. The people became angered, and blows there were rife. At first, whilst they lasted, they threw loaves, and then silver bowls filled with wine, and afterwards they fought with fists.

"Then leaped there forth a young man, who out of Winet-land had come. He was given to Arthur to hold as a hostage. He was the son of Rumarette, the king that was of Winette. Thus said the knight then to Arthur the king:

"'Lord Arthur, go quickly into thy chamber, and thy queen with thee, and all thine known relations, and this combat we shall decide with these foreign warriors.

"And as he said the word, he leaped to the board, where lay the knives, before the great king. Three knives he grasped, and with one smote the knight who first begun the fight, that his head on the floor fell to the ground. Soon slew he another, who was the knight's brother, and before the swords came, he had felled seven down.

"Then there was there an exceedingly great fight; each man smote another; there was much blood shed; and mischief was amid the people.

"Then came the king out of his chamber, and with him an hundred nobles, helmeted and in armour, and each bore in his right hand a white steel brand. Then cried out the noblest of kings, Arthur: 'Sit, sit ye down quickly, each man on his life. He that will not do so shall be put to death. Take for me there the man who this fight first began. On his neck put a swithy, and drag him to a moor, then put him in a low fen, there shall he lie. And take ye all his next of kin that ye may find, and strike off their heads with your broad swords. The women that ye may find of his nearest kindred cut off their noses, so that they may lose their beauty; and thus will I destroy all the race of which he comes. And if I evermore hear that any of my folk, of high or of low degree, shall excite strife on account of this same slaughter, then nought shall ransom him, neither gold, nor treasure, nor fine horse, nor war-garment—nought shall save him from death—from being torn in pieces by horses. That is the doom of the traitor. Bring ye the relics, and thereon shall I swear this. So shall you,

each knight who was present at this fight; my earls, and my barons, ye too shall swear not to break it.'

"The first that swore was Arthur, the noblest of all the kings; then swore the earls, then swore the barons, then swore the thanes, and then swore the swains, that they never more that strife would revive.

"Then took men all the dead, and in a burial place laid them.

"Afterwards the trumpets' loud noise was the signal for renewed joys; was one willing, was one loath, each there took water and cloth, and sat down reconciled to the board, and all from dread of Arthur, noblest of kings. There cup-bearers thronged; there gleemen sung, there the harps resounded, and there pleasures abounded. Thus, for full seven nights, did the folks live in delights.

"Subsequently, (sayeth the tale,) the king went to Cornwall, and there came to him one of the most crafty workmen, who, upon the king meeting, did say with fair greeting: 'Hail! to thee, Arthur, noblest of kings! I am thine own man, through many a land have I gone; I know of the tree-works, and of many wondrous crafts. I heard beyond the sea strange tidings told, how thine own knights, at thy board begun to fight, and that on mid-winters' day many there were slain; and that through their mickle pride they murderous deeds wrought, as for his high lineage sake each would be within. But I will work for thee an exceeding fair board, that thereat may sit sixteen hundred and more, all turn about, so that none may be without, but without and within they be, man opposite to man. And wherever thou wilt ride this may be brought with thee, and thou canst place it as thou wishest, and never thereafter canst thou have any dread, even to the world's end, that ever any moody knight at thy board may make a fight, for there will the high be even with the low.'

"Timber then was brought, and the table it was wrought, in four weeks from the time it first had been begun. Upon a high day the folk were assembled, and Arthur himself approached to the board, and ordered every knight to take his seat forthright. Then were seated all the knights to their meat; then spoke each with the other as if he were his brother, and they all sat about, and there was none without. Every sort of knight was disposed there aright. Each was seated one by one, the high as well as the low; and none there could think that he had better drink than any of his comrades who were at the same board.

"This was the self-same board of which Britons boast, and say many a leasing of Arthur their king." (vol. ii. p. p. 532, 540.)*

* See notes by Sir F. Madden, vol. iii. pp. 282, on v. 22,565, and 22,735.

DEATH OF KING ARTHUR.

"Upon the Tambre, at the place called Camelford, the opposing armies of Arthur and Modred encountered. Upon the Tambre they encountered. There were the standards elevated, there were drawn forth the long swords, that on the instant smote helmets, and sent forth the flashing fire. There were spears splintered, shields shivered, shafts smashed; and there fought in one thick cluster an innumerable folk, whilst there was poured into the fair waters of the Tambre a red tide of blood. There was a fight in which no warrior could be distinguished, nor who did best nor who did worst, in such confusion was the commingled strife; for each slew, where he could, every one before him, was he swain or was he knight.

"There was slain Modred, and all his days in this life ended. There too were slain all Modred's knights. There too were slain all the brave warriors of Arthur, the high as well as the low; all the Britons of Arthur's board, and all his dependants from many a kingdom.

"And there too lay Arthur, wounded with a broad slaughter spear! Fifteen wounds he had, in the least of which one might thrust two gloves!

"Two hundred thousand men there lay hewed in pieces, so that of all that fight there remained no more alive than Arthur, the king, and two of his knights.

"Arthur was wondrously much wounded. There came to him one of his kindred, a young lad, the son of Cador, earl of Cornwall, and this lad was named Constantine, and he was one very dear to the king. Arthur, as he lay on the ground, looked on him and said:

"Constantine, thou art welcome. Thou art the son of Cador. I here give thee my kingdom. Ever during thy life defend thou my Britons. Maintain them in all the laws that stood in my days, and in all the good laws that stood in the days of Uther. I will now away to Avalon—to the fairest of all maidens,—to Argante, their queen—an elf that is most fair; and she shall make my wounds all sound, and whole shall she make me with healing draughts. At a future time I will come again to my kingdom, and dwell with much joy amongst the Britons."

"And as he spoke these words, there came up from the sea, floating with the waves, a little boat, and in this boat were two women, that were wondrously formed; and they took up Arthur, bore him hastily to the boat, laid him softly down, and then were seen to depart.

"Then was accomplished that which had been said by Merlin, that great would be the grief after the departure of Arthur.

"The Britons believe that Arthur is still alive, and that he

dwelleth in Avalon, with the fairest of all elves; and the Britons yet expect that Arthur shall return."—Vol. iii. pp. 140, 145.*

Such were the "Sagas" of a noble, generous, gallant, and pious race of men, who brought with them the gospel wherever they went, uplifted the cross wherever they encamped, and gathered around their exiled priests, wherever they abode, a Christian congregation, and thought how by holy works of charity they might alleviate the sufferings of the poor.† Amongst them might be found what we suspect to be an ancient British land-law, and which, if modified so as to suit the circumstances of Ireland, might be rendered a pacificating Landlord and Tenant bill.‡

Such were the Sagas which cheered the sufferings, alleviated the sorrows, and warmed the hearts of the brave Breton exiles, and induced them, as independent men, and as lovers of freedom, to shake their spears against the white shields of the Franks.§

Such were the Sagas of those who lived in a land which was not their own, who would not learn the language of the foreigner, who stood by their cradle, and was doomed to dig their grave. Such were the Sagas of those who clung with a child-like love to the words of their mother tongue, and thought that its sounds were the most holy for home prayer, and the most sweet, the most melodious, and the most expressive for verse. Such were the

* See notes by Sir F. Madden, vol. iii. pp. 408, 412. From these notes we shall content ourselves with a single extract:

"It will be seen," observes Sir F. Madden, "by a comparison of Wace with Layamon's text, how greatly the latter here differs from his original, and it is impossible not to recognize in this, and in the parallel passage, vol. ii. p. 546, the influence of *British traditional tales, derived from other and more ancient sources than Geoffrey of Monmouth.*"—vol. iii. p. 410.

† See De Courson's 'Histoire de Peuples Bretons,' vol. ii. pp. 215, 217.

‡ Upon "the tenant right" in Brittany, or "domaine congeable," see De Courson, vol. ii. p. 219.

§ "Scuta mihi fucata, tamen sunt candida vobis,
Multa manent, belli non timor ullus adest."

Ermold Nigell. Carm. de Reb. Gest. Ludov. Pii.
Lib. iii. vv. 243, 244.

Sagas of British princes, and bishops, and priests, and people, and that filled them with the enthusiastic vigour of patriotism, as they fought against a Frankish king in Gaul, and a Saxon king in England. Can it be that Britons feel no interest in these things, or that they are of no more worth in their estimation than the ballads of the land of Oc, or the ditties of the Minnesingers of Germany, or the liedboekje of the doleful Dutch?

We hope that it is not so; but that even our observations may aid in inducing a fitting attention being bestowed upon the truly valuable work of Sir F. Madden which heads this article. It is a book of priceless worth as a study to philologists, peculiarly valuable to antiquarians, and as far as knowledge of ancient traditions is concerned, a book that cannot be dispensed with. It establishes a new claim upon the general respect which Sir F. Madden has long since deservedly obtained, and so worthily enjoys.

We feel that we have not done full justice to this subject; first, because we have left untouched some of the most interesting incidents in the *Apocryphal History of England*; secondly, because we have not shown how much of *true* English history may be gleaned from these legends.

To the latter point, (and it is a most interesting one,) fuller time, a more fitting opportunity, and larger space may be afforded; and should such be the case, we hope so to avail ourselves of them, as to employ them, if not to the amusement of our readers, at least to the development of that which we conceive to be the truth,

“ And it is wisdom for to wyttē
The state of the land, an haf it wryten,
What manere of folk first it wan,
And of what kynde it first began.”*

* Robert of Brunne's Prologue to his Chronicle.

ART. IX.—*Ἀρχαία ἱστορία ἐπὶ τεσσάρων*.—*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland. By the Four Masters. From the earliest period to the year 1616. Edited from the Autograph Manuscript, with a Translation and copious Notes.* By JOHN O'DONOVAN, Esq., M. R. I. A., Barrister at Law. 3 Vols. 4to. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1848.

THERE is a story told by Pliny of a Roman farmer named Cresinus, who, when his poor little farm was found to produce more than the much larger and richer tenements of his neighbours, was brought before the edile on the charge of sorcery. The honest farmer, accompanied by his daughter, well-clad, healthful, and vigorous, produced in the forum, as his best reply to the accusation, his entire stock of agricultural implements—his well-shaped hoes, his massive spades, his deep and ponderous plough-shares—above all, his sleek and well-fed oxen. “These are my magic arts, O Romans!” he said. “But there are others which I cannot exhibit—my sleepless hours, my watchings, and the sweats I have endured.”

If the enterprising publishers of the magnificent volumes now upon our table, were taxed by some jealous rival with similar malpractices in the typographic art, they would be placed, as far as their defence is concerned, in the same difficulty which embarrassed this honest farmer. They might point to the various appliances of their art—their improved presses, their new-cast type, their patent ink, and glossy paper—to the acknowledged learning of their editor and translator, and the success of his previous literary undertakings; but all this, though it is impossible to gainsay its truth in each and every particular, would go but a very short way in accounting for the manifold excellencies of this truly princely publication. There still remains much behind, of which the publishers can give but a faint and imperfect idea—much that the public are but little disposed to consider, and, for the most part, but ill qualified to understand or appreciate. There are some things, indeed, which it is impossible to overlook. The most superficial cannot fail to be struck by the outward splendour of the work—the beauty of the typography—the simple and substantial elegance which is everywhere displayed—the extent and seeming variety of the annotations, and the general evidences of learning which the volumes bear upon their very

front. But—except with those who will encounter the trouble of a long and careful examination of its very minutest details, who are to some extent familiar, at least with the sources, of Irish antiquarian science, and who are enabled to judge, by a comparison with what had been done by previous investigators—the real merits of this admirable translation of “*The Four Masters*,” and the labours of its accomplished editor, are as little likely to be estimated at their true value, as were the “sweats and watchings” of Cresinus in the instructive apologue of Pliny. For our own part, even in a professedly critical notice, we can but hope, within the limited space at our disposal, to render a scanty and imperfect measure of justice to a work of such vast extent and of so various and profound erudition; nor can we propose to do more than explain its general character, and direct attention to a few particulars from which the reader will be enabled to form a judgment for himself.

The celebrated compilation of “*The Four Masters*,” has attracted so much attention during the last ten years, among all who pretend even to a superficial knowledge of Irish antiquities, that we are spared the trouble of entering at any length into an account of its history, or a description of its contents. It will be quite enough to mention, for the benefit of those who are less informed, that it is a compilation of the ancient annals of Ireland from the earliest period, down to the year 1616, undertaken under the auspices of Fergal O’Gara, lord of Moy O’Gara and Coolavin, and completed in the Franciscan convent of Donegal, between January 1632, and August 1636; that the principal authors of the compilation were four in number;—the brothers Michael O’Clery and Conary O’Clery, (the former a Franciscan friar, the latter a layman;) their kinsman, Cucogry (or Peregrine) O’Clery, head of the Tirconnell Sept of O’Clery, and Cucogry O’Duigenan, a native of the county of Leitrim; that they were assisted for a short time by Feargus O’Maolconary, (O’Conary,) and Maurice O’Maolconary, of Roscommon, hereditary historians of the kings of Connaught; that they used, in their work of compilation, all the existing historical documents which they were enabled to collect after long and diligent research, digesting the materials and arranging them according to the order of time, but retaining for the most part the precise language and form of each of the originals which they followed; and that their

name, "The Four Masters," is a title not selected by themselves, but applied to them by Irish writers generally, since the days of Colgan, who appears to have been the first to adopt it.

The Annals are commonly* divided into two parts; the first embracing the history prior to 1172—the second, that of the period from 1172 to 1616. Of the original Irish text, the First Part, as far as the end of the year 1171, was published (in Italic characters, however,) with a Latin translation at the foot of the page, by Dr. O'Connor, in his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*. It occupies the entire of the third volume of that great work, the text being printed from the autograph manuscript, which is preserved in the Stowe library. The patriotic publishers of the present volumes, long distinguished by their ready and enterprising munificence in all that concerns our Irish literature, proposed to complete the annals by printing the Second Part, if not uniformly with Dr. O'Connor's First Part, at least in the same shape and general appearance. They resolved, however, that the Irish character should be preserved; that the translation should be in English, and not in Latin; and that it should be accompanied by such notes and illustrations as would render it—what can hardly be said of the First Part—accessible to every student of Irish history. After the translation had been completed, and in part, we believe, printed, the design was most injudiciously forestalled by the appearance of an English translation unaccompanied by the Irish text. But, although this publication has, as might have been anticipated, been the cause of heavy pecuniary loss, both to its own proprietors and to those of the present edition, it has not, as for a time was feared, prevented the completion of the latter. On the contrary, according to the original design, it was intended to comprise the work in two volumes. But in the progress of the publication, the materials for its illustration were found to grow so far beyond expectation,

* It would appear, however, from the dedication prefixed to the (autograph) MS. from which the present edition has been printed and translated, that the division adopted by the compilers themselves, brings the first part as far down as 1208, (Preface, p. xxxvii.) Nevertheless, the editor, for obvious reasons, commences with the year 1172, the point at which the portion published by Dr. O'Connor terminates.

that it became necessary to add a third volume, the whole work now extending to above 2,500 quarto pages. We have heard too, with very great satisfaction, that it is intended to publish a fourth volume, which shall contain not only the whole of the First Part, (thus completing the Annals,) but also a full general index of the entire work, without which, indeed, it can hardly be considered available for any of the ordinary uses of historical study.

The MS. from which the text of the present edition has been printed, is that which is in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, and which is clearly proved by Dr. Petrie, (in a paper read before the academy, and inserted in the introduction of the first volume,) to be most probably the first, but, at all events one, of the autograph copies made by the hands of the Masters themselves. It seems beyond all doubt, that several MS. copies of the work, were simultaneously prepared by the authors of the compilation. Thus, the First Part, which is in the Stowe library, corresponds in every respect with the Second Part, which is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, so that they appear to be the two volumes of the same copy. The copy in the library of the Academy, contains the entire of the Second and a portion of the First Part, but it differs in many respects from the copies already named; while a third copy, (the First Part,) in the library of the convent of the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore at Rome, though it bears the same attestations, and is equally authentic and original, cannot, judging from internal evidence, be regarded as the counterpart of either of the copies preserved in Dublin.

It might appear at first sight, however, that the task of editing a work, in which the editor has had the advantage of more than one authentic copy of the autograph MS. could not have presented many difficulties, at least difficulties of a serious kind. If any person be disposed to entertain this idea, we would beg of him to examine almost any single page out of the two thousand five hundred of which the work consists, in order that he may learn what is the true nature and extent of Mr. O'Donovan's editorial labours. Let him see the numberless minute verbal criticisms; the elaborate topographical annotations, with which the page is loaded; the historical, genealogical, and biographical notices; the lucid and ingenious illustrations drawn from the ancient laws, customs, traditions, and institutions of Ireland; the parallelisms and discrepancies of

the narrative with that of other annalists, both native and foreign; the countless controversies which are examined and adjusted; the errors which are corrected; the omissions and deficiencies supplied; in a word, the curious and varied learning which is every where displayed;—above all, let him remember that the mine from which all these treasures have been drawn is for the most part new and unexplored; that the materials thus lavishly applied to the illustration of the text are in great part manuscript; manuscripts, too, of which Ussher and Ware, even Wadding and Colgan, not to speak of Lynch and Lanigan, had never seen, or had left unexamined, many of them in a language which is to a great extent obsolete, in which all existing dictionaries and glosses are entirely valueless, and in which the words and phrases can only be illustrated and explained by the general analogies of language, eked out by such comparisons with each other, as these incomplete and scanty materials will permit;—let him remember all this, and he will understand, without difficulty, the long and toilsome preparation which has been expended on this admirable work, and will cease to wonder how, commenced in January 1832, it is only after fifteen or sixteen years of patient study and investigation that it is at last given to the public.

To all this we must add the difficulties which the mere work of translation presented. The language in which these annals are written, being not only obsolete in its words, but still more in its structure and peculiar forms, is for the most part obscure, and, in many places, is entirely unintelligible, even to those who are most practised in the modern Irish. Charles O'Connor of Belanagare, in his letters to the Chevalier O'Gorman, assures him that the task of translating the *Annals of the Four Masters* cannot be undertaken with any hope of success, but by those "who are skilled in our old classic phraseology;" that any version "not executed by a man who has a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish language, and with the changes made therein from the sixth to the tenth centuries, will not only frequently misrepresent the sense, but will really be worse than none at all." He repeatedly declares that he does not know, "in his own province of Connaught, a single scholar, himself excepted, who can read these annals, or explain many of the terms, though they could read them;" indeed, he declares that he is sure

there is no such person ; and he expresses his strong apprehension that, if the precaution of printing the text with a literal translation be long neglected, "the treasures still preserved in the language will be as certainly lost as those which have already perished." Happily for our literature this prediction has not been fulfilled ; the patient (though, we regret to add, ill-requited and imperfectly appreciated) labours of a little knot of friends, have averted the calamity which this eminent scholar and antiquarian had anticipated ; and not alone the annals to which he thus despondingly referred, but many other equally interesting remains of our literature, of whose existence even he was not aware, have been not merely rescued from destruction, but have been illustrated and explained with a degree of learning, liberality, and taste, which he had never dreamed of, even in his most sanguine aspirations.

If we have given the credit of this happy result to the zeal and industry of a few friends, it is not because we would underrate the merits of the veterans of our literature, or the services of the many who have been toiling of late years in its various departments ; but because we feel assured that we speak the common and affectionately unanimous opinion of them all, when we attribute the regeneration of the study of Irish literature and antiquities, pre-eminently, to three friends, who have laboured so much in common that it is difficult to separate them from each other,—George Petrie, John O'Donovan, and Eugene Curry.

Of the two former it is unnecessary to speak. As regards Dr. Petrie, we believe there are few, even among those who might be regarded as his early rivals, who will not cordially acknowledge the author of "the History and Antiquities of Tara," and of "The Round Towers and Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," as the founder of the true science of Irish Antiquities ; and if any thing were wanting to Mr. O'Donovan's earlier reputation—if his fame had not been already sufficiently established by his profound and most scholar-like "*Grammar of the Irish language*"—by his publications for the Archæological Society—the "*Battle of Magh-Rath*;" "*The Circuit of Ireland*;" "*The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many*;" "*The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Fiachrach*;"—and by his numberless miscellaneous Essays and Dissertations on almost every subject connected with Irish Antiquities ;—if all these were unknown or

forgotten, the single publication now before us would place him, beyond all dispute, in the very first rank of the antiquarians of this or any other country.

The third member of this most meritorious triumvirate has been less before the public; but his services, though less striking, have been scarcely less important. For those who are acquainted with the internal economy of the Irish Academy, the Archæological Society, the Celtic Society, and, in general, with the working department of Irish Antiquities, it is unnecessary to say a word regarding the merits of Mr. Eugene Curry. But the public generally, whose observation seldom reaches beyond the title-page of such publications as those to which we allude, knows nothing of his merits; and even the few who are acquainted with his name, have learned to look upon him in the light of a pioneer for our more distinguished scholars—a mere transcriber of Irish manuscripts, a reviser of Irish proofs, and, in a word, a man-of-all-work in the lowest and most mechanical department of our literature. We gladly avail ourselves, therefore, of this opportunity to offer a few words in explanation of the services of this really remarkable man, to whom every single one of our recent Irish publications owes many and most important obligations.

Mr. Curry's first public connexion with Irish literature, we believe, originated in his introduction to the Antiquarian department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, about the year 1835. He was selected to assist his friends, Dr. Petrie and Mr. O'Donovan, in the investigation of Irish historical and topographical MSS. for the purpose of illustrating the labours of the Survey; and, in a short time, this department was entrusted principally to his care. The results of these minute and laborious researches remain, through the narrow economy of three successive administrations, locked up among the unpublished MSS. of the Survey; and there is one especially, the suppression of which must be a subject of the deepest regret to every student of ancient Irish literature. When Mr. Curry and his associates entered in good earnest upon the examination of the older Irish MSS. they soon found that, as we have already observed, the modern dictionaries and glossarial compilations were of little value. To supply this important deficiency, Mr. Curry undertook the compilation of an original glossary, not alone of all the words

which are not to be found in published dictionaries, but also of those words which, in the published compilations, are explained loosely and inaccurately; or which, in the more modern books, are used in a signification materially different from that which they bore in the primitive language of the earlier annals. To this tedious and toilsome task he devoted, for nearly two years, every moment of his official time which he could subtract from the regular task-work of his department. But the premature and unexpected suspension of the labours of the Survey, interrupted the work; and since that time the fruits of all this toil have shared the fate of the other manuscripts of the Survey, with the single exception of the Antiquities of the Parish of Templemore, and Dr. Petrie's admirable Essay on the Antiquities of Tara.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Curry did not abandon the idea of completing what he had commenced. Immediately after the unexpected suspension of the researches connected with the Survey, his services were engaged for the Royal Irish Academy, and soon afterwards by the Archæological Society, which was just then being organized. His connexion with these learned bodies has placed within his reach all the MSS. in the libraries of the Academy, and of the Dublin University, as well as in the private libraries of the leading members of both: and by that steady and persevering industry for which he is distinguished, he has contrived, amid his manifold occupations, to compile for his own private use, a glossary of the early Irish language, drawn from its most ancient existing remains—from the *Brehon Laws*; from the *Book of Leinster*; from the *Leabhar-na-Huidhre*, the *Book of Lismore*, the *Book of Ballymote*, the *Leabhar-Breac*, the *Yellow Book of Lecan*, the *Book of Lecan*, the *Book of Feenagh*, the *Annals of Ulster*, the *Annals of Kilronan*, the genealogical work of *Mac Fírbis*, the *Annals of Tighearnach*, the *Annals of Innis-fallen*; in a word, from every existing source—not alone larger works, such as those which we have here enumerated, but also the countless smaller poetical and prose pieces, lives of Saints, ancient calendars, and other fragments, amounting to nearly a thousand in number. The compilation, of which we are enabled to speak from our own inspection, already extends to eight hundred folio pages. It is arranged on the plan of the larger dictionaries;—the interpretations of the several words being

supported and illustrated by authorities extracted from the ancient MSS. to which we have referred ; and if it be fair to argue from the extent and variety of these authorities, it may be regarded as furnishing a complete key to all the difficulties of the ancient Irish language, as well as of the entire existing collection of our Irish MSS.

Another of Mr. Curry's labours, less interesting to students generally, but of infinite value in the examination of the MSS. in these collections, has been the compilation of topographical and nomenclatory indexes for several of the most ancient and important of these MSS. The value of such indexes, for the purposes of reference, cannot be too highly estimated, when it is recollected that many of the MSS. themselves, are sealed books even to our most distinguished Irish scholars.

We have dwelt thus long upon this purely private and personal work, because we regard it as a very remarkable example of unostentatious perseverance, of modest and unassuming research, and of devotion to literature for its own sake ; and because we are not without hope that the knowledge that there are some at least who sympathize with, and appreciate his labours, may induce the humble author to complete what he has commenced, to reduce to order the vast compilation which he has thus prepared, and, by publishing this invaluable glossary, to secure for posterity the fruit of so many years of a research so laborious, and for which, if it once be lost, so few can ever hope again to possess the same capability, or to enjoy the same advantages and opportunities.

With materials such as these at his command, it will hardly be matter of surprise that Mr. Curry has taken a leading part in the preparation of all the Irish publications of the Archæological and Celtic societies, in which he has acted as assistant general in the editorial (Irish) department. His province has been, in the first place, to transcribe the oldest and best copy which could be found of the tract intended for publication ; then the second best, if a second were found ; and in some cases even more than two copies were placed at the Editor's disposal, for the greater facility of collation. In the next place, his duty was to select from the text all obsolete, difficult, or obscure phrases or words, and to procure, if possible, collateral authorities for the meaning which his research enabled him to suggest. His histo-

rical and topographical stores, too, were freely placed at the disposal of the several Editors; and it is gratifying to know that all, with one voice, both in their private communications, and in their published editorial acknowledgments, bear the highest testimony to the extent, the variety, and the importance of the information which he was enabled to furnish. As an example of the nature of these labours, we may mention the precise part which he had in the preparation of one of these publications with which we happen to be acquainted—we refer to the *Leabhar-na-Ceart*—the first publication of the Celtic Society. He not only transcribed the Irish text, and lengthened out the contractions with which the original is over-loaded, but he also read and examined the Editor's translation, considering, in company with him and Mr. Hudson, every sentence in the entire tract. He supplied authorities for the meaning of all the unusual or obscure words, and many of the historical and explanatory notes owe much to his assistance. In the Introduction, too, which is an essay of extraordinary learning and research, many of the authorities were supplied by Mr. Curry; and in general he may be regarded as having assisted and directed the labours of the Editor throughout the entire publication.

In addition to these contributions to the publications of the learned societies to which we have referred, Mr. Curry's assistance has also been freely accorded to the publications of his private friends. We need but refer to the warm and affectionate acknowledgments of Dr. Petrie in his "Essay on the Round Towers,"—of Mr. Evelyn Shirley in his "History of the Principality of Farnes,"—of Mr. Reeves in his "Antiquities of Down and Connor,"—of Dr. Wilde in the "Census of 1841,"—of Dr. Madden, Dr. Neligan, and many other writers in the "Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science;" and when it is recollected that all, or the greater part of the time devoted to these pursuits, is stolen from what may be regarded as the business of his life—the occupation on which he is dependant for his precarious and scanty income—from the duty of transcribing Irish MSS., of collecting and copying rare documents and extracts bearing upon particular subjects,* of drawing up descriptive cata-

* We may instance a curious and interesting collection illus-

logues of Irish MSS.,* of preparing fac-similes, &c., the reader will be enabled to form some estimate of the abilities, the acquirements, the energy, the untiring perseverance, and above all, the love of his adopted profession, and devotion to Irish literature and antiquities, which are united in this retiring but remarkable scholar. We shall only add our hope that the day is not far distant, when, his merit being more fully known and recognized, we shall meet him in the character of an independent literary man; enjoying in his own name and in his own person, the honours, and we trust we may add, the advantages, of that varied and ready familiarity with our literature, the fruits of which he so freely communicates to others.

It is time, however, to return to the "Annals of the Four Masters." If the reader has taught himself to look forward to this long expected work for a continuous, complete, and well digested history of Ireland, he will be grievously disappointed. He will find, at least in the earlier Anglo-Irish period, little more than a series of historical entries, arranged in the order of years, recording, in brief and meagre words, a succession of births and deaths, of wars and peaces, of plunderings and reprisals, of battles and banquets, of forays and pilgrimages, of crimes and penances, of buildings and pullings-down of churches, of endowings and plunderings of monasteries, of trials of arms and trials of learning, of contests of knights and contests of minstrels—in a word, of the most striking and prominent events, such as might have been expected in a country invaded by a foreign enemy, and divided against itself in its internal governments. And if perchance he be disposed to entertain a sentiment of surprise, and perhaps of humiliation, at the seeming indications of barbarism and want of civilization which these entries display, he must only console his national pride by comparing them with those of any other nation under circumstances of

trating the History of the Geraldines, drawn up for the Marquess of Kildare; a collection of rare MSS. for Dr. Todd, F.T.C.D.; of Sacred Poetry posterior to the Reformation, for Rev. Professor Kelly, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and many other similar collections.

* For example, the magnificent catalogues of the MSS. of the Royal Irish Academy; of the Collection of Messrs. Hodges and Smith, &c.

an analogous character. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" which the recent reprint of Bohn's Antiquarian Library has rendered so accessible, will supply an excellent parallel. Its staple materials will be found to be strikingly similar to those of our own "Annals;"—the style in which they are recorded is not very different, and the picture which they present is not a jot less wild and dark in its main character, while it wants many of the cheering and redeeming lights which soften down even the gloomiest strokes of the Irish Masters' pencil.

"The Annals of the Four Masters," then, are to be considered not as history, but as materials of history. Viewed in this light, it is difficult to over-estimate their value. The judgment may appear paradoxical; but we do not hesitate to say that we consider these bald and meagre records infinitely more valuable than would be a digested and so-called philosophical history of the period, drawn up by the same authors. In the latter case we should have had their views of the facts. As it is we have the facts themselves. As it is, there is history in every entry which they contain—in their selection of the facts on which they dwell, and of the points of character which they commemorate—nay, in the very events and circumstances which they omit or overlook. The reflecting student will learn much from what to a heedless or flippant reader will appear wearisome and unimportant. He will gather knowledge of the habits, the usages, and the social condition of an age, from what others might deem a silly or unmeaning fact, or an empty and redundant epithet; and, from the undigested and disjointed records which are crowded together in the disorderly page of the primitive annalist, he will collect, by analogy, by comparison, or by deduction, views of the true history of those times, more valuable, and if he work honestly, perhaps more accurate and more instructive, than he could hope to have derived from the speculations of the contemporary authors themselves.

The history of Ireland during the years embraced in these Annals presents two phases—its internal history, and its history in its relation to England and English rule. The latter phase of the history, we need hardly say, is the one which almost all modern historians, native as well as foreign, have laboured to exhibit. In their bearing upon this view of the history, the Annals cannot but be regarded as of exceeding importance; and Mr. O'Donovan, in his histori-

cal annotations, has done a great deal to facilitate the labours of the future historian, whose task it will be to compare the conflicting accounts of the English and Irish historians, to confront the narratives of the invader and the invaded, and to strike the balance of truth according to the evidence. It is amusing to place the native and foreign chroniclers side by side, and to check their narratives by each other; though it would be idle to conceal to which side, in a conflict of views, our judgment as well as our feeling must incline us. There is no good Irishman who will not wish to compare Cambrensis's account of the battle of Thurles [1174] with that of the Four Masters (p. 16), as well as those of the various annalists whom he will find cited in the notes. We also recommend to his perusal the native history of the battle of Callainn Gleanna o Ruachtain [1261], in which, even according to Hanmer's account, "the Carties plaid the Divells in Desmond" (p. 383); of the battle of Ath-an-Chip, upon the Shannon [1270] p. 412; of the great confederation against the invaders under Brian O'Neill in 1258, and of the slaughter of the English at the Brosna by Art O'Melaghlin in 1261. (p. 395.) Many a so-called act of Irish treachery will prove to have been an exercise of the legitimate rights of war; while, on the other hand, in the native record, the glories of the conquerors will be found sullied by many a foul and dastardly treason. It would be a curious task to pursue the contrast through the entire period which these annals embrace, from the death of the ill-fated Tiernan O'Rourke (1172), whom the Irish annals describe as "treacherously slain" (p. 5.), whereas Cambrensis makes *him* the traitor, down to the celebrated massacre (1577) of Mullagh-Mast (p. 1695), the reality of which has been called in question altogether by some of the English historians.

Such an enquiry as this, however, would be quite foreign to our present purpose; and, in truth, to regard this comparative, and as it were extrinsic, use, as the chief and more important application of these Annals, would be a gross and most unphilosophical blunder. They form, pre-eminently, a native history; and indeed it is in some sense amusing to observe how completely, and almost exclusively, Irish, their character appears. The entries regarding foreign history, even that of England, and what is still more wonderful, of the Pale, are rare, meagre,

and seemingly without interest in the eyes of the authors. A few words to say that "in this year the King of England was crowned," or, as the case may be, "died;" that "the English governor arrived in Dublin," will often be the sum of what we are told of a period which is full of interest in English history. And the same is equally and perhaps more true, as regards general history—even those events which it might naturally appear almost impossible to overlook. Thus, for example, we have looked through the whole period of the great Schism of the West, with the view of discovering something of the feeling entertained in Ireland, as to the claims of the rival obediences, but without finding the most remote allusion to the existence of the schism. There is no notice taken of the removal of the papal residence to Avignon, or its restoration to Rome; none of the great councils of Constance and Basil, which kept all continental Europe, and even England, so many years in turmoil. Even the great movement of the Reformation obtains but slight notice. Neither the name of Luther, nor that of Calvin, much less of Melancthon or minor lights of the new learning, is, as far as we are aware, even once mentioned; there is no allusion to the Reformation in its earlier stages: it is never referred to till the year 1537, and, even then, the following is the sum of the notice which is bestowed upon the event.

"A heresy and a new error sprang up in England, through pride, vain-glory, avarice, and lust, and through many strange sciences, so that the men of England went into opposition to the Pope and to Rome. They at the same time adopted various opinions, and among others, the old law of Moses, in imitation of the Jewish people; and they styled the king the chief head of the church of God in his own kingdom. New laws and statutes were enacted by the king and council, according to their own will. They destroyed the orders to whom worldly possessions were allowed, namely, the Monks, Canons, Nuns, Brethren of the Cross, and the four poor orders, i. e. the orders of the Minors, Preachers, Carmelites, and Augustinians, and the lordships and livings of all these were taken up for the king. They broke down the monasteries, and sold their roofs and walls, so that from Aran of the Saints to the Iccian Sea, (between England and France,) there was not one monastery that was not broken and shattered, with the exception of a few in Ireland, of which the English took no notice or heed."

And after detailing the outrages committed in the destruction of images and relics, especially the image of

our Lady at Trim, and the staff of Jesus (the crozier of St. Patrick so called) at Dublin, the notice concludes :

"They also appointed bishops and sub-bishops for themselves, and though great was the persecution of the Roman Emperors against the Church, scarcely had there ever come so great a persecution from Rome as this ; so that it is impossible to tell or narrate its description, unless it should be narrated by one who saw it."—Vol. ii. pp. 1445-1449.

The annals, therefore, are purely Irish. Nor indeed are they to be regarded as a complete body of Irish annals. It must not be forgotten, that the O'Clery's were the hereditary *seanachies* of Tirconnell, and that hence their collection is chiefly made with a view to the history of the O'Donnell and his tributaries or allies. For them, therefore, the annals of Ulster and of North Connaught were of paramount interest ; and though the rest is not neglected, yet the favoured district comes in for more than its due share of notice. As a specimen of the obituary notices of the great chiefs with which these volumes abound, as well as of the praises of the O'Donnell, which their loyal *seanachies* delight to heap together, we transcribe the entry of the death of the lord of Tirconnell, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, "son of Nialle Garv, son of Torlough of the Wine," which is given under the year 1505. After detailing all the tribes from which he "obtained hostages" during his life, the annalist proceeds.

"This O'Donnell was the full moon of the hospitality and nobility of the North, the most jovial and valiant, the most prudent in war and peace, and of the best jurisdiction, law, and rule, of all the Gaels in Ireland in his time, for there was no defence made [of the houses] in Tirconnell during his time, except to close the door against the wind only ; the best protector of the Church and the learned ; a man who had given great alms in honour of the Lord of the elements ; the man by whom a castle was first raised and erected at Donegal, that it might serve as a sustaining bulwark for his descendants ; and a monastery for Friars, de observantia, in Tirconnell, namely, the monastery of Donegal ; a man who had made many predatory excursions round through Ireland, and who may justly be styled the Augustus of the North-West of Europe. He died after having gained the victory over the devil and the world, and after (Extreme) Unction and good Penance, at his own fortress in Donegal, on Friday the fifth day of the Ides of July, in the 78th year of his age and 44th of his reign, and was interred in the monastery of Donegal."—Vol. ii. p. 1283.

"We may notice as one of the curiosities of the autograph MS. from which the text is printed, that this entry contains a manuscript note, nearly two centuries old, by some reader who has underlined, as a *bpeuz zpameamkil* ["*a disgusting lie*,"] the passage in which it is asserted that O'Donnell had taken hostages "from Firmanagh, Oriel, Clannaboy, and the Route, and from the O'Kanes;" concluding his strictures by declaring "A partial sentence for O'Donnell is thy book! *Thou art indeed a Tirconnellian!*"

Mr. O'Donovan, however, has left nothing undone to supply the deficiencies which these partial views of the compilers of the Annals have induced. He has drawn largely, in his notes, upon the general Annals of Ireland; and in many passages where the "Tirconnellians" contented themselves with so much of the history as bore upon the fortunes of their great chieftain and his principality, he has called in the Annals of Ulster, of Kilronan, of Innisfallen, the book of Mac-Brody, of Mac-Firbis, and the other original sources, to fill up the gap in the general narrative. We refer especially to the years, 1261, 1268, and 1278, in which he has supplied from the Annals of Innisfallen, several important facts in Munster history, overlooked by the Four Masters.

There is one of the omissions thus supplied by Mr. O'Donovan for which we shall never forgive the Four Masters—we mean the singularly characteristic, and strikingly beautiful account of Margaret O'Carroll, wife of O'Conor Faly, who died in the year 1451. The entry of the Masters under that year is as follows.

"Margaret, daughter of O'Carroll (Teige), and wife of O'Conor Faly (Calbhach), the best woman of her time in Ireland, for it was she who had given two invitations of hospitality in one year to those who sought for rewards, died, after the victory of unction and penance, triumphant over the world and the devil; and Felim O'Conor, son of Calvagh by this Margaret, and heir to the lordship of Offaly, a man of great fame and reverence, died, having been a long time ill of a decline. Only one night intervened between the deaths of both."—p. 973.

Contrast with this cold and prosaic record the following simple, but, we cannot help thinking, exquisitely touching and poetical, passage from the "*Annals of Ireland from 1443 to 1468*," translated by Duaid Mac Firbis, and pub-

lished in the Miscellany of the Archæological Society. Vol. I. pp. 200-263.—We retain the old orthography.

"1451.—A gratus yearre this yearre was, though the glory and solace of the Irish was sett; but the glory of heaven was amplified and extolled therein; and although this is a yearre of grace (Jubilee) with the Roman Church, it is an ungratious and unglorious yearre to all the Learned in Ireland, both philosophers, poets, priests, strangers, Religious persons, souldiers, mendicant or poore orders, and to all manner and sorts of the poore in Ireland, also for the generall support of their maintenance's decease, to wit, Margerett, daughter to Thady O'Carole, King of Ely, O'Conner ffaly, Calwagh's wife, a woman that never refused any man in the world for any thing that she might command only besides her own body. It is she that twice in one yearre proclaimed to and commonly invited, (i. e., in the dark dayes of the yearre, to witt, on the feast day of Da Sinchell, [26 March,] in Killachy,) all persons both Irish and Scottish, or rather Albanies, to two generale feasts of bestowing both meate and moneyes, with all manner of gifts; whereunto gathered to receive gifts, the matter of two thousand seaven hundred persons, besides gamesters and poore men, as it was recorded in a Roll to that purpose, and that accompt was made thus, *ut vidimus*; viz: the cheife *kins* of each family of the Learned Irish, was by Gilla-na-næmh Mac Ægan's hand, the cheife Judge to O'Conner, written on the Roll, and his adherents and kinsmen, so that the aforesaid number of 2,700 was listed in that Roll, with the arts of *Dan*, or poetry, musick, and antiquities. And Mælin O'Mælconry, one of the chiefe learned of Connaught, was the first written in that Roll, and first payed and dieted or sett to supper, and those of his name after him; and so forth every one, as he was payed he was written in that Roll, for fear of mistake, and sett down to eate afterwards. And Margerett, on the garrotts of the greate churche of Da Sinchell, clad in cloath of gould, her deerest friends about her, her clergy and Judges too. Calwagh himself on horse-back by the churche's outward side, to the end that all might be done orderly and each one served successively. And first of all she gave two chalices of gould as offerings that day on the Altar to God Almighty, and she also caused to nurse or foster too [two] young orphans. But so it was, we never saw nor heard neither the like of that day, nor comparable to its glory and solace.

"And she gave the second inviting proclamation (to every one that came not that day,) on the Feaste day of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady Mary in harvest, at or in the Rath Imayn, and so we have been informed that that second day in Rath-Imayn was nothing inferior to the first day. And she was the only woman that as made most of preparing high wayes, and erecting bridges, churches, mass books, and all manner of things profitable to serve God and her soule, and not that only, but while the world stands, her very

many gifts to the Irish and Scottish nations shall never be numbered. God's blessing, the blessing of all saints, and every one, blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Gluair be on her journey to heaven; and blessed be he that will read and hear this for blessing her soule! Cursed be he that sore in his breast that killed Margaret!" —pp. 972-3.

“ Here is a picture of a true Irish matron of the middle age! Would that, *mutatis mutandis*, we could place her character as a model before each of our fair countrywomen even now! Many such models will they find in the annals now before us—Christina, daughter of O’Naghtan, and wife of Dermot Mac Dermot, (1269), her descendant, Gormlaith Mac Dermott, wife of Manus O’Conor, (1327), Fionnguala, wife of O’Donnell, and Kathleen O’Neill, and Rose O’Boyle, and Celia O’Fallon, and Eveleen Mac Carthy, and Judith Mac Guire, all, in their generations, “charitable, humane, friendly, and pious matrons”—all “renowned in their days for piety and hospitality”—all “bountiful in bestowing, chaste of body, ingenious and witty in the delivery of their mind, devout in their prayers, and inferior to none for any good parts requisite in a noble gentlewoman.” We know no more attractive subject than would be the character of the Irish female of the middle age; and on this, as on most other points of our social history, the Annals will supply abundant and most interesting materials for careful and judicious investigation.

Of course the reader will perceive that we have not thought of following any fixed order in our notices of this vast compilation. Our object is simply to present, as far as may be possible within the space at our disposal, which circumstances render very limited, a few specimens of the most characteristic portions, as well of the original work, as of the learned and voluminous annotations of the editor. It would be unpardonable to overlook the following record, under the year 1224.

“A heavy and awful shower fell on a part of Connaught,—namely, on Hy-Many, Sodan, in Hy-Diarmada, and other districts, from which arose murrain and dreadful distemper among the cattle of the aforesaid territories, after they had eaten of the grass moistened by this shower; and the milk of these cattle produced a variety of inward maladies in the people who used it. It was no wonder that these ominous signs should appear this year in Connaught, for great was the evil and affliction which they suffered

this year, viz.—the death of Cathal Crov-derg, son of Turlough More O'Connor, king of Connaught, a man who of all others had destroyed most of the rebels and enemies of Ireland; he who had most relieved the wants of the clergy, the poor, and the destitute; he who of all the Irish nobility, that existed in or near his time, had received from God most goodness and greatest virtues, for he kept himself content with one married wife, and did not defile his chastity after her death till his own death; in whose time most tithes were lawfully received in Ireland; this just and upright king—this discreet, pious, and just-judging hero—died on the 28th day of the summer (on Monday) in the habit of a Grey Friar, in the monastery of Knockmay, (which monastery, together with its site and lands, he himself had granted to God and the monks,) and was interred there nobly and honourably.”—pp. 213-15.

Upon this entry we find the following curious and interesting note, which may supply an example of Mr. O'Donovan's mode of dealing with the traditions still preserved among the people.

“Cathal Crov-derg was the son of Turlough More O'Connor,* monarch of Ireland, and the brother of Roderic O'Connor, the last of the Irish monarchs. According to the traditional story told about him in the neighbourhood of Ballintober, in the county of Mayo, he was the illegitimate son of King Turlough by Gearrog Ny-Moran, of the territory of Umhall.”

He proceeds to detail the circumstances of his birth, as they are represented in the traditional story. The queen, who was herself barren, jealous of the fertility of her rival, had recourse to a spell in order to prevent the birth of the infant. She procured from a celebrated witch of Ballytoberpatrick a magical string, the possession of which was to ensure her against the possibility of her rival's being delivered of the hated child. The spell was eventually defeated, but its partial success was the cause of a blood-red stain upon the babe's right-hand, “from which he received the cognomen of *Crób deáru*, or ‘*The Red-handed.*’” The story proceeds:

“The Queen of Connaught, who was of a most powerful family,

* It was by order of this Turlough More that the beautiful relic, known as the Cross of Cong, now preserved in the Museum of the Irish Academy, was made. See a very interesting and able notice of the “Annals,” in the Dublin University Magazine, March, 1848.

continued to persecute the red-handed child and his mother, with all the perseverance of a jealous barren woman ; but the child, who had all the appearance of royalty in his countenance, was sheltered by the clergy of the province ; and when the queen discovered that he was lurking in one monastery, he was secretly sent away to another. In this manner was he sheltered for three years in the monasteries of Connaught. At last, the queen's fury rose to such a height against the clergy, that they gave up all hopes of being able to protect the child any longer. His mother then fled with him into Leinster, where, for many years, disguised, she supported him by labouring work. When the boy grew up, although he was constantly told of the royalty of his birth, and of the respectability of the O'Morans, still, having no hopes of being able to return to his native province, as long as the queen lived, he was obliged to apply himself to common labouring work for subsistence ; and it was observed by the clowns of Leinster, that he exhibited no appearance of industry, or taste for agricultural pursuits, but was constantly telling stories about kings, wars, and predatory excursions.

"Time rolled on, and the poor boy with the red hand was necessitated to pass his time in misery, in the society of Leinster clowns and buddaghs, whom he held in the highest contempt. At length a Connaught Bollscaire, or bearer of public news, passing through Leinster, happened to come into the very field in which Crowderg was employed, with several others, reaping rye. They immediately recognised by his dress that he was a Bollscaire, and, therefore, inquired what proclamation he was publishing. He replied in the set words of his commission, that the king of Connaught was dead, and that the people, assembled in council, had declared that they would have no king but Cathal Crowderg, his son ; and, he added, I, and many others, have been for several weeks in search of him, in different parts of Ireland, but without success ; some, who wish to support the claim of rivals to the throne of Connaught, have reported that the queen, his step-mother, had him secretly assassinated—but others are of opinion, that he lurks in some obscure place, disguised in humble garb, and that he will return home as soon as he will hear of this proclamation. He will be at once known by his right hand, which is as red as blood from the wrist out.

"The heart of Cathal bounded with joy at the news, and he stood on the ridge, for some minutes, in a reverie. His comrades told him to get on with his work, that he was always last, and that there never was a good workman from his province. Hereupon, Cathal pulled off the mitten, with which he constantly kept the *red hand* concealed, and exhibited it to the Bollscaire ; and his eye beamed, and his countenance glowed with all the majesty of his father's, when he first mounted the throne of Connaught. The Bollscaire recognising him at once by his resemblance to his father, fell prostrate at his feet. Cathal cast the sickle on the ridge, saying :
 "Γῆλον λέει, ἃ κομμῶν, ἀνοιρ δό'ν κλοδεῶν," i. e., 'Farewell,

sickle, now for the sword.' And to this day, 'Ἰλὼν χατάειλ πρό-
κιν Ἐρεάειλ,' i. e., 'Cathal's farewell to the rye,' meaning a fare-
well never to return, has been a common proverb among the Sil-
Murray and their followers.

"He returned home without delay, and was solemnly inaugurated king of Connaught, on Carnfree, near Tusk, in the presence of the twelve chieftains and twelve coarbs of Sil-Murray; and though he found many rivals in the province before him, he put them all down by his superior wisdom and valour. When he had restored his native province to tranquillity, he did not forget his old friends the friars, who had made such efforts to save him from the fury of the queen. He erected several monasteries for them on an extensive scale, and in magnificent style, namely, the monastery of Ballintober, in Mayo, which was three years in building, and which was roofed and shingled with oak timber; the monastery of Athlone, on the Shannon; and also that of Knockmoy, in the county of Galway."—pp. 211-213.

One can hardly help a feeling of regret at being obliged to add, that this singularly striking and romantic tradition, though still vividly preserved and generally current in Mayo and Galway, is nevertheless in great part fabulous; that Turlough More had no less than three sons by his married wife; and that the grounds alleged for the queen's jealousy of Cathal the Red-handed are entirely without foundation. Few, even of the best legends of classic story, surpass this native tradition in interest and beauty; nor, among the endless poetical materials which our history supplies, can we conceive a nobler subject for a national ballad than is here found ready to the poet's hand.

Let us turn, however, to something more closely connected with real life, as it existed among our fathers in the olden time. We shall transcribe a few of the many annotations explanatory of the usages and institutions of ancient Ireland. We take them, almost at random, from the overflowing stores so lavishly spread over these pages, merely selecting those which regard institutions peculiar to Ireland, and which have no exact parallel in the history of the other European kingdoms, as those of the *erenagh*, the *biatagh*, the *brehon*, the *bard*, the *seana-chie*, &c., &c.

The following note on the office of the *erenach*, will illustrate a great deal of what we have said regarding Mr. O'Donovan's qualifications for the task of editor; and it has the further advantage of embodying a curious extract

from the ancient MS. known under the name of "Cormac's Glossary." The mixture of languages, all written in the same character, is not a little curious.

"The term, *erenagh*, is explained as follows in Cormac's Glossary—*airchindec* — *aircendac* *arcor* *zuece*, *excelrur* *lctme*, *dicitur*. *Airchindec* *dm* .i. *ercend* *oz*, .i. *uáral-cend* *comlán*. 'Airchindech, i. e., areendach, *archos* Grece, *excelsus* Latine, *dicitur*, Airchindech, then, i. e., *erchend'ogh*, i. e. a noble, perfect head.' In the *Leabhar Breac*, fol. 76, a. b. the term is used to denote a president or superintendent, and is applied to Satan, who is styled '*Airchinnech* of hell, and prince of death'—*Airchindec* *irruin*, *azu* *aruec* *m* *bdur*. The first mention made of this office in these Annals, occurs at the year 788; thus 'Doimhteach, airchinneach of the great Trevet, died.' From this period forward, however, all the annalists frequently mention this office. Ussher, in his 'Treatise on Corbes, Herenachs, and Termon Lands,' published in the second number of Vallancey's 'Collectanea,' asserts that the office of Herenach and archdeacon was the same; and Connell Mageoghegan, in his 'Translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise,' always renders *airchindec* by archdeacon. In this, however, it is more than probable that both Ussher and Mageoghegan are mistaken. The annalists have another term to express the office of archdeacon; and it is quite certain that the archdeacon was always in holy orders, whereas the *airchinnech* was always a layman, or at least one who had merely received *primam tonsuram*. The origin and duties of the Herenach are stated as follows by Sir John Davies, in his Letter to the Earl of Salisbury: 'For the Erenach: There are few parishes of any compass or extent, where there is not an *Erenach*, which being an office of the Church, took beginning in this manner: when any lord or gentleman had a direction to build a church, he did first dedicate some good portion of land to some saint or other, whom he chose to be his patron; then he founded the church and called it by the name of that saint; and then gave the land to some clerke not being in orders, and to his heires for ever; with this intent that he should *keep the church clean and well repaired, keep hospitality*, and give alms to the poore, for the soul's health of the founder. This man and his heirs had the name of Erenach. The Erenach was also to make a weekly commemoration of the founder of the church; had always *primam tonsuram*, but took no other orders. He had a voice in the chapter when they consulted about their revenues, and paid a certain yearly rent to the bishop, besides a fine upon the marriage of every of his daughters, which they call a Lough inipy; he gave a subsidy to the bishop at his first entrance into the bishoprick, the certainty of all which duties appears in the bishop's register; and these duties grew unto the bishop, first because the Erenach could not be created, nor the church dedicated, without the consent of the bishop.'—Vol. i. pp. 47-48.

The institution of *biataghs* was still more peculiar.

"Biatagh, *biátac* a public victualler. Sir Richard Cox thought that this term was the same as Buddagh, a clown or villain; but the two words are essentially different in their application and derivation; *biátac* being derived from *biád* food, and *bódac* which is a name of contempt, from a different radix. The Biatagh was endowed with a quantity of land called a *báile biátáil* or ballybetagh, which was the thirtieth part of a *triocha ced*, or barony, and contained four quarters, or seisreaghs, each containing four hundred and twenty acres of land. The ancient Irish had two kinds of farmers, the one called Biataghs, and the other Brughuids, (*Brooees*), who seem to have held their lands of the chief under different tenures; the former, who were comparatively few in number, would appear to have held their land free of rent, but were obliged to entertain travellers, and the chief's soldiers when on the march in their direction; and the latter would appear to have been subject to a stipulated rent and service. According to the *Leabhar Buidhe*, or the Yellow Book of the Mac Fírbíse of Lecan, preserved in the Manuscript Library of T. C. D., it appears that the Brughaidh, or farmer, called *bpuzáid cedac*, was bound by law to keep one hundred labourers, and one hundred of each kind of domestic animals."—vol. i, pp. 218-19.

We would gladly extend to still greater length our extracts from this portion of Mr. O'Donovan's annotations, which, when the index shall have been added, will form a complete repertory of Irish antiquarian knowledge. The topographical and genealogical annotations, especially, are beyond all praise; and the former possess the rare merit of being, in great part, original, the result of the editor's personal examination of the several localities. Fortunately for the completeness and accuracy of this department, the editor had finished his translation before he commenced his labours in connection with the Survey. He was thus enabled to examine, and to compare with the several entries in the work, the existing remains of the localities which they regard, and the local names and traditions still preserved in their vicinity. In the course of this detailed examination, he has succeeded not only in identifying numberless places, the names of which had been lost or overlooked, but also in detecting an infinity of errors in the conjectures of previous topographical writers. Our limits, however, prevent our entering farther into this part of the subject; and, indeed, we are consoled for the necessity of passing it over, by the impossibility of doing justice to it by any moderate number of extracts, however

varied or extensive. It is only by a careful examination of any three or four consecutive pages, no matter where selected, that the reader will be enabled to estimate the success of Mr. O'Donovan's topographical researches, and the extent and completeness of his topographical illustrations of the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

It is with greater reluctance, however, that we feel ourselves compelled to postpone those considerations on the moral and social state of Ireland during the Middle Ages, which are suggested by the perusal of these *Annals*. We would gladly linger for a time over their simple records. If they chronicle, as it would be folly to disguise, many a barbarous and bloody event, they present also abundant compensation in the pictures of heroism, of generosity, of hospitality, of deep religious feeling, of domestic virtue, of love of learning, and respectful veneration of its professors, with which they abound. Every page you open tells of some "beaming lamp of peace and war"—some "brilliant star of hospitality and valour"—some tower of grandeur, splendour, hospitality, and protection"—some "sage, illustrious for intelligence, mildness, magnanimity, piety, and wisdom"—some "ollave, famed for his poetry, hospitality, and nobility"—some chief, "who never earned reproach"—some "open-handed bestower to the poor," or some "free-hearted lover and patron of poets and learned men;" and even of the most lawless of them all, the annalist seldom fails to record that they died in the peace of God and the Church, "after the victory of repentance," "the victory of extreme unction and penance," or "the triumph over the world and the devil."

But for these, and many more interesting and substantial evidences of the true character of the Middle Ages of Irish history, we must at present be content to refer to the annotations, and even more to the text, of Mr. O'Donovan's most learned work. We shall only observe before we close, that the history of the original work itself conveys a most instructive lesson to the lovers of Irish literature. It is not alone that a work so extensive, so elaborate, and so full of difficulty, produced in those days of tribulation by a few persecuted friars in their secluded and poverty-stricken convent, puts to shame the coldness and indifference of an age like ours, rich in resources, when nothing is wanting for the success of our literature but the disposition and

the will to encourage it. This contrast, no doubt, is, in many respects, pregnant with instruction. But there is a still more important consideration which it suggests—we mean the frail and precarious tenure by which we hold those portions of our literature which still continue in MS. especially the smaller and more fragmentary remains. The testimonial prefixed to the MS. of the Four Masters enumerates the more important of the works which were used by them in the compilation of their history. Now, out of the nine larger manuscript annals which the Masters had in their hands, and which, by their circumstances, would seem to be placed beyond the reach of ordinary contingencies, the texts of no less than six appear to have been lost within the two brief centuries which have elapsed since the termination of their labours;* while, of the numberless smaller pieces to which they had access, it would be impossible to estimate the proportion which has been destroyed since their time. We would fain believe that there are still at least a few of our countrymen, in whose eyes the remains of our literature which have escaped this wreck, are but rendered, like the Sybil's books, the more valuable because of their diminishing number;—and on these we cannot help urging, with all the earnestness of a solemn warning, the duty of preserving from destruction, by the comparative security of the press, the precious residue which is still spared to us, in the hope that a generation may yet arise which will gratefully appreciate the fruit of our exertions.

ART. X.—*Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.* By G. F. BUXTON, Esq. John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1848.

THE title of this book does not belie its contents, for we have never read a volume more full of perilous and exciting adventures. The picture which the author gives us of the present condition of Mexico, though occasionally too highly coloured and tinctured with the usual amount of prejudice where priests are concerned, has been evidently

* See Preface, pp. xxv.—xxix.

drawn by an eye-witness, and in the main exhibits only too truly the actual condition of that unhappy country. We were not prepared to find the "land of Cortes" in so utterly hopeless a condition as this book represents it to be, and we must confess that it has considerably revolutionized our ideas regarding the war which is at present carried on between the two transatlantic republics. We do not mean that the condition of Mexico, however wretched and deplorable, could justify the "United States," in taking advantage of her weakness, to rob her of her territory or of her independence; but we do sincerely believe that any change would be better than the miserable anarchy which has reigned there uninterruptedly ever since she took up arms against the mother country. The Americans are indeed so thoroughly hated by the Mexicans, that of all the people in the world they seem the least qualified to effect their regeneration. They every where stigmatize them as *los barbaros*, (the barbarian,) and *burros*, (Jackasses,) and Mr. Buxton admits that the specimens of "the native raw material," with which alone they come in contact, almost justify these not very flattering appellations. He was once attempting to persuade his female friends at Guagoquilla that the Americans were a very civilized people, and a great portion of them of the same religion as their own," when, unfortunately for the efficacy of his argument, "a Missourian, six feet high in his mocassins, stepped over the head of a dark beauty who was sitting on the sill of the gate." "Ni saludan las mugeres!" she exclaimed—"they do not even salute the ladies—you see it yourself. 'Ah, no, por Dios, son burros, y muy sin verguenzas'—ah, no, for God's sake, they are jackasses, and entirely without shame." The rudeness of the backwoodsmen, the difference of religion in most instances, and the present violent invasion of their territory, has created in the minds of the Mexicans a feeling of deep detestation against the Americans. Their pride, their prejudices, their love of country and of religion, are all armed against them. But where their feelings are not so strongly excited, the Mexicans show that they are fully sensible of the miseries which afflict their country, and that they would make any sacrifice to rescue her from her present deplorable condition of anarchy and confusion. Some are anxious for a reunion with Spain, (which would be only "going out of

the frying-pan into the fire,") others desire a monarchy, whilst even the humblest people exclaim,—“Ojala por los dias felices del reyno,”—“Alas for the happy time of kings,”—and it would be indeed most wonderful if this feeling did not exist, when it is known that since the declaration of its independence the country has passed through *two hundred and thirty-seven* revolutions.

Yet there is scarcely a finer country on the globe than Mexico; whether we regard the vast extent of its territory, the richness and fertility of its soil, the inexhaustible treasures of its mines, or the advantages of its geographical position. It is about equi-distant from Europe and Asia, and communicates with the Atlantic on the east through the Gulf of Mexico, whilst its western shores are washed by the waters of the mighty Pacific. It contains nineteen splendid States, and even, exclusive of the vast territories of Texas and the two Californias, extends through twenty-five degrees of latitude. Its area is estimated by Mr. Buxton at 312,850 square miles, and by Humboldt at 118,478 square leagues.* It is equal in extent to France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain and Ireland, and does not contain above eight millions of inhabitants, that is about half-a-million less than the latter country alone. Chihuahua, one of its chief cities, is distant 1,250 miles in a direct line from the capital, and the nearest seaport, which is Guaymas, in the Gulf of California, can only be reached by a journey of 600 miles over an almost impracticable country.

Of the 118,478 square leagues contained in Mexico, 82,000 are in the temperate zone, and 36,478 are within the tropics or torrid zone. “On the ascent, from Vera Cruz, climates (to use Humboldt’s expression) succeed each other in *layers*, and the traveller passes in review, in the course of two days, the whole scale of vegetation. The parasitic plants of the tropics are exchanged at a very early period for the evergreen oak, and the deadly atmosphere of Vera Cruz for the sweet mild air of Jalapa; a little farther the oak gives place to the fir; the air becomes more piercing; the sun, though it scorches, has no longer the same deleterious effect upon the human frame,

* See Ward’s Mexico, to which book we are indebted for much valuable information. This general acknowledgement will save the trouble of numerous references.

and nature assumes a new and peculiar aspect. With a cloudless sky and brilliantly pure atmosphere, there is a great want of moisture and little luxuriance of vegetation; vast plains follow each other in endless succession, each separated from the rest by a little ridge of hills, which intersect the country at regular intervals, and appear to have formed at some distant period, the basins of an immense chain of lakes."* Buxton confirms this view of the general features of Mexico. He says that it "embraces all the varieties of climate of the temperate and torrid zones, with a rich and prolific soil capable of yielding every natural production of the known world." It must, however, be acknowledged, that it labours under great disadvantages; for "a glance at the physical geography of Mexico, will show that the extensive and fertile table lands of the central region are isolated, and, as it were, cut off from communication with the coast by their position on the ridge of the Cordilleras, and the insurmountable obstacles to a practicable traffic presented by the escarpments of the *terraces*, the steps, as it were, from the elevated table lands to the maritime districts and the tropical regions of the interior. The country is also destitute of navigable rivers, and possesses but two of even moderate size—the Rio Grande del Norte, which runs into the Gulf of Mexico, and the Rio Grande, or Colorado of the west, which falls into the Pacific Ocean. The tropical region subject to fatal malaria, is almost excluded to the settlement of the white population, and consequently its natural riches are almost entirely neglected and unappropriated. Its eastern coast is swept by fearful tempests, and presents not one sheltering harbour or secure roadstead."—(p. 104.) From Acapulco, however, to Guaymas in the Gulf of California, there are a series of magnificent ports on the western coast, many of which no vessel larger than a fishing boat has ever entered. They are, since the country separated itself from Spain, quite useless; there being no trade carried on even in Acapulco, which is one of the finest harbours in the world.

There is scarcely any internal communication between the vast regions to the North of Mexico. The roads (where there are any) are in the most wretched condition, and so beset at first by banditti, and afterwards by Indians, that, a

* Ward, Vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

journey can only be made at the head of a small army. This was the case even when Mr. Buxton travelled through the country in the autumn of 1846, and whilst the Mexican authorities still nominally, at all events, governed it. Now, however, when even that control, such as it was, has been removed by the seizure of the capital by the United States' troops, travelling must be even more hazardous and difficult than it was at that time. This state of things of course entirely prevents the development of the resources of the country, and nothing perhaps could show its wretched state more clearly than the fact, that in a country where every hill shines with a metallic scurf, which shows that it contains the precious metals, and whose mines produced in the year 1802, eight millions sterling, the currency in Queretaro, the chief city of the department of that name, and the place to which the Congress retired after its expulsion from Mexico, should be made of *soap*. When Mr. Buxton arrived at this town, there being nothing eatable in the house, he and his companions sallied out to the stall of a tortillera in the market-place, where they took a standing supper, and on presenting a silver dollar in payment, "I received," he says, "eight cakes of soap in exchange—current coin of Queretaro." "Valgame Dios," I exclaimed, as the soponaceous medium was piled into my sombrero. "Virgin Purissima," returned the unmoved tortillera, "y javon el mas blando,"—and the softest of soap too.

There is every variety of climate in Mexico, and the transition from one to another is often exceedingly rapid on account of the hills and mountain chains which intersect the country. The natives divide the territory into the Tierra Caliente, hot country; the Tierra Fria, cold country; and the Tierra Templada, temperate region. The first includes all those places which produce the fruits and the diseases of the tropics; the second the mountainous districts which rise above the level of the capital up to the limits of eternal snow; and the last the remainder of the country. The hot country is subject to rain, storm, and fever. When Mr. Buxton was returning one night to Vera Cruz, he saw a dull yellowish haze hanging over the town. He asked the boatman who was rowing him, what it was; and the latter, taking his cigar from his mouth, answered quite seriously, "Senor, es el vomito,"—Sir, it is the fever. The rest of the country is perfectly salu-

brious, and although Vera Cruz is a dangerous place during the sickly season, it almost compensates for this by its abundant fertility; for that State alone is capable of supplying all Europe with sugar. Coffee, indigo, and tobacco, are produced in a ratio almost equally extraordinary. It may be said of Mexico, in one word, that so various are its climates, that every production of the old and new world is produced in it and arrives at full perfection.

The population of Mexico is miserably disproportioned to its vast and fertile territory. The entire is, as we have said, about eight millions—of which three-fifths are Indians or of Indian origin, and Indios Bravos, or barbarous tribes—scattered over an area of 1,312,850 square miles, in departments widely separated. There were formerly seven distinct castes among the population, but all are now equally entitled to the rights of citizenship, and many persons of pure Indian extraction have been deputies and members of the supreme tribunals of justice. The Christian natives, who form so large a proportion of the population, show the efficacy of the Catholic missionaries in converting and reclaiming savages. Wherever Protestant missionaries were followed by colonists, the natives quickly and utterly disappeared; whilst we have here the native population still tilling their own soil, and sharing in the government of their native country, after the lapse of three centuries. But this by the way. The insufficiency of the population has, of course, caused the cultivation and improvement of the country to be neglected. The fact is, that towards the North and West, a vast space intervenes between the last settlements of the Mexicans and Americans, which are inhabited by Indians, who, incredible as it may appear, are desolating Mexico, and reclaiming it once more for a hunting-ground, with this difference, that the game which they now pursue is man instead of wild beasts. With the exception of a narrow belt in California, and the isolated province of New Mexico, the whole country contained between 28° and 40° of North latitude, is unappropriated by any white population, and it is conjectured that in this vast space there are cities which no christian eye ever beheld.

It may help towards a right understanding of the present melancholy condition of Mexico, to take a rapid view of the principal events which have occurred in it since the

breaking out of the revolution. The usurpation of Spain by Buonaparte, and the revocation by the Central Junta of the decree which granted free trade to the colonies, joined with other grievances, and the success of the French arms in the Peninsula, caused Caracas, Buenos Ayres, Bogota, Carthagena, Chili, Upper Peru, and Mexico, to depose within the short space of five months, in the year 1810, the European authorities, and to transfer the reins of government to juntas composed almost exclusively of native Americans. In Mexico the Cura Hidalgo, being joined by Allende, a Creole officer, and ten of his own parishioners, unfurled the standard of revolt in the little town of Dolores on the 16th September, 1810. The people flocked to his standard in such multitudes, that on the 17th he took the town of San Felipe, and on the 18th San Miguel el Grande, each of which contained 16,000 inhabitants. On the 28th he assumed the title of *Captain General of America*, and as his army, which was chiefly composed of Indians, now amounted to 20,000 men, he assaulted and took by storm Guanaguato, the capital of the Province, and the emporium of the treasures of the Spaniards in that part of the country. The city contained 75,000 inhabitants. The Indians put all the Europeans and native white inhabitants, or Creoles, to death with the utmost ferocity, and the booty which fell into their hands was estimated at five millions of dollars. On the 17th of October he took possession of Valladolid, where he was joined by the regiment of Provincial Militia and the dragoons of Michoacan, both well-armed and disciplined, and by the Cura Morelos, who afterwards played so distinguished a part in the revolution. On the 28th of the same month, Hidalgo reached Toluca, a town within twelve leagues of the capital, at the head of an army of 50,000 men.

The Spanish Viceroy, Venegas, who had been installed but two days before the insurrection of Dolores, had collected 7,000 men for the defence of the capital. Colonel Truxillo and Lieutenant Iturbide—afterwards Emperor—were sent out towards Toluca with a part of this force, but were defeated by Hidalgo at Las Cruces, on the 30th of October. The insurgent chief then advanced to within sight of the capital, but the Viceroy had adopted such judicious measures for its defence that he did not dare to assault it. Hearing that the Spanish General, Callega,

was advancing towards the city of Mexico, he ordered a retreat; but on the 7th of November his advanced guard most unexpectedly fell in with that of the enemy. A battle ensued in the plains of Aculco, in which Hidalgo was completely defeated, ten thousand Indians being left dead on the field. The insurgent chief himself, with most of his officers and a small band of fugitives, fled with precipitation to Valladolid, where he remained only three days, and then continued his retreat to Guadalajara, which had been taken by one of his lieutenants on the very day of his own discomfiture. Whilst at Valladolid, he was joined by the Advocate Rayon, another of those whose name was rendered famous by the revolutionary wars.

Hidalgo arrived at Guadalajara on the 24th of November, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the Indians. As for the Europeans, he had them privately taken out of the town and massacred in the dead of the night; and a letter was afterwards produced at his trial, addressed to one of his lieutenants, in which, after advising him to seize on as many Spaniards as possible, he adds: "and if you should have any reason to suspect your prisoners of entertaining restless or seditious ideas, or discover amongst them any dangerous intentions, bury them in oblivion at once, by putting such persons to death, with all necessary precautions, in some secret and solitary place where their fate may remain for ever unknown." Yet, strange enough, this monster is praised by Buxton as the "one honest Mexican of whom the country can boast."

The contending armies did not again meet until the 17th of January, 1811, when the insurgents were once more defeated by Callega at the bridge of Calderon, which Hidalgo had fortified with numerous batteries. After the battle he fled to Saltillo with about 4,000 men, where he left Rayon in command, whilst he himself and Allende pushed on towards the frontiers of the United States. They were captured on the 21st of March, and Hidalgo, having been previously degraded, was shot towards the end of July. "The unfinished convent of San Francisco, at Chihuahua," says Mr. Buxton, (p. 151,) "commenced by the Jesuits prior to their expulsion from the country, is also a conspicuous mass of masonry and bad taste. It is celebrated as having been the place of confinement of the patriot Hidalgo, the Mexican Hampden, who was executed in the yard behind the building in 1811. A monu-

ment to his memory has been erected in the Plaza de Armas, a pyramid of stones, with an inscription eulogistic of that *one* honest Mexican."

After the death of Hidalgo, the war assumed a thoroughly guerilla character, and was not at all dissimilar in its general features to that by which the Mexicans of the present day are offering a feeble opposition to the progress of the Americans. Not only the provinces but the valley of Mexico itself swarmed with guerillas, so that all communication between the capital and the interior was cut off. Rayon attempted to combine all these scattered elements by assembling a Junta, or Central Government, which met at Zitacuaro on the 10th of September, 1811. It consisted of five members elected by the farmers of the district, in conjunction with the inhabitants of the town. This Junta offered the crown of Mexico to Ferdinand VII. provided he would reside in his American dominions; and in March, 1812, transmitted to the Viceroy Venegas, proposals for peace or war, which he caused to be burnt by the common hangman in the Plaza Mayor of Mexico. Zitacuaro was captured by Callega on the 2nd of January, 1812, and the Junta was merged in the revolutionary Congress, when that body assembled at Chilpanzingo on the 13th of September, 1813. But as this important event was accomplished by Morelos, it is necessary to trace his career from the time when he joined Hidalgo in Valladolid, in October, 1810.

As soon as Morelos embraced the cause of the insurgents, Hidalgo appointed him Captain-general on the South-western coast; and he set out accompanied by only five servants armed with old muskets, promising to take Acapulco within the year. Being afterwards joined by a large number of slaves, and by the brothers, Don Jose and Don Antonio Galeana, he advanced in November against Acapulco, at the head of about 1,000 men. He was met by Don Francisco Paris, the Commandant of the district, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed body of troops. Morelos surprised the enemy's camp on the night of the 25th of January, 1811, gained a complete victory, and besides a large sum of money, made the valuable acquisition of a quantity of ammunition, eight hundred muskets, and five pieces of artillery. He took 700 prisoners, whom he treated with great humanity. After this battle he was joined by the Cura Matamoros, and the en-

tire family of the Bravos, one of whom survived the revolution, and, in conjunction with Victoria, was at the head of the Mexican Government in the year 1827.

The year 1811 was occupied by a series of petty engagements, but in January, 1812, Tasco, a town famous for its mines, and only twenty-five leagues from Mexico, was taken by Galeana and Bravo. In February, Morelos advanced within three leagues of the capital, and Callega was summoned to its defence. The insurgents retired to Cuautla Amilpas, a town distant about twenty-two leagues from Mexico, and there awaited his approach. On the 19th of February, Callega made a general attack upon the town, but, after a desperate engagement, he was obliged to retire, leaving five hundred dead upon the spot. After a siege which lasted to the 2nd of May, the town was evacuated between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Galeana commanding the advanced guard, Morelos the centre, and the Bravos the rear; and such was the silence preserved, that they passed between the enemy's batteries without being perceived. The alarm, however, being given shortly afterwards, the insurgents were attacked on opposite sides by the troops of Llano and Callegas. Morelos gave the signal previously agreed on for a general dispersion, which was effected with such promptitude, that the two columns of Spanish troops fired on each other, killing many before the mistake was discovered; and when Morelos reached Izucar, the place of rendezvous which he had appointed, he found that only seventeen of his men were missing, among whom, however, was Don Leonardo Bravo. Morelos quickly recruited his army, and after various successful expeditions against places of minor importance, set out in the beginning of November on his famous expedition against Oaxaca, a town situated in the finest part of one of the finest provinces of Mexico. Brigadier Regules attempted to defend the town by making a last stand on the edge of a deep moat which surrounded Oaxaca, the only passage over which was a drawbridge, defended by the royalist troops. The insurgents paused; but Victoria, who was in the front rank, threw himself into the moat sword in hand, swam across, cut the ropes of the drawbridge without receiving a wound, and opened a passage for the troops of Morelos, who instantly rushed on, and made themselves masters of the town. By the 20th of August, 1813, the whole of the province was in the

hands of Morelos, who forthwith proceeded to assemble a congress. This body, which consisted of the original members of the junta of Zitacuaro, the deputies elected by the province of Oaxaca, and others elected by those as representatives for the provinces in the possession of the royal troops, met at Chilpanzingo on the 13th of September, 1813. Its most famous act was the declaration of the INDEPENDENCE OF MEXICO, which it published on the 13th of November, 1813.

The years 1812 and 1813 were also distinguished by the victory gained by Don Nicholas Bravo over Juan Labaqui, the commandant of the regiment of the patriots of Vera Cruz, at the head of a strong detachment. The engagement lasted three days, when, on the 20th of August, 1812, the village in which the Spaniards had taken refuge, was carried by storm. Three hundred prisoners, who were taken in the action, were offered by the general to the Viceroy Venegas, in exchange for his father, Don Leonardo Bravo, who was then under sentence of death in the capital. Instead of being accepted, Don Leonardo was immediately executed; and his son, "wishing," as he said, "to put it out of his own power to avenge on the prisoners the death of his parent," instantly set them all at liberty, "lest in the first moment of grief, the temptation should prove irresistible." The greatest blow however was struck against the Spaniards by Matamoros, who, on the 18th of October, 1813, defeated at the Palmar the regiment of Asturias, composed entirely of European troops, who, because they had fought at the battle of Baylin, were called "the invincible victors of the victors of Austerlitz."

Bravo, who had fortified the Cerro of Coscomatepec, in the province of Vera Cruz, defended it for two months against Colonel Aguila at the head of three thousand men, and being at length forced to evacuate it by want of provisions, he retired in the night, at the end of October, 1813, and rejoined Morelos in Oaxaca, without the loss of a single man. Here, also, the division of Matamoros shortly afterwards joined Morelos, who was then concentrating his whole force at Chilpanzingo, in order to prepare for an expedition against Valladolid, which would bring him into immediate contact with the insurgents of the interior, and enable him, with their co-operation, to strike a decisive blow against the capital itself. He set out on the 8th of

November, 1813, with seven thousand men and a large train of artillery, and after marching across three hundred leagues of country, which no one had ever traversed before, arrived at Valladolid on the 23rd of December, where Brigadier Lane and Colonel Iturbide had gathered a formidable force to oppose him. He immediately assaulted the town, and was repulsed with loss. On the following morning, Matamoros ordered a general review of the troops within half-a-mile of the walls, in the midst of which Iturbide attacked them and threw them into confusion; and an insurgent party under Navarrete and el Pachon, which had just then arrived, being fired on by their own friends through mistake, made a furious charge on them in return, and completed their defeat. Morelos, being completely routed, with the loss of his best regiments and all his artillery, retreated to Turnaran, where Iturbide again defeated him on the 6th of January, 1814, and made Matamoros prisoner. Morelos endeavoured to save his life, by offering in exchange for him a number of Spanish prisoners who were confined at Acapulco; but Callega, who had succeeded Venegas as viceroy, ordered him to be shot, in consequence of which the insurgents executed all their prisoners.

Misfortunes now thickened around the cause of the insurgents. Morelos never made a stand but he was defeated; Oaxaca was retaken on the 28th March, 1814; Don Miguel Bravo was made prisoner, and executed at La Puebla; Galeana died in battle on the 27th of June, 1814; and the congress of Chilpanzingo was driven to the woods of Apatzingan, where it completed and sanctioned the constitution of that name on the 22nd of October in the same year. Morelos himself was attacked on the 5th of November, 1815, in a mountainous part of the road near Tesmalaca, by the nearest commandant, Don Manuel Coucha. He ordered Don Nicholas Bravo to make his escape with the main body to protect the congress, saying, "My life is of little consequence, provided the congress be saved; my race was run from the moment that I saw an independent government established." His orders were obeyed, and the main body escaped, whilst he himself and a few companions remained to check the progress of the royal troops; nor was he taken prisoner until but one man was left living by his side. He was immediately conducted to the capital, and degraded, which was the only thing that

seemed to affect him. Having confessed his sins, he marched to the place of execution, and uttered this short prayer: "Lord, if I have done well, thou knowest it; if ill, to thy infinite mercy I commend my soul;" he tied the handkerchief on his eyes, gave the signal to the soldiers, and died with the greatest composure on the 22nd of December, 1815. The congress, to save which he had sacrificed his life, had been previously dissolved by the military leaders of the insurgents on the 15th of the same month, just seven days before his execution.

From this moment all concert ceased amongst the leaders of the revolution, who were successively crushed by the royalist troops, and either made prisoners or chased into the mountains, where they lived on carrion. The history of General Victoria's wanderings is scarcely less romantic than that of the pretender in Scotland. The Padre Torres was indeed still in the possession of three fortified places, and Guerrero maintained himself in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre until the year 1821, when he joined Iturbide; but there could be no communication between them, and they had no force at their command sufficient to make head against the royalists. The brief but brilliant career of Mina, from his landing in Mexico in April, 1817, until his execution in November, 1818, forms rather an episode than a part in the history of the revolution, for his object seems to have been merely to gain a constitution, and not entire independence. He wrote to General Linan shortly before his death, "that if he had ever ceased to be a good Spaniard, it was erroneously, and not intentionally; and that he was convinced that the independent party could never succeed in Mexico, and must occasion the ruin of the country." How fearfully has this prediction been verified! The Padre Torres was involved in Mina's ruin, and after leading a wandering life for some months, was run through the body with a lance by one of his own captains whom he had attempted to deprive of a favourite horse. In July, 1817, not one of those who took a leading part in the revolution remained in arms, with the exception of Guerrero, who was still at the head of a small force on the shores of the Pacific, which was so inconsiderable that the Viceroy Apodaca wrote to Madrid that the revolution was at an end, and that no additional troops were required.

The insurrection might indeed be said most truly to be

at an end about the beginning of the year 1820. But just at this time, Don Augustin Iturbide, a creole officer, whom we have repeatedly mentioned in this sketch as one of the most distinguished and successful defenders of the royal cause, conceived the design of usurping the crown of Mexico. He was entirely in the confidence of the viceroy, and was placed by him at the head of a small body of troops for the purpose, it is said, of overturning the constitution, and of re-establishing the absolute authority of the king. The European troops in the country consisted but of eleven regiments, and the total number of Spaniards scattered over the vast territory of Mexico did not exceed eighty thousand, and these could not resist seven veteran and seventeen provincial regiments of natives, aided by the great mass of the population of the country. If, therefore, he could gain over the native troops, especially the creoles or whites, who had been the main support of the royal cause, he looked upon success as certain. This he attempted to effect by the famous plan of Iguala, which put an end to all the distinctions of castes, to the despotism of military commanders, and at the same time guaranteed to such Europeans as chose to remain in the country a full participation in all the rights and privileges of native Mexicans. The three great features of this plan were,—1. Independence; 2. The maintenance of the Catholic Religion; and 3. Union. By article VIII. the crown was offered to Ferdinand VII., and, in case of his refusal, to the Infants Don Carlos and Don Francisco de Paula, provided any of them would consent to occupy the throne in person. This plan was proclaimed at the little town of Iguala, Iturbide's head quarters, on the 24th of February, 1821. The army, the clergy, the people flocked to his standard, so that, before the end of July, the whole country recognized his authority with the exception of the capital. The old constitutional viceroy had been deposed by a revolution, and the new one, O'Donoju, had arrived at Vera Cruz just as Iturbide reached Queretaro, on his road to Mexico, where all the European troops were concentrated. He allowed O'Donoju, who could not go outside the wall of his fortress, to advance as far as Cordova for the purpose of a personal interview. Here he proposed to him the adoption of the plan of Iguala, which the viceroy accepted, and, in the name of the king his master, recognized the INDEPENDENCE OF MEXICO, and

surrendered the capital without a blow on the 27th of September, 1821. This is what is called the Treaty of Cordova, by which was consummated revolution number one. The first Mexican Cortes met on the 24th of February, 1822. The Cortes of Madrid had already declared the treaty of Cordova null and void, by a decree dated the 13th of February, 1822, and on the 18th of May in the same year, Iturbide was declared emperor, under the title of Augustin the First, by a crowd of leperos (beggars), led on by a sergeant of infantry,—revolution number two. Before the close of the year, the now notorious Santa Anna, then governor of Vera Cruz, declared against the emperor, and being joined by a Spanish officer, who was sent to besiege him in his fortress, and by others who wished to have a share in the spoils, Iturbide was obliged to abdicate on the 19th of March, 1823, and revolution number three was complete.*

We have no notion of inflicting upon our readers the history of the 237 Mexican revolutions; but the following brief extract from Buxton (p. 18.) will show with what perfect indifference such events are now regarded in that country: "August 17th. (1846.) We had an *emeute* amongst the Vera-Cruzanos. As I was passing through the great plaza, a large crowd was assembled before the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or town-hall. Accosting a negro, who, leaning against a pillar, was calmly smoking his paper cigar, a quiet spectator of the affair, I enquired the cause of the riotous proceeding. 'No es mucho, caballero; un pronunciamiento, no mas,' he answered—'Nothing, Sir, nothing; only a revolution.'" On another occasion, in the state of Mexico itself, and almost at the gates of the capital, the traveller came upon the bivouac of a large party of arrieros (muleteers), who asked for the novedades (news) as usual. Mr. Buxton was about to enlighten them concerning revolutions and counter-revolutions, but they quickly undeceived him as to the purport of the enquiry, which they said did not regard such matters, about which they never troubled their heads, but the state of the roads, which was the only thing that concerned them. And truly, a poor arriero would require more arithmetic than generally falls to the

* For this sketch we are indebted to Mr. Ward.

lot of such persons, merely to keep count of the endless revolutions which ruin his unhappy country.

It would, therefore, be the grossest injustice to impute the Mexican revolutions to the great masses of the people, who scarcely even hear of them, although they feel the utter prostration which the almost total absence of all government has inflicted on the country. They are the work of small factions in the capital, each of which, as it gains the ascendancy, has its pronunciamiento, seizes on the government, and plunders the country as extensively as possible, until it is deposed by the counter-pronunciamiento of another faction equally unprincipled and rapacious. Hence we need not be surprised, that, whilst the unreclaimed Indians were desolating the fairest portions of the country, and the Americans were advancing on the capital, Mexico, instead of putting forth her strength against the enemy, was busily engaged in expelling presidents and recalling expelled presidents, who have been again expelled, and may be again recalled, if their faction should gain the upper hand, even before they have time to leave the country.

These observations will prepare the reader for the extracts which we shall now make from Mr. Buxton's adventures, merely premising that he arrived at Vera Cruz about ten months before it was stormed by the Americans, that it was known at the time that it would be one of the points of assault, and that the Vera-Cruzano heroes declared themselves fully prepared to lick the Americans.

"At the moment of my arrival, there was no little excitement in Vera Cruz. The '*siempre heroica*,' alway heroical city and castle, had pronounced for the immortal saviour of his country, as they styled Santa Anna; forgetting in their zeal, that twelve months before they had kicked out the same worthy, heaping on him every opprobrious epithet and abuse that Mexican '*facultad de lingua*' could devise. Moreover the hero was hourly expected, and great preparations were on hand for his reception. With this object, the crack regiment of the Mexican army, *el once*, the 11th, which happened to be in garrison at the time, cut most prodigious capers in the great plaza several times a day, disciplinando, drilling for the occasion. Nothing can by any possibility be conceived more unlike a soldier than a Mexican militar. The regular army is composed entirely of Indians, miserable looking figures, whose grenadiers are five feet high. Vera Cruz, being a show place, and jealous of its glory, generally contrives to put decent clothing, by subscription, on the regiment detailed to garrison the town, otherwise clothing is not considered essential to the Mexican soldier. The mus-

kets of the infantry are, (that is if they have any,) condemned Tower muskets, turned out of the British service years before. I have seen them carrying firelocks without locks, and others with locks without hammers, the lighted end of the cigar being used to ignite the powder in the pan. Discipline they have none. On the 16th of August, the castle with a salvo of artillery, announced the approach of the steamer, having on board the illustrious Ex-President, General Santa Anna. At nine A. M. 'el onze' marched down to the wharf with colours flying and band playing. Here they marched and counter-marched for two hours, before a position was satisfactorily taken up. An officer of rank, followed by a most seedy aid-de-camp, both mounted on wretched animals, and dressed in scarlet uniform, of extraordinary cut, caracolled with becoming gravity before the Aduana or Custom House. A most discordant band screamed national airs, and a crowd of boys squibbed and crackered on the wharf, supplied with fireworks at the expense of the heroic city. By dint of cuffing, el onze was formed in two lines facing inwards, extending from the wharf to the pallacio, where apartments had been provided for the General. Santa Anna landed under a salute from the castle, and walked, notwithstanding his game leg, preceded by his little wife, who leaned on the arm of an officer, through the lane of troops, who saluted individually, and when they pleased, some squibbing off their firelocks, and others not knowing what to do, did nothing.

"Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, is a hale looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance, and a very well built wooden leg. The Senora, a pretty girl of seventeen, pouted at the cool reception, for not one 'viva' was heard; and her mother, a fat vulgar old dame, was rather unceremoniously congéed from the procession, which she took in high dudgeon. The General was dressed in full uniform, and looked anything but pleased at the absence of every thing like applause, which he doubtless expected would have greeted him. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality, are depicted in every feature, and his well known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is portly, and not devoid of a certain well bred bearing, which wins for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention."—pp. 14-18.

Mr. Buxton made his way from Vera Cruz to Santa Fe in New Mexico, where he met a portion of the American invading army which was penetrating into the Mexican dominions on the northern frontier, and which shortly afterwards defeated the Mexicans, as we shall presently see, at Sacramento, with great slaughter. This journey, as may be supposed, was accomplished "*per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*," the traveller being frequently

guided by the compass, as there were no roads, and escaping a thousand perils, Heaven only knows how, unless that he may have been born to be hanged, in which case death could not, according to the old saw, overtake him in any other shape. We find him sometimes obliged to stab a man in self-defence, and frighten away two or three more; sometimes he is fired at by his own "mozo" (servant) who is riding about fifteen yards behind him; sometimes he kills a rattlesnake with the wiping stick of his rifle; he swims rivers, is robbed sometimes of his money, at others of bag and baggage; he and his animals are obliged to subsist for days without water in a burning sun, and a hundred times he escapes the savage Indians by something little short of a miracle. Our next extract shall show what travelling is in the "tierra caliente," and also how Mexican soldiers march to the seat of war.

"A common way of travelling in the 'tierra caliente' is by littera, a litter carried between two mules, in which the traveller luxuriously reclines at full length, sheltered from rain and sun by curtains which enclose the body, and smokes or reads at his pleasure. In one of these, about to return empty to Jalapa, I despatched my baggage, consigning a change of linen to Castillo's (his servant) *alforgas*, or saddle bags. At 4 p. m. we trotted out of Vera Cruz, and, crossing the sandy plain outside the town, pulled up at an Indian hut, where Castillo informed me it was necessary to imbibe a stirrup-cup, which was accordingly presented by an Indian Hebe, who gave us a 'buen viaje' in exchange for the *clacos* we paid for the *mezcal*. The road here left the sandy shore, and turned inland, through a country rank with tropical vegetation, with here and there an Indian hut—a roof of palm leaves supported on bamboo poles, and open to the wind—peeping out of the dense foliage. We presently came to a part of the road cut up and flooded by the heavy rains, which towards sunset, poured mercilessly upon us, but not before Castillo had thrust his head through the slit in his *serape*, and with shoulders protected by his broad brimmed *sombrero*, defied the descending waters. Not so my unlucky self, who green as yet in the mysteries of Mexican travelling, had not provided against aqueous casualties, and in a few seconds my unfortunate panama was flapping miserably about my ears, and my clothes as drenched as water could make them. However there was no remedy, and on we floundered through pools of mud and water, full of ducks and snipe, and white herons; the road becoming worse and worse, and the rain coming down with undeniable vigour. Just before sunset we overtook the rearguard of the valiant eleventh, which that day had marched from Vera Cruz, en route to the seat of war, for the purpose, as one of the officers informed me, 'dar un golpe a los Norte Americanos'—to strike a blow at the North Americans. The marching costume of these heroes, I thought,

was peculiarly well adapted to the climate and season—a shako on the head, whilst coat, shirt, and pantaloons, hung suspended in a bundle from the end of the firelock carried over the shoulder, and their cuerpos required no other covering, than the coating of mud with which they were caked from head to foot, singing, however, merrily as they marched.”—pp. 21-22.

So much for the infantry of the Mexican army, and to finish the picture we shall give our readers a brief glimpse at the cavalry. The place is Chihuahua, time morning, the cavalry, an escort destined to accompany Mr. Buxton for a short distance as a guard of honour.

“The mysterious fact of an Englishman travelling through the country at such a time, and being permitted to proceed ‘al norte,’ which permission their most influential citizens had been unable to obtain, was sufficient to put the curious on the ‘qui-vive;’ and when on the morning of my departure, an escort of soldiers were seen drawn up at my door, I was immediately promoted to be ‘somebody.’ This escort—save the mark!—consisted of two or three dragoons of the regiment of Vera Cruz, which had been several years in Santa Fe, but had run away with the governor on the approach of the Americans, and were now stationed at Chihuahua. Their horses—wretched, half-starved animals—were borrowed for the occasion; and the men refusing to march without some provision for the road, were advanced their ‘suelto’ by a patriotic merchant of the town, who gave each a handful of copper coins, which they carefully tied up in the corners of their serapes. Their dress was original and uniform, (in rags.) One had on a dirty broad-brimmed straw hat, another a handkerchief tied round his head. One had a portion of a jacket, another was in his shirt-sleeves with overalls, open to the winds, reaching a little below the knees. All were bootless and unspurred. One had a rusty sword and lance, another a gun without a hammer, a third a bow and arrows. Although the nights were piercingly cold, they had but one wretched tattered serape of the commonest kind between them, and no rations of any description. These were regulars of the regiment of Vera Cruz. I may as well here mention that, two or three months after, Colonel Doniphan, with 900 volunteers, marched through the state of Chihuahua, defeating on one occasion 3000 Mexicans with great slaughter, and taking the city itself without losing one man in the campaign. At Sacramento the Mexicans entrenched themselves behind formidable breastworks, having ten or twelve pieces of artillery in battery, and numbering at least 3000. Will it be believed that these miserable creatures were driven from their position and slaughtered like sheep by 900 raw back-woodsmen, who did not lose one single man in the encounter?”—pp. 158-159.

At El Paso, Mr. Buxton was honoured by another

ragged escort of fifteen dragoons, similarly equipped with the last, which he strove hard to get rid of, as he knew they would only be in the way in case of an attack by the Indians; but they insisted that they must see him safe to the borders of the state of Chihuahua. Fortunately, the "Indian signs" becoming frequent and alarming, the escort reported their horses unable to proceed, and left the traveller to pursue his journey with his two servants.

We have already mentioned that almost the entire country, between 28° and 42° of north latitude, is occupied by savage and unsubdued Indians who make every year fierce, barbarous, and bloody inroads on the Mexican territories. As no effectual resistance is offered to them they are penetrating farther every year, and have already actually got as far as Somberete in the state of Zacatecas, the southern angle of which approaches the state of Mexico itself. The season for invading Mexico is as regularly fixed as that for hunting the buffalo. They enter the country in three bodies of from three to five hundred, and then scatter themselves into smaller parties every where plundering, murdering, and scalping. The usual time for making their attack, which they always do by surprise, is during the national sport of "*Coléa de toros*" bull-tailing, when the brave bull-fighters generally make their escape, leaving the women and children to be scalped by the Indians. It may be necessary to observe that the Christian Indians of Mexico are treated with quite as little mercy as the white inhabitants themselves.

"From Mexico to the north a large escort is necessary to protect the traveller from los caballeros del camino—the highwaymen; and if the journey is continued still farther towards the pole, a respectable force is absolutely indispensable if he wish to arrive at his journey's end with the hair on the top of his head; for my passage, *sin novedad*, through that troublous country is to be attributed alone to extraordinary good fortune, and so sharp a look out, as to render the journey any thing but a mere pleasure trip. Indeed, the traveller in any part of Mexico must ever bear in mind the wholesome Yankee saying, 'keep your primin dry, and your eye skinned.'"—p. 39.

The following story will give a pretty correct idea of the fierce and barbarous inroads of the unreclaimed Indians.

"In a rancho situated in the valley of the Rio Florido, and nearly half way between the cities of Durango and Chihuahua, lived a family of hardy *vaqueros*, or cattle-herders, the head of which was a sturdy old

sexagenarian, known as El Coxo (the Game Leg.) He rejoiced in a 'quiver well filled with arrows,' since eight fine strapping sons hailed him padre; than any one of whom not a *ranchero* in the *tierra afuera* could more dexterously *colear* a bull, or at the game of 'gallo' tear from its stake the unhappy fowl, and bear it safe from the pursuit of competitors, but piecemeal, to the feet of his admiring lady-love.

"Of these eight *mozos*, he who bore away the palm of rancheral superiority, but still in a very slight degree, was the third son, and the handsomest (no little praise, where each and all laid claim to the title of 'buen mozo y guapo,') by name Escamilla, a proper lad of twenty, five feet ten out of his *zapatos*, straight as an organo, and lithesome as a reed. He was, moreover, more polished than the others, having been schooled at Queretaro, a city, in the estimation of the people of the *tierra afuera*, second only to Mexico itself.

"With his city breeding, he had of course imbibed a taste for dress, and quite dazzled the eyes of the neighbouring *rancheras* when, on his return to his paternal home, he made his first appearance at a grand 'funcion de toros' in all the elaborate finery of a Queretaro dandy. In this first passage of arms he greatly distinguished himself, having thrown three bulls by the tail with consummate adroitness, and won enthusiastic 'vivas' from the *muchachas*, who graced with their presence the exciting sport.

"Close at the heels of Escamilla, and almost rivalling him in good looks and dexterity, came Juan Maria, his next and elder brother, who, indeed, in the eyes of the more practical *vaqueros*, far surpassed his brother in manliness of appearance, and equalled him in horsemanship, wanting alone that 'brilliancy of execution' which the other had acquired in the inner provinces, and in practice against the wilder and more active bulls of the *tierra caliente*.

"Now Juan Maria, hitherto the first at el gallo and bull-tailing, had always laid the trophies of the sport at the feet of one Ysabel Mora, called, from the hacienda where she resided, Ysabel de la Cadena, a pretty black-eyed girl of sixteen, the toast of the valleys of Nazos and Rio Florido, and celebrated even by the *cantadores* at the last fair of el Valle de San Bartolome, as 'la moza mas guapa de la tierra afuera.' It so happened that the last year, Ysabel had made her first appearance at a public function; and at this 'gallo' she was wooed, and in a measure won, by the presentation of the remains of the gallant rooster at the hands of Juan Maria; who, his offering being well received, from that moment looked upon the pretty Ysabel as his *corteja* or sweetheart; and she, nothing loth at having the properest lad of the valley at her feet, permitted his attentions, and apparently returned his love.

"To make, however, a long story short, the dandy Escamilla, who, too fine to work, had more time on his hands for courting, dishonourably supplanted his brother in the affections of Ysabel; and as Juan Maria, too frank and noble-hearted to force his suit, at once gave way to his more favoured brother, the affair was concluded between the girl and Escamilla, and a day named for the marriage ceremony, which was to

take place at the hacienda of the bride, where, in honour of the occasion, a grand *funcion de toros* was to be held, at which all the neighbours (the nearest of whom was forty miles distant) were to be present, including, of course, the stalwart sons of El Coxo, the brothers of the bridegroom.

"Two or three days before the one appointed for the marriage, the father with his eight sons made their appearance, their gallant figures, as mounted on stout Californian horses they entered the hacienda, exacting a buzz of admiration from the collected *rancheros*.

"The next day El Coxo, with all his sons excepting Escamilla, attended the master of the hacienda into the plains, for the purpose of driving in the bulls which were required for the morrow's sport, while the other *rancheros* remained to complete a large corral which was destined to secure them; El Coxo and his sons being selected for the more arduous work of driving in the bulls, being the most expert and best mounted horsemen of the whole neighbourhood.

"It was towards the close of day, and the sun was fast sinking behind the rugged crest of the 'Bolson,' tinging the serrated ridge of that isolated mountain-chain with a golden flood of light, while the mezquite-covered plain beneath lay cold and grey under the deep shadow of the sierra. The shrill pipe of the quail was heard, as it called together the bevy for the night; hares limped out of the thick cover and sought their feeding-grounds; over head the melancholy cry of the *gruyas* sounded feebly in the aerial distance of their flight; the lowing of cattle resounded from the banks of the arroyo, where the herdsmen were driving them to water; the peones, or labourers of the farm, were quitting the milpas, and already seeking their homes, where, at the doors, the women with naked arms were pounding the tortillas on the stone *metate*, in preparation for the evening meal; and the universal quiet, and the soft and subdued beams of the sinking sun, which shed a chastened light over the whole landscape, proclaimed that the day was drawing to a close, and that man and beast were seeking the well-earned rest after their daily toil.

"The two lovers were sauntering along, careless of the beauty of the scene and hour, and conscious of nothing save their own enraptured thoughts, and the aerial castles, which probably both were building, of future happiness and love.

"As they strolled onward, a little cloud of dust arose from the chaparral in front of them; and in the distance, but seemingly in another direction, they heard the shouts of the returning cowherds, and the thundering tread of the bulls they were driving to the corral. In advance of these was seen one horseman, trotting quickly on towards the hacienda.

"Nevertheless the cloud of dust before them rolled rapidly onwards, and presently several horsemen emerged from it, galloping towards them in the road.

"'Here come the bullfighters,' exclaimed the girl, withdrawing her waist from the encircling arm of Escamilla; 'let us return.'

" 'Perhaps they are my brothers,' answered he ; and continued, 'Yes, they are eight : look.'

" But what saw the poor girl, as, with eyes almost starting from her head, and motionless with sudden fear, she directs her gaze at the approaching horsemen, who now, turning a bend in the chapparal, are within a few hundred yards of them !

" Escamilla follows the direction of the gaze, and one look congeals the trembling coward. A band of Indians are upon them. Naked to the waist, and painted horribly for war, with brandished spears they rush on. Heedless of the helpless maid, and leaving her to her fate, the coward turned and fled, shouting as he ran the dreaded signal of 'Los barbaros ! los barbaros !'

" A horseman met him—it was Juan Maria, who, having lassoed a little antelope on the plains, had ridden in advance of his brothers to present it to the false but unfortunate Ysabel. The exclamations of the frightened Escamilla, and one glance down the road, showed him the peril of the poor girl. Throwing down the animal he was carefully carrying in his arms, he dashed the spurs furiously into the sides of his horse, and rushed like the wind to the rescue. But already the savages were upon her, with a whoop of bloodthirsty joy. She, covering her face with her hands, shrieks to her old lover to save her :—'Salva me, Juan Maria, por Dios, salva me !' At that moment the lance of the foremost Indian pierced her heart, and in another her reeking scalp was brandished exultingly aloft by the murderous savage.

" Short-lived, however, was his triumph : the clatter of a galloping horse thunders over the ground, and causes him to turn his head. Almost bounding through the air, and in a cloud of dust, with ready lasso swinging round his head, Juan Maria flies, alas ! too late, to the rescue of the unhappy maiden. Straight upon the foremost Indian he charged, regardless of the flight of arrows with which he was received. The savage, terrified at the wild and fierce look of his antagonist, turns to fly ; but the open coil of the lasso whirls from the expert hand of the Mexican, and the noose falls over the Indian's head, and as the thrower passes in his horse's stride, drags him heavily to the ground.

" But Juan Maria had fearful odds to contend against, and was unarmed, save by a small *machete*, or rusty sword. But with this he attacks the nearest Indian, and succeeding in bringing him within reach of his arm, cleaves his head by a sturdy stroke, and the savage dropped dead from his horse. The others, keeping at a distance, assailed him with arrows, and already he was pierced with many bleeding wounds. Still the gallant fellow fights bravely against the odds, and is encouraged by the shouts of his father and brothers, who are galloping, with loud cries, to the rescue. At that moment an arrow, discharged at but a few paces distance, buried itself to the feathers in his breast, and the brothers reach the spot but in time to see Juan Maria fall from his horse, and his bloody scalp borne away in triumph by a naked savage.

" The Indians at that moment were reinforced by a body of some thirty or forty others, and a fierce combat ensued between them and

Coxo and his sons, who fought with desperate courage to avenge the murder of Juan Maria and the poor Ysabel. Half a dozen of the Comanches bit the dust, and two of the Mexicans lay bleeding on the ground; but the rancheros, coming up from the hacienda in force, compelled the Indians to retreat, and as night was coming on, they were not pursued. On the ground lay the still quivering body of the girl, and the two Indians near her who were killed by Juan Maria. One of them had his neck broken and his brains dashed out by being dragged over the sharp stones by the horse of the latter, the lasso being fast to the high pommel of the saddle. This Indian still held the long raven scalp-lock of the girl in his hand. Juan Maria was quite dead, and pierced with upwards of twenty bleeding wounds; two of his brothers were lying dangerously wounded; and six Indians, besides the two killed by Juan Maria, fell by the avenging arms of El Coxo and his sons. The bodies of Ysabel and Juan Maria were borne by the rancheros to the hacienda, and both were buried the next day side by side, at the very hour when the marriage was to have been performed. Escamilla, ashamed of his base cowardice, disappeared, and was not seen for some days, when he returned to his father's rancho, packed up his things, and returned to Queretaro, where he married shortly after.

"Just twelve months after the above tragical event occurred, I passed the spot. About three hundred yards from the gate of the hacienda were erected, side by side, two wooden crosses, roughly hewn out of a log of pine. On one, a rudely cut inscription, in Mexico-Castilian, invites the passer-by to bestow

" 'Un Ave Maria y un Pater Noster
 Por el alma de Ysabel Mora,
 Qui à los manos de los barbaros cayo muerta,
 El dia 11 de Octubre, el ano 1845,
 En la flor de su juventud y hermosúra.'

" 'One Ave Maria and a Pater Noster for the repose of the soul of Ysabel Mora, who fell by the hands of the barbarians on the 11th of October of the year 1845, and in the flower of her youth and beauty.'

"On the other—

" 'Aqui yace Juan Maria Orteza,
 Vecino de ———,
 Matado por los barbaros, el dia 11 de Octubre,
 del ano 1845.
 Ora por el, Cristiano, por Dios.'

" 'Here lies Juan Maria Orteza, native of ———, killed by the barbarians on the 11th of October, 1845.

" 'Christian, for the sake of God, pray for his soul.'

"The goodly piles of stones, to which I added my offering, at the feet of both crosses, testify that the invocation has not been neglected, and

that many an Ave Maria and Pater Noster has been breathed, to release from purgatory the souls of Ysabel and Juan Maria."—pp. 94-99.

The result of these frightful attacks is, that every solitary house in the country is a fortification. In some small towns the doors are so high up that a ladder is required to enable any one to enter them, in others a watchman is placed on the flat roof of a house at dusk to watch until morning. During the September (the Mexican month of the Indians) of 1846 they overran the whole department of Durango and Chihuahua, defeated the regular troops, carried off ten thousand head of horses and mules, visited almost every hacienda and rancho on the frontier, and every where killed or captured their inhabitants, whether Creoles or Indians. The roads were impassable, all traffic was stopped, the ranchos barricaded, the inhabitants were afraid to venture out of their doors, the very posts and expresses travelled by night, avoiding the roads; and notwithstanding all these precautions intelligence arrived daily of some fresh massacre. Still nearer the northern frontiers the inhabitants of a whole town, Guajoquilla, were obliged to sally out *en masse*, to cut and carry away as much maize from their own town-parks as would make their supper. In the south there is a scanty rural population of christian Indians; but towards the north there are no houses in the country, except very rarely, when a kind of fortification is erected on some huge hacienda (estate) out of which the inhabitants never venture during the "Mexican month," or season of scalping. Chihuahua indeed seems to be the only northern town where effectual measures have been taken to resist the Indians. Over the principal entrance to the cathedral dangled the grim scalps of one hundred and seventy Apaches, one of the most barbarous of the Indian tribes, who had been slain just before the arrival of Mr. Buxton at the place. He says that the thing was cruelly and treacherously done, but certainly if all he tells of Indian cruelty and treachery be true, (as we have no doubt it is,) it would clearly justify their utter extermination. He found that Don Santiago, the leader of the band, which slew the Apaches, and who seems to have placed the city of Chihuahua in tolerable security, was an Irishman, by name Kirker. The only servant whom Mr. Buxton himself could induce to accompany him on his dangerous journey was also a native of

the Emerald Isle, although he had lived so long in Mexico that he had almost forgotten the English language. He declared that he was not in the least afraid, pithily observing, that the "Indian was not born who would scalp him." The following is one of the many perilous adventures which befel the traveller during his romantic journey:

"As I was riding close to a bunch of mezquit, the whiz of a rattlesnake's tail caused my horse to spring on one side and tremble with affright. I dismounted, and, drawing the wiping stick from my rifle, approached the reptile to kill it. The snake, as thick as my wrist, and about three feet long, was curled up, with its flat vicious-looking head and neck erected, and its tail rattling violently. A blow on the head soon destroyed it, but, as I was remounting, my rifle slipped out of my hand, and crack went the stock. A thong of buckskin however soon made it as secure as ever.

"After travelling about twenty-five miles I selected a camping-ground, and, unloading the mules, made a kind of breastwork of the packs and saddles, behind which to retreat in case of an Indian attack, which was more than probable, as we had discovered plenty of recent signs in the plains. It was about sunset when we had completed our little fort, and spreading a *petate*, or mat, the animals were soon at their suppers of corn, which I had brought for the purpose. They had all their cabrestas or ropes round their necks, and trailing on the ground, in order that they might be easily caught and tied when they had finished their corn; and, giving the mozo strict orders to this effect, I rolled myself in my blanket and was soon asleep, as I intended to be on the watch myself from midnight, to prevent surprise. In about two or three hours I awoke, and, jumping up, found Angel asleep, and that all the animals had disappeared. It was pitchy dark, and not a trace of them could be distinguished. After an hour's ineffectual search I returned to camp, and waited until daybreak, when it would be light enough to track the animals. This there was no difficulty in doing, and I at once found that, after hunting for some time for water, they had taken the track back to El Gallo, whither I had no doubt they had returned for water. It was certainly a great relief to me to find that they had not been taken by the Indians, which at first I thought was the case; but their course was perfectly plain where they had trodden down the high grass, wet with dew, in their search for water. Not finding it, they had returned at once, and in a direct course, to our yesterday's trail, and made off towards El Gallo, without stopping to eat, or even pick the tempting gramma on their way. The only fear now was, that a wandering party of Indians should fall in with them on the road, when they would not only seize the animals, but discover our present retreat by following their trail.

"When I returned to camp I immediately despatched Angel to El Gallo, ordering him to come back instantly, and without delaying a

moment, when he had found the beasts, remaining myself to take charge of the camp and baggage. On examining a pair of saddle-bags which my kind hostess at El Gallo had filled with tortillas, quesos, &c., I found that Mr. Angel had, either during the night, or when I was hunting for the missing animals, discussed all its contents, not leaving as much as a crumb; and as the fresh morning air had given me a sharp appetite, I took my rifle and slung a double-barrel carbine on my back, placed a pair of pistols in my belt, and, thus armed, started off to the sierra to kill an antelope and broil a collop for breakfast. Whilst hunting I crossed the sierra, which was rocky and very precipitous, and from the top looked down into a neighbouring plain, where I fancied I could discern an arroyo with a running water. Half suffocated at the time with thirst, I immediately descended, although the place was six or seven miles out in the plain, and thought of nothing but assuaging my thirst. I had nearly completed the descent when a band of antelopes passed me, and stopped to feed in a little plateau near which ran a canon or hollow, which would enable me to approach them within shot. Down the canon I accordingly crept, carefully concealing myself in the long grass and bushes, and occasionally raising my head to judge the distance. In this manner I had approached, as I thought, to within rifle-shot, and, creeping between two rocks at the edge of the hollow, I raised my head to reconnoitre, and met a sight which caused me to drop it again behind the cover, like a turtle drawing into its shell. About two hundred yards from the canon, and hardly twice that distance from the spot where I lay concealed, were riding quietly along, in Indian file, eleven Comanches, painted and armed for war. Each had a lance and bow and arrows, and the chief, who was in advance, had a rifle, in a gaily ornamented case of buckskin, hanging at his side. They were naked to the waist, their buffalo robes being thrown off their shoulders and lying on their hips, and across the saddle, which was a mere pad of buffalo-skin. They were making towards the canon, which I imagined they would cross by a deer-path near where I stood. I certainly thought my time was come, but was undecided whether to fire upon them as soon as they were near enough, or trust to the chance of their passing me undiscovered. Although the odds were great, I certainly had the advantage, being in an excellent position, and having six shots in readiness, even if they charged, when they could only attack me one at a time. I took in at once the advantages of my position, and determined if they showed an intention of crossing the canon by the deer-path, to attack them, but not otherwise. As they approached, laughing and talking, I raised my rifle, and, resting it in the fork of a bush which completely hid me, I covered the chief, his brawny breast actually shining (oily as it was) at the end of my sight. His life, and probably mine, hung on a thread. Once he turned his horse, when he arrived at the deer-track which crossed the canon, and, thinking that they were about to approach by that path, my finger even pressed the trigger; but an Indian behind him said a few words, and pointed along the plain, when he resumed his former course and passed on. I certainly breathed

more freely, although (such is human nature) no sooner had they turned off than I regretted not having fired. If an unnecessary, it would not have been a rash act, for in my position, and armed as I was, I was more than a match for the whole party. However, antelope and water went unscathed, and as soon as the Indians were out of sight, I again crossed the sierra, and reached the camp about two hours before sunset, where, to my disappointment, the animals had not yet arrived, and no signs of their approach were visible on the plain. I determined, if they did not make their appearance by sundown, to return at once to El Gallo, as I suspected my mozo might commit some foul play, and perhaps abscond with the horses and mules. Sun went down, but no Angel; and darkness set in and found me almost dead with thirst, on my way to El Gallo. It was with no little difficulty I could make my way, now stumbling over rocks, and now impaling myself on the sharp prickles of the palma or nopalo. Several times I was in the act of attacking one of the former, so ridiculously like feathered Indians did they appear in the dim starlight. However, all was hushed and dark—not even a skulking Comanche would risk his neck on such a night: now and then an owl would hoot over head, and the mournful and long-continued howl of the coyote swept across the plain, or a snake rattled as it heard my approaching footstep. When the clouds swept away, and allowed the stars to emit their feeble light, the palms waved in the night air, and raised their nodding heads against the sky, the cry of the coyote became louder, as it was now enabled to pursue its prey, cocuyos flitted amongst the grass like winged sparks of fire, and deer or antelope bounded across my path. The trail indeed was in many parts invisible, and I had to trust to points of rocks and ridges, and trees which I remembered to have passed the day before, to point out my course. Once, choked with thirst, and utterly exhausted—for I had been travelling since sunrise without food or water—I sank down on the damp ground and slept for a couple of hours, and when I awoke the stars were obscured by heavy clouds, and the darkness prevented me distinguishing an object even a few feet distant. I had lost my bearings, and was completely confused, not knowing which course to follow. Trusting to instinct, I took what I considered the proper direction, and shortly after, when it again became light enough to see, I regained the path and pushed rapidly on; and at length the welcome lowing of cattle satisfied me that I was near the wells where I had stopped the previous day. I soon arrived at the spot, and, lowering the goatskin bucket, buried my head in the cold water, and drank a delicious draught.

“At about three in the morning, just as the first dawn was appearing, I knocked at the door of the rancho, and the first voice I heard was that of my mozo, asking lazily, ‘*Quien llama?*’—who calls?

“Every one was soon up, and congratulating me upon being still alive; for when Angel had told them of the loss of the animals, and that I was remaining alone, they gave me up for lost, as the spot where we had encamped was a notorious stopping-place of the Indians when en route for the haciendas. I was so fortunate as to find all the animals

safe; they were quietly feeding near the cattle-wells when the mozo arrived there. He made some lame excuse for not returning, but I have no doubt his intention had been to make off with them, which, if I had not suspected something of the sort, and followed him, he would probably have effected."—pp. 118-122.

At length the adventurous traveller entered El Paso, with its vineyards and orchards and well cultivated gardens. Between this place and Socorro, the first settlement of New Mexico, a distance of 250 miles, there is no settlement with the exception of Donano, which consists of some ten or fifteen families who have been tempted thither by the amazing richness and fertility of the soil. From El Paso Mr. Buxton's route lay along the Rio del Norte until he arrived at San Diego, the point from which commences the *Jornade del Muerto*—the journey of the dead. This is a tract of desert without wood or water for a hundred miles, and is dreaded by the Mexicans and by the Americans, not only on this account, but also because it is infested by numerous bands of Apaches, who sweep down from the Sierras upon travellers when their animals are exhausted, and when they have scarcely any chance of escape. Along the road the bleaching bones of mules and horses, and of men, warn the traveller of the perils of the journey. A party of American traders, who were on their way to Chihuahua, had been massacred here by the Indians a little before Mr. Buxton's arrival. He however escaped, though very narrowly, and arrived in safety at the camp of the Missourian volunteers who were invading Mexico. In the rear of the American troops was a caravan of upwards of two hundred waggons, destined for Chihuahua and the fair of San Juan. These waggons having entered Santa Fé with the invading army, had not, of course, paid any duty, and its arrival was anxiously expected at Chihuahua by the government of that place, which had no other prospect of being able to equip any troops to oppose the Americans, than by receiving the usual fees from these American merchants. The late governor of Santa Fé had greatly simplified the import duties, by levying a rate of 500 dollars on each waggon, no matter how great or how small it might be, and without the least regard to the quality of the goods which it conveyed. According to this scale the authorities of Chihuahua would have received upwards of 100,000 dollars from the caravan which was then ad-

vancing. The American general, however, deprived them of this resource, by commanding it to remain in his rear.

Those who have accompanied us thus far will not be astonished at the successes of the Americans, nor at the feeble resistance offered to them by the Mexicans. The latter were, in fact, destitute of money, arms, and discipline. Still they retain the persevering obstinacy which enabled the Spaniards to triumph over the Moors, and to baffle Napoleon; and if the Americans should persist in what is obviously their present intention, of annexing the entire of Mexico to the United States, they may find that the war will be protracted in a guerilla form far longer than they imagine. Indeed, the Americans themselves seem to be almost in as great a *fix* as the Mexicans at present. They cannot continue the war without men and money, and the former are refused lest the sergeants, instead of recruiting for the army, should employ themselves in recruiting for votes for the presidential election: and the house of representatives, the majority of which is whig, and therefore averse to the war, will not consent to the latter. On the northern frontier, whilst Mr. Buxton was amongst them, the soldiers of the United States voted sentries unnecessary although they were in an enemy's country, which afforded the Indians an opportunity of running away with 800 sheep, after killing the two volunteers who were in charge of them; whilst the army on the opposite side, which occupies the capital of Mexico, is in such a state that two generals and a colonel have been arrested by the commander-in-chief, who, it is said, has himself been recalled by the government. The army which invaded, and of course conquered California, is in no better condition, for the chief officer, General Kearney, has put one of his colonels on his trial in Washington. Colonel Benton, the father-in-law of the accused, amused himself by grinning at General Kearney during the time the latter was preferring his charges. We are not sufficiently gifted with the spirit of prophecy to tell how all these things will terminate.

ART. XI.—*Loss and Gain*. Burns: 1848.

IT is almost a necessity of the age, that the most important and even solemn subjects should be put forward under a disguise, however slight, of fiction. If St. Jerome even in his day could say, "*Familiale est Syris, et maxime Palestinis, ad omnem sermonem suum parabolas jungere, ut quod per simplex præceptum teneri ab auditoribus non potest, per similitudinem exemplaque teneatur,*" we may say pretty nearly the same of our days; with this difference, that instead of the lesson being illustrated by, it is embodied in, the example or parable. Instead of giving the bitter drug first and then the sweet after it, to mitigate its taste, we enwrap the former in the latter, and communicate its healing power, without the infliction of its distastefulness. It is not wonderful that religious questions, and especially such as cannot be discussed without some abstruseness and dryness, should have been thus rendered palatable to the great body of readers. Hence we have seen, for years, a succession of "religious novels," as they are called, published by all sides of the great question; and Catholics have not fallen behind their neighbours in the use to which they have turned the charms of fiction.

But to call the work before us a novel, or even a story, would be a misapplication of the terms. It pretends to no plot, it has no prominent characters complicating the issue, it aims at producing no artificial suspension of judgment as to the winding up and purpose of the whole. From the beginning one knows how the work must end; and as there are to be no external causes of moment influencing the main course of the action, all becomes merely accessory and subordinate. In fact, the object of this beautiful work is to trace the gradual working of Grace upon a mind, upright, clear and logical, well trained in learning, and instinctively seeking truth, joined to a character cheerful, docile, and inclined to the gentle and amiable side of virtue. A youth of these dispositions is sent to Oxford: is naturally drawn under various influences, coveted as a friend by various parties; hears what all have to say, and reasons with them—Cambdenians, and Evangelicals: Branch-theorists and No-party men:

High-Churchmen and Easy-going subscribers: and the result is a growing—not dissatisfaction, but perplexity, which makes him feel alone in the English Church, as though he could not fit into it. The sole of his foot finds no resting place there, his parched lips find no water at its wells, his heart is weary and pants for a place of repose; till he finds all that he has desired, and more, in the bosom of his “Mighty Mother” the Catholic Church.

To carry out this plan much conversation was necessary, and that conversation must be with different characters; scenes and circumstances were required to give occasions, variety, and reality; and the union of these has produced as charming, as deep, and we must add, as *piquant*, a work as we have ever read. It is in truth mainly a dialogue; but instead of the old way of putting three or four interlocutors under a plane-tree or beside a fountain, or making A speak and then B, and then C, with their names alternately at the beginning of every third line, the speakers act as well as talk, and appear before our imaginations in most distinguishable shape. And as to the scenery and other adjuncts, the liveliness of the University sketches convince any one of their truth, just as one is satisfied of the accuracy of representation in a Flemish painting, though he may never have witnessed a Dutch fair: while the exquisite feeling for nature and her beauties, often expressed in a few passing pencil-strokes, give evidence of the author’s power of appreciating and describing either the grotesque or the tender, the homely or the beautiful, with equal success. The intermingling of the two throughout the narrative, though by no means in equal measure, gives a peculiar relish to the work, and few will read it through, without experiencing the complex action of the facial muscles, indicative of sunshine or of shower—a smile or a tear. But there is deeper power and interest than arise from these sources. The peeping out at every opening of some strange fragment of learning, or rather the rising of rich ore above the surface—the familiarity with classics and Fathers, with the minutiae of ancient heresies and the jumblements of modern sects, the nice discriminations of the most different characters, from the dons at College to the sisters at home; the thoughtful and dainty little bits of conversation and reflection upon music and architecture, and taste and smell; the raciness and thorough English

of the language; and more than all, the shrewdness and depth of the arguments, and the beauty of their illustrations—all display in the author, a mind at once richly clothed yet vigorously braced, and yet not estranged, by study or meditation, from the true Christian courtesies and sympathies of social life.

But we must endeavour to whet, rather than to satisfy, our reader's appetite, by a few extracts. We will first introduce them, with the hero Charles Reding, to an evangelical tea-party at Oxford.

"Freeborn was not the person to let go a young man like Charles without another effort to gain him; and in a few days he invited him to take tea at his lodgings. Charles went at the appointed time, through the wet and cold of a dreary November evening, and found five or six men already assembled. He had got into another world; faces, manners, speeches, all were strange, and savoured neither of Eton, which was his own school, nor of Oxford itself. He was introduced, and found the awkwardness of a new acquaintance little relieved by the conversation which went on. It was a dropping fire of serious remarks; with pauses, relieved only by occasional 'ahems,' the sipping of tea, the sound of spoons falling against the saucers, and the blind shifting of chairs as the flurried servant-maid of the lodgings suddenly came upon them from behind, with the kettle for the tea-pot, or toast for the table. There was no nature or elasticity in the party, but a great intention to be profitable.

"'Have you seen the last 'Spiritual Journal?' asked No. 1 of No. 2 in a low voice. No. 2 had just read it. 'A very remarkable article that,' said No. 1, 'upon the death-bed of the Pope.' 'No one is beyond hope,' answered No. 2. 'I have heard of it, but not seen it,' said No. 3. A pause. 'What is it about?' asked Reding. 'The late Pope Sixtus the XIVth,' said No. 3; 'he seems to have died a believer.' A sensation. Charles looked as if he wished to know more. 'The 'Journal' gives it on excellent authority,' said No. 2; 'Mr. O'Niggins, the agent for the Roman Priest Conversion Branch Tract Society, was in Rome during his last illness. He solicited an audience with the Pope, which was granted him. He at once began to address him on the necessity of a change of heart, belief in the one Hope of sinners, and abandonment of all creature mediators. He announced to him the glad tidings, and assured him there was pardon for all. He warned him against the figment of baptismal regeneration; and then, proceeding to apply the word, he urged him, though in the eleventh hour, to receive the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. The Pope listened with marked attention, and displayed considerable emotion. When it was ended, he answered Mr. O'Niggins, that it was his

fervent hope that they two would not die without finding themselves in one communion, or something of the sort. He declared moreover, what was astonishing, that he put his sole trust in Christ, 'the source of all merit,' as he expressed it—a remarkable phrase. 'In what language was the conversation carried on?' asked Reding. 'It is not stated,' answered No. 2; 'but I am pretty sure Mr. O'Niggins is a good French scholar.' 'It does not seem to me,' said Charles, 'that the Pope's admissions are greater than those made continually by certain members of our own Church, who are nevertheless accused of Popery.' 'But they are extorted from such persons,' said Freeborn, 'while the Pope's were voluntary.' 'The one party go back into darkness,' said No. 3, 'the Pope was coming forward into light.' 'One ought to interpret every thing for the best in a real Papist,' said Freeborn, 'and every thing for the worst in a Puseyite. That is both charity and common sense.' 'This was not all,' continued No. 2; 'he called together the Cardinals, protested that he earnestly desired God's glory, said that inward religion was all in all, and forms nothing without a contrite heart, and that he trusted soon to be in Paradise,—which, you know, was a denial of the doctrine of Purgatory.' 'A brand from the burning, I do hope,' said No. 3. 'It has frequently been observed,' said No. 4, 'nay it has struck me myself, that the way to convert Romanists is first to convert the Pope.' 'It is a sure way, at least,' said Charles timidly, afraid he was saying too much; but his irony was not discovered. 'Man cannot do it,' said Freeborn; 'it's the power of faith. Faith can be vouchsafed even to the greatest sinners. You see now, perhaps,' he said, turning to Charles, 'better than you did, what I meant by faith the other day. This poor old man could have no merit; he had passed a long life in opposing the Cross. Do your difficulties continue?'—pp. 132-35.

We wish we could give the entire passage from which the following is an extract. It describes the transition state of Charles's mind.

"And here we see what is meant when a person says that the Catholic system comes home to his mind, fulfils his ideas of religion, satisfies his sympathies, and the like; and thereupon becomes a Catholic. Such a person is often said to go by private judgment, to be choosing his religion by his own standard of what a religion ought to be. Now it need not be denied that those who are external to the Church must begin with private judgment; they use it in order ultimately to supersede it; as a man out of doors uses a lamp in a dark night, and puts it out when he gets home. What would be thought of his bringing it into his drawing-room? what would the goodly company there assembled before a genial hearth and under glittering chandeliers, the bright ladies

and the well-dressed gentlemen, say to him if he came in with a greatcoat on his back, a hat on his head, an umbrella under his arm, and a large stable-lantern in his hand? Yet what would be thought, on the other hand, if he precipitated himself into the inhospitable night and the war of the elements, in his ball-dress? 'When the king came in to see the guests, he saw a man who had not on a wedding-garment:' he saw a man who determined to live in the Church as he had lived out of it, who would not use his privileges, who would not exchange reason for faith, who would not accommodate his thoughts and doings to the glorious scene which surrounded him, who was groping for the hidden treasure and digging for the pearl of price in the high, lustrous, all-jewelled Temple of the Lord of Hosts; who shut his eyes and speculated, when he might open them and see. There is no absurdity, then, or inconsistency in a person first using his private judgment, and then denouncing its use. Circumstances change duties."—pp. 181-83.

We will next present our readers with one of those little episodes of conversation which enliven, and vary, the controversial character of the book.

"After dinner, it occurred to them that the subject of Gregorians and Gothic had been left in the lurch. 'How in the world did we get off it?' asked Charles. 'Well, at least, we have found it,' said Bateman; 'and I really should like to hear what you have to say upon it, Campbell.' 'Oh, really, Bateman,' answered he, 'I am quite sick of the subject; every one seems to me to be going into extremes: what's the good of arguing about it? you won't agree with me.' 'I don't see that at all,' answered Bateman; 'people often think they differ, merely because they have not courage to talk to each other.' A good remark,' thought Charles; 'what a pity that Bateman, with so much sense, should have so little common sense!' 'Well, then,' said Campbell, 'my quarrel with Gothic and Gregorians, when coupled together, is, that they are two ideas, not one. Have figured music in Gothic churches, keep your Gregorian for basilicas.' 'My good Campbell,' said Bateman, 'you seem oblivious that Gregorian chants and hymns have always accompanied Gothic aisles, Gothic copes, Gothic mitres, and Gothic chalices.' 'Our ancestors did what they could,' answered Campbell; 'they were great in architecture, small in music. They could not use what was not yet invented. They sang Gregorians because they had not Palestrina.' 'A paradox, a paradox,' cried Bateman. 'Surely there is a close connection,' answered Campbell, 'between the rise and nature of the basilica and the Gregorian unison. Both existed before Christianity; both are of Pagan origin; both were afterwards consecrated to the service of the Church.' 'Pardon me,' interrupted Bateman; 'Gregorians were Jewish, not Pagan.' 'Be it so, for

argument-sake,' said Campbell, 'still, at least, they were not of Christian origin. Next, the old music and the old architecture were both inartificial and limited, as methods of exhibiting their respective arts. You can't have a large Grecian temple, you can't have a long Gregorian mass.' 'Not a long one!' said Bateman; 'why there's poor Willis used to complain how tedious the old Gregorian compositions were abroad.' 'I don't explain myself,' answered Campbell, 'of course, you may produce them to any length, but merely by addition, not by carrying on the melody. You can put two together, and then have one twice as long as either. But I speak of a musical piece; which must of course be the natural development of certain ideas, with one part depending on another. In like manner, you might make an Ionic temple twice as long and twice as wide as the Parthenon; but you would lose the proportions by doing so. This, then, is what I meant to say of the primitive architecture and the primitive music, that they soon come to their limit; they soon are exhausted, and can do nothing more. If you attempt more, it's like taxing a musical instrument beyond its powers.'

"'You but try, Bateman,' said Reding, 'to make a bass play quadrilles, and you will see what is meant by taxing an instrument.' 'Well, I have heard Lindley play all sorts of quick tunes on his bass,' said Bateman, 'and most wonderful it is.' 'Wonderful's the right word,' answered Reding; 'it is very wonderful. You say, 'how can he manage it?' and 'It's very wonderful for a bass;' but it is not pleasant in itself. In like manner I have always felt a disgust when Mr. So-and-so comes forward to make his sweet flute bleat and bray like a hautbois; it's forcing the poor thing to do what it was never made for.' 'This is literally true as regards Gregorian music,' said Campbell; 'instruments did not exist in primitive times which could execute any other. But I speak under correction; Mr. Reding seems to know more about the subject than I do.' 'I have always understood, as you say,' answered Charles; 'modern music did not come into existence till after the powers of the violin became known. Corelli himself, who wrote not two hundred years ago, hardly ventures on the shift. The piano, again, I have heard, has almost given birth to Beethoven.' 'Modern music, then, could not be in ancient times, for want of modern instruments,' said Campbell; 'and in like manner, Gothic architecture could not exist till vaulting was brought to perfection. Great mechanical inventions have taken place, both in architecture and in music, since the age of basilicas and Gregorians; and each science has gained by it.' 'It is curious enough,' said Reding, 'one thing which I have been accustomed to say, quite falls in with this view of yours. When people, who are not musicians, have accused Handel and Beethoven of not being *simple*, I have always said, 'Is Gothic architecture *simple*?' A cathedral ex-

presses one idea, but is indefinitely varied and elaborated in its parts; so is a symphony or quartett of Beethoven's.'

" 'Certainly, Bateman, you must tolerate Pagan architecture, or you must in consistency exclude Pagan or Jewish Gregorians,' said Campbell; 'you must tolerate figured music, or reprobate tracery windows.' 'And which are you for,' asked Bateman; 'Gothic with Handel, or Roman with Gregorians?' 'For both in their place,' answered Campbell. 'I exceedingly prefer Gothic architecture to classical. I think it the one true child and development of Christianity; but I won't, for that reason, discard the Pagan style which has been sanctified by eighteen centuries, by the exclusive love of many Christian countries, and by the sanction of a host of saints. I am for toleration. Give Gothic an ascendancy; be respectful towards classical.'

"The conversation slackened. 'Much as I like modern music,' said Charles, 'I can't quite go the length to which your doctrine would lead me. I cannot, indeed, help liking Mozart; but surely his music is not religious.' 'I have not been speaking in defence of particular composers,' said Campbell; 'figured music may be right, yet Mozart or Beethoven inadmissible. In like manner, you don't suppose, because I tolerate Roman architecture, that therefore I like naked cupids to stand for cherubs, and sprawling women for the cardinal virtues.' He paused: 'Besides,' he added, 'as you were saying yourself just now, we must consult the genius of our country, and the religious associations of our people.' 'Well,' said Bateman, 'I think the perfection of sacred music is Gregorian set to harmonies; there you have the glorious old chants, and just a little modern richness.' 'And I think it just the worst of all,' answered Campbell; 'it is a mixture of two things, each good in itself, and incongruous together. It's a mixture of the first and second courses at table. It's like the architecture of the facade at Milan, half Gothic, half Grecian.' 'It's what is always used, I believe,' said Charles. 'Oh, yes, we must not go against the age,' said Campbell; 'it would be absurd to do so. I only spoke of what was right and wrong on abstract principles; and, to tell the truth, I can't help liking the mixture myself, though I can't defend it.'"—pp. 250-54.

Our last extract shall be one of a higher tone, and rising to the sublime. Willis, an early University friend of Reding's, had become a Catholic *per breviorē*, almost by instinct. They meet rather awkwardly at a moment when Bateman, their senior, and now a curate, is intent upon reconverting Willis. Bateman is a mere Church-restorer, whose faith can never emerge out of a piscina, nor move from the sedilia, or has for its emblem a candlestick without a light, or a cross without its *dulce pondus*—

a tree without its fruit. He has "got up" some points on which to attack Willis, and at last comes to a principal one, which he shall state for himself, and receive his answer.

"Well, we shall have you back again among us by next Christmas, Willis," he said; "I can't give you greater law; I'm certain of it; it takes time, but slow and sure. What a joyful time it will be! I can't tell what keeps you; you are doing nothing; you are flung into a corner; you are wasting life. *What keeps you?*" Willis looked odd; then he simply answered, 'Grace.' Bateman was startled, but recovered himself; 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'that I should treat these things lightly, or interfere with you unduly. I know, my dear friend, what a serious fellow you are; but do tell me, just tell me, how can you justify the Mass, as it is performed abroad; how can it be called a 'reasonable service, when all parties conspire to gabble it over, as if it mattered not a jot who attended to it, or even understood it? Speak, man, speak,' he added, gently shaking him by the shoulder. 'These are such difficult questions,' answered Willis; 'must I speak? Such difficult questions,' he continued, rising into a more animated manner, and kindling as he went on; 'I mean, people view them so differently; it is so difficult to convey to one person the idea of another. The idea of worship is different in the Catholic Church from the idea of it in your Church; for, in truth, the *religions* are different. Don't deceive yourself, my dear Bateman,' he said tenderly, 'it is not that ours is your religion carried a little farther,—a little too far, as you would say. No, they differ in kind, not in degree; ours is one religion, yours another. And when the time comes, and come it will, for you, alien as you are now, to submit yourself to the gracious yoke of Christ, then, my dearest Bateman, it will be *faith* which will enable you to bear the ways and usages of Catholics, which else might perhaps startle you. Else, the habits of years, the associations in your mind of a certain outward behaviour with real inward acts of devotion, might embarrass you, when you had to conform yourself to other habits and to create for yourself other associations. But this faith, of which I speak, the great gift of God, will enable you in that day to overcome yourself, and to submit, as your judgment, your will, your reason, your affections, so your tastes and likings, to the rule and usage of the Church. Ah, that faith should be necessary in such a matter, and that what is so natural and becoming under the circumstances, should have need of an explanation! I declare, to me,' he said, and he clasped his hands on his knees, and looked forward as if soliloquising; 'to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses for ever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words,—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not

the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of his flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of man. Quickly they pass; for they are the words of the Lord descending in the cloud, and proclaiming the Name of the Lord as He passes by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and worship.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water.' Each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation;—not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple labourers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving; there are innocent maidens, and there are penitents; but out of these many minds rises one eucharistic hymn, and the great Action is the measure and the scope of it. And oh, my dear Bateman,' he added, turning to him, 'you ask me whether this is not a formal unreasonable service. It is wonderful!' he cried, rising up, 'quite wonderful. When will these dear good people be enlightened, *O Sapientia, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia, O Adonai, O Clavis David et Espectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.*'"—pp. 289-292.

Willis becomes a Passionist, and meets his friend next when he is received into the Church. All that we can hope to have done by this meagre notice is, to induce all our readers to become readers of the work itself. Even the uninitiated in Oxford ways and Oxford idiom, will read it through with profit and delight.

DEATH OF DR. CAMPBELL.

We have to regret the recent loss of one of our most valued contributors, Dr. J. S. Campbell, of London; a member of an old Highland family. He was early destined for mercantile pursuits; but the decidedly scientific bent of his mind soon determined him on renouncing very tempting advantages, which peculiar circumstances offered in connection with those pursuits, and embracing the medical profession. Having studied with credit in Edinburgh, Dublin, and London, he commenced practice in the latter city in 1829, and married soon afterwards. Endowed with intellectual powers of no common order, and enthusiastically devoted to his profession. He was, in fact, a student all his life. His conviction of the fatal prevalence of pulmonary disease in this kingdom, led him to bestow peculiar attention upon that department of medical science. The result of his labours was given to the world in 1841, in a work entitled, "Observations on Tuberculous Consumption," which was extremely well received by his professional brethren, containing, as it did, many original views of the nature and treatment of consumption, which had been carried out with eminent success in his own practice, are now beginning to be generally adopted, and will, no doubt, in the course of a few years, be universally appreciated and recognised. The social condition of his country largely occupied his thoughts, and the time that could be spared from his professional duties, was devoted to its consideration. He wrote on many general subjects, and was a frequent contributor to the periodical medical works of the day. To our pages he contributed valuable articles on questions of public interest, and especially on those connected with medical and sanitary reform. He was an eloquent lecturer, and from the extreme clearness of his own views, possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of conveying to others the various information with which his own mind was stored. A true philanthropist, his charities were not confined to the comparatively easy duties of alms-giving, but were constantly exercised in gratuitously healing the diseases, and soothing the sufferings of the poor in his neighbourhood, by whom he was mourned as a public benefactor. We must do the medical profession the justice to say, that there is no other body of laymen who devote so much of their time and talents to the gratuitous relief of their fellow-creatures. By this characteristic of his profession, he was especially distinguished. He gave his services, and frequently his money, to the poor, not only freely and readily, but kindly and soothingly—as a friend who was really sorry for their sufferings. To our countrymen in London, he was especially kind and benevolent. He could excuse faults which a long course of Helotry had engen-

dered ; and could appreciate the warm expressions of gratitude by poor hopeless outcasts, which a colder heart might doubt and disregard. No Irishman could be kinder to his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, than was Dr. Campbell—and it often occurred to us, in witnessing his labours on their behalf, that mere philanthropy alone could not be sufficient to impel him to such exertions, but that—long as the Highland Scotch have been separated from their Irish kindred—the Mac Diarmid (the old name of the Clan Campbell) of the 19th century retained some share of that feeling towards the children of Eri, which his forefathers must have carried away with them when, under Fergus, they first crossed the narrow seas.

In the midst of a career highly honourable and useful, and when on the point of attaining a position of some eminence before the public, he was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. The influenza found him, in December last, weakened by his incessant labours ; he was laid up with it for a few days, and then died suddenly, at the early age of forty-nine. It was rather remarkable that the primary cause of his death was supposed to be disease of the lungs, the very form of suffering upon which his own thoughts and labours had been most frequently employed.

In all the relations of private life he was most amiable and exemplary. In public life he was honest, earnest, and out-spoken. As a friend, he was as kind and true as ever existed. In this respect there may be many equal to him, but none can be superior.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*An Englishwoman in America*, by SARAH MYTTON MAURY, Authoress of 'Statesmen in America in 1846.' Liverpool: George Smith, Watts, and Co.; London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1848.

THE writer of this work has been remarkably fortunate as an authoress, for by a single production she has attracted a degree of attention towards herself and her compositions, which others have laboured for years to gain, and yet have failed in obtaining. This success cannot be attributable to chance, nor to the accident of Mrs. Maury having selected as her themes, subjects in themselves that were sure to be popular. On the contrary,

Mrs. Maury, in her "Statesmen in America," assumed a position, which is generally as ungrateful to the public in its corporate capacity, as it is to each person individually, namely,—that of *giving advice*, and *endeavouring to dispel unfounded prejudices*. It was an honest cause in which Mrs. Maury embarked, but it was also one in which there have been many martyrs, with few panegyrists to record their achievements, and canonize their virtues. When Mrs. Maury undertook the task of making known to Englishmen the noble qualities that adorn those designated by her as the 'Statesmen of America,' she entered upon a field which had been trodden down by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, and Mr. Francis Wyse; and could hope but for few to listen to her. She has succeeded under the most adverse circumstances, because she had in heart an honest purpose, and at her command a ready pen and a lucid style. Thus did Mrs. Maury make an audience for herself; and now she comes again before them, with a book which has a moral also attached to it, and that moral can be best expressed in her own words: "If you are possessed of rank and money, stay in England; nowhere else are these advantages so available. If you have neither rank nor money, get away from it as fast as possible." *This* is, in fact, a most valuable emigrants' book—valuable to all who think of emigrating—valuable to all who have friends in the United States—valuable to all who wish to be accurately, thoroughly, and fully informed with respect to the present social and moral condition of the United States, as well as its future prospects. "It is," to use the words applied to it by Mr. Labouchere, in the House of Commons, on the 24th of February, 1848, "*a very valuable and interesting work*." It is a truthful book, and written by one who justly merits that title, which is the most abused of all others, viz., *a real liberal*; for Mrs. Maury sees all things with the keen natural perception of a woman; and describes what she sees honestly and candidly, and utterly unbiassed by preconceived notions, and, what experience has proved to her to be, unfounded prejudices. She writes with the true feeling that should inspire an author, that the powers of composition and the facilities of the press should only be employed in the diffusion of truth, the extension of charity, the repression of wrong, and the denunciation of iniquity. These are the qualities that

constitute the value and the charm of the present publication; but of it, as well as the noble efforts of Mrs. Maury to mitigate the sufferings of the poorer classes of emigrants, it will be not less our duty than our pleasure to write more fully in our next number.

II.—*Conditions and Prospects of Ireland, and the Evils arising from the Present Distribution of Landed Property, with Suggestions for a Remedy.* By JONATHAN PIM. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, Grafton Street.

WE regret that we cannot afford the space in the present number to notice as we desire this work, and as we hope to do in our next. Since its publication we have had propositions all aiming at the attainment of that which is the scope, the object, and the purpose for which Mr. Jonathan Pim has written—that is, to suggest a remedy for the evils arising from the present distribution of landed property in Ireland. Every man who gives expression to his thoughts on such a subject, is entitled to a fair hearing and an impartial judgment. We can promise Mr. Jonathan Pim he shall have both. We do not mean now to anticipate that judgment by any further expression of opinion than this,—that Mr. Pim appears to us to be a sincere and a clever man, who has studied his subject, and promulgates his own honestly entertained convictions.

III.—*The Angelical Youth, Saint Aloysius of Gonzaga, proposed as an Example of a Holy Life, with some Considerations, Prayers, Practices of Virtue, and Examples, in order to celebrate with advantage the Six Sundays in honour of this Saint.* Translated from the Italian of Father Pasquale, of Mattei, of the Society of Jesus, by Her Serene Highness, The Princess MARIA ELISA DI GONZAGA-MANTUA, Princess of Castiglione, &c., &c., and augmented with three considerations, forming subjects of Meditation for the Novena in honour of St. Aloysius. London: Richardson and Son, 172, Fleet Street; 9, Capel Street, Dublin; and Derby, 1847.

THE only fault we have to find with this book is the title-page which we have here transcribed; and which we hope may not deter the reader from procuring one of the most charming little devotional books that can be perused. This work is calculated to benefit persons of all ages, and of all classes, but especially the young, who in this country are exposed to temptations and to dangers of which the

happy Aloysius, (he who never committed a mortal sin), lived and died utterly unconscious. The Catholic child that is born in the midst of heresy, is exposed to two great dangers: first, the danger of example from the old, by seeing error treated with a respect that is due alone to truth—wrong submitted to as if it were right—and the persecutors and denouncers of his creed, uplifted to high places, and as if the maintenance of a false opinion was the only path to rank, to honour, and to dignities. The second great danger is one more full of peril than the first, for it too is the danger of example from the young—of the example of those vices, which the Catholic child may see practised, or first learn the knowledge of from those whose faith has denounced the Confessional, that great guardian, as experience has proved, of child-like purity and youthful innocence. In a country so situated, the Catholic child requires a special protection; and who so fitting as the boy-saint—Aloysius of Gonzaga? What more proper than by particular devotions to him to enlist his powerful prayers on behalf of those, deprived of his opportunities to attain perfection? for their sad fate has been to live and grow up in a country, far, far unlike to his Lombardy, for it is not a purely Catholic country.

A better book than this could not be placed in the hands of a boy or girl in this country; for in it they behold rank, riches, honours, and dignities, despised and cast away by a youthful prince, that he may submit to degradation, embrace poverty, and become even the servant of the poor in a time of plague, in the hope of winning Heaven.

Rank in this country is so much associated with pride, that it is well a Catholic princess should show what a greatness there is in humility, and what a glory in sacrificing all for God. Here we perceive placed before the reader a work translated by a Princess, whose piety is inflamed by the consolatory reflection, not that she is allied with the Prince Aloysius of Gonzaga, but with the Saint who submitted to every mortification in a willing and a rejoicing spirit.

To Catholic families—to those who have upon them the care of children, we recommend this work, because we have no doubt that it will, to use the words of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., when he heard Her Serene Highness was engaged in its translation, “*do much good in England.*”

IV.—*The Birds of Jamaica.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, assisted by RICHARD HILL, Esq., of Spanish Town. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster row, 1847.

Mr. Gosse reminds us of two of our most delightful modern naturalists; a little of Charles Waterton, in his intense love of his pursuit and his unfeigned sense of its importance; but he has not—as indeed who has—the individual character, the eccentric energy of Charles Waterton; his habits of observation, although narrower in their range, (being confined to birds,) strongly resemble those of White of Selbourne, whom the author himself speaks of in his preface, recalling his wish “for a sight of the hirmedines of the hot and distant island of Jamaica.” But over Mr. White our author has an advantage in subject; the Jamaica birds are more beautiful, and their habitations more new and gorgeous, than those of our little warblers; and whether he traces his birds’ nests in the mouldering remains of the old Spanish towns, or the vast pits which still bear the Spanish name, or the caves by the sea shore, amid the bones of the Indians who have taken refuge from their barbarity and perished there; or whether he watches them flitting like living gems amongst the splendid shrubs that ornament a Jamaica house, or the glorious woods in the wilder parts of the island, we cannot but think the scenery adds greatly to the interest we take in his discoveries.

There is here the fullest account we have yet seen of the humming birds, and of Mr. Gosse’s attempts to domesticate and tame them; we did not know that so much had been done in that way; he taught them to perch in his room, to take sugar from his lips, and follow the glass of syrup offered to them; burying themselves in flowers, and pursuing their sports as if at liberty: unluckily, these little beauties, sooner or later, shared the ill fate of all pets; we greatly regret the failure of an attempt to bring them alive to England in cages; they all died before the sailing of the vessel which should have brought them, but it was something that they lived at all in confinement, and from the knowledge Mr. Gosse seems to have gained of their habits and food, we do not despair of seeing these beautiful creatures brought over to ornament our conservatories. We have dwelt upon the lighter parts of this work, because we think it ought to become one of the most popular books

upon natural history, and because we are no naturalists ; but those who are, will find the scientific names, description, and classification, of nearly two hundred species of Jamaica birds, given with scrupulous exactness.

V.—*Strictures on Granta, or a Glimpse at the University of Cambridge.* By a GRADUATE. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son, 1848.

THIS is a valuable pamphlet, telling a great many serious truths in a light, lively, and most agreeable manner. It is manifestly written by one who loves the old university much, and would willingly correct it of faults injurious to its ancient fame, and which, if not corrected, tend to demonstrate that the youth sent from home to take out his degrees, if he be not one who has brought with him the firm resolution of distinguishing himself alike by his virtues and his talents, may carry away from his college habits, and even vices, for which his title of A. B. can be but a poor and insufficient compensation. We would recommend the careful parent and the anxious guardian, who have the ambition that those most dear to them should receive a university education, to peruse this pamphlet ; for its few brilliant pages are suggestive of many serious thoughts, and may lead to the adoption of a resolution calculated to preserve themselves from many hours of painful thought and of vain regrets. We would wish to see this pamphlet in the hands of the members of both houses of parliament ; for a perusal of its contents cannot but convince them, that if the errors it exposes be not corrected, and the vices it denounces be not put an end to, that the university itself, instead of being a means of good, will become an instrument of mischief, and its perpetuation rendered as impossible as the toleration of a nuisance under a rigorous administration of a sanitary reform bill. We may be sure that when the health of the bodies of the poor attracts the attention of parliament, and becomes the motive to those who have political influence to array themselves against monopolies, that a time has come when the university monopoly, if it be proved to work evil, instead of good, to the higher and the wealthier classes, will not be suffered to remain. The author of this pamphlet shows that the first principles of its original founder—the good and pious bishop, St. Felix—have been departed

from ; that the Latin schools, established in the hope that the learning communicated in them might tend to improve the minds, reform the habits, and soften the manners of a barbarous people—(See W. Malmesb. Gest. Pont. Ang. Lib. ii. p. 237 ; Rog. de Wendov. vol. i. p. 129 ; Pet. Blesens. vol. i. p. 290 ; Gale. Bromton. Chron. pp. 745, 747 ; Gervas. p. 1635.)—are now converted into an excuse for a waste of time, gross extravagance, and a loss of reputation in the first dawn of manhood. The condition of our universities is a matter of vital importance to the country ; and we trust that the perusal of this pamphlet may lead the minds of all classes, whatever be their creed or their condition, to turn their attention to a question in which the happiness, and even the fame, of numberless families are deeply involved.

VI.—*Archæologia Hibernica*.—*A Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities, Pagan and Christian, especially of such as are easy of access from the Irish Metropolis*. By WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN. With numerous illustrations. Dublin, James M'Glashan, Dolier Street ; W. S. Orr and Co., Strand, London, 1848.

EVERY worthy effort that is made to increase our knowledge of Irish Antiquities, is entitled to our gratitude ; every honest attempt to popularize that which is known of them, should gain for him who makes the essay, our approbation. Great discoveries, the dispersion of darkness which may have hung for centuries over the mighty secrets of time and of nature, these are reserved for the few, the exalted, and the great ; whilst the honest, the truthful, and the many, have their hard and useful tasks assigned them in the order of Providence, viz., that of giving practical effect to what their superiors have discovered, utilising those discoveries, and conferring on the bulk of mankind the home-felt advantages of their having been elicited.

The author of this book belongs to the latter class of Irish antiquarians. He states nothing in his pages that is new to antiquarians in Ireland, but he does that for the public which is more useful than the unspoken, unwritten, and unpublished knowledge of antiquarians. He states what is new to the previously ignorant, and what must appear as most strange to the idle and apathetic, viz., that in the neighbourhood of Dublin are to be found most

valuable monuments of the different states of society that have prevailed in Ireland, from periods long anterior to the promulgation of christianity in the island, to that sad epoch when the cross was shattered, and the shamrock despised as the emblem of a fallen race.

We have no doubt that the Irish Archæological Societies are not only doing, but have done much good, by attracting the attention of the erudite towards the rich and almost virgin soil of Irish antiquities, and of the ancient history of the country. There is a class—and unfortunately it is a very large class in Ireland—the unoccupied youth of that country; a few with large fortune, some with small fortune, many with no fortune, but assuming to be in independent circumstances, and who are each without that motive, which after all was the secret of Roman success and Grecian glory, as it is the mainstay of England's greatness—the settled belief and the firm conviction, that they are the natives of a glorious country, that they have each in his respective position to prove that he is worthy of the fame of his forefathers; that they can each so toil, so struggle, and so distinguish themselves by their intellectual capacities, as to prove that Ireland is fitted to give pious men to every monastery, and professors to every University in Europe.

Ireland was, and is, and if her sons do not become recreant, ever shall be, "the island of saints." It is her mission on this earth, and how nobly was that mission fulfilled for many centuries! Whether Paganism wore the armour of ignorance, or brandished the sword of persecution, the Irish monk penetrated it with the dazzling spear of truth, or the Irish crusader with his battle-axe struck it down and rendered it powerless. In England, the Irish monk converted the Anglo-Saxon, in France he converted the Armorican. No river in Germany was too broad, no forest too dark or too tangled, to impede his progress onward. He brought with him the tidings of salvation wherever he appeared, and he gave to men, with the knowledge of the Great Truth, an acquaintance with every art, and an insight into every science that tends to ameliorate their lot, and to convince them that they are physically and morally "the lords of the Creation."

This was the glorious mission of Ireland, to extend the knowledge of "the unknown God" to barbarous nations. Another was to defend christianity from the aggressions of

infidels. It was a long and desperate battle, and they fought it well, from the walls of Jerusalem under Baldwin, to the ramparts of Vienna under Sobieski. There is a vast difference, however, to be found since the christian era, between the pious peaceful missionaries, and the errant warrior champions of Ireland. The former have been numerous as armies; the latter, comparatively, few as a forlorn hope. The bravery of Ireland has been a true bravery, a christian bravery; not aggressive, not careless of the life of another so that it might win land; but careless of its own life, so that it might win souls to God, uplift the banner of redemption, and protect the True Church.

Look at its Cromlechs, its Ogham Stones, its Pillar Stones, and you have before you imperishable memorials that it was the most tolerant of christian nations, that it spared Paganism itself, because of its old Irishry; and then wander wherever you will over its green fields, and you will find where tower, and church, and altar, have vanished away, that you are treading upon land which is a topography of sanctitude, the most ineffaceable of records, that Ireland in its prime was the most holy of christianized nations.

And is there nothing of instruction for Irishmen in all this? Is not the study of its antiquities to Irishmen sufficient to inspire them with the noblest, purest, ambition that ever yet stirred the heart of man? Have they not to prove themselves worthy of their ancestors, in piety, in purity, in self-sacrifice, in learning, in science, in intellectual superiority to other tribes and other nations?

Let us look back for some centuries upon the past history of Europe, and of Ireland, with the broad glance of philosophers, and not the narrow, contracted, short-sighted view of heated partisans, whose epochs consist in the fugitive triumphs of a party, and what then do we perceive? This remarkable difference between the physical courage and the intellectual vigour of Irishmen—that of the numberless victories which Irish valour has won, not one has brought a permanent advantage to Ireland, and scarcely one is commemorated amongst those who profited by it, as tending peculiarly to the glory of Ireland. It has fought for strangers, and has been forgotten by them. It is not so with its holy missionaries; their tombs have become shrines, and emperors and kings have bowed down in reve-

rence of Irish virtues, and earth has given its homage to those who crowded heaven with their saintly scholars.

Ireland was never so near to the achievement of its perfect independence as in the seventeenth century. Its fate was then apparently in the battle field, and it had in its favour all that could induce men to hope for victory,—a just cause, the defence of religion, nationality, bravery, numbers. And yet what is more afflicting to read than the account of that struggle as it is detailed in the pages of the papal nuncio? Alas! the glory of Ireland was not to be found in its dauntless generals and its fearless soldiers; for in this world's estimation, in all that relates to war, success, however gained, is fame, and defeat, however undeserved, is dishonour. But even then there was a brilliant glory bursting upon Ireland, which no man can deny, and none have ever ventured to gainsay. It was issuing out of the humble cells of Luke Wadding at Rome, and of Colgan in Louvain. *They* were fulfilling the mission of Ireland.

Its mission is a mission of peace: its glory is that of intellect. We purposely abstain from referring to facts of later occurrence than those of the seventeenth century, which would serve to strengthen our proposition.

It is audacious to attempt fathoming the ways of Providence; but all must admit that the visitations of that Providence, which have come so heavily and so severely upon Ireland, must have come for some great, some wise, some merciful, although now inscrutable purpose.

There can be no doubt that it is an incitement to men to devote themselves with more earnestness to their religious duties—to “search their hearts.” Mayhap, out of that examination may arrive some mighty national movement, worthy of the greatness, the glory, the intellectuality, and the sanctity of Ireland.

The more Irishmen know of the antiquities of their country, the more disposed will they be to respect themselves, and to elevate their thoughts above the perplexing and petty politics of the hour; the more suited will they be to cast off listlessness and apathy—the more fitted will they be to prove themselves the compatriots of the Columbani, the Brendans, of Romuald, of Aidan, of Marianus,—of saints that were great scholars, of scholars who were great saints.

Such are the views that we entertain as to popularizing

Irish antiquities. We think that the end may be incalculably good, and that, like every other species of knowledge based upon truth, its acquisition cannot but tend to improve the mind, as well as make purer and better the heart of him who receives it.

The mode in which Mr. Wakeman has sought to attain his object—that of interesting Irishmen in the monuments with which they are surrounded, and the memorials that are within their grasp—is, we think, well calculated to be attended with success. His book is written in a plain, simple, and perfectly unpretending style. It is accompanied with wood-engravings, which, “for the honour of the country,” we hope were executed in Ireland. He has given to the scholar and the antiquarian a guide-book of great value. He has presented to strangers visiting the country a most valuable companion; and we would venture to say, he has afforded hundreds who have been born in Dublin, and passed their lives there, information as to antiquities in the immediate neighbourhood of their city, which will (*if they read this book*) be as new to them as to the veriest cockney who has been born within the sound of Bow bells.

For such a book as this we can express but one wish,—may its circulation be equal to its merits!

VII.—*Poverty and the Baronet's Family. A Catholic Tale*, by the late Henry Digby Beste, Esq., M. A., Fellow of the St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Originator of the religious opinions of Modern Oxford. London, T. Jones, 1847.

WE certainly think that the best part of this book is the memoir of the author prefixed to it; the account of his childhood and youth is quaint and interesting. He was born at that period, 1768, when the Catholic religion was probably at its lowest point in this country, but when, nevertheless, there lingered in men's observances many old Catholic customs and ideas, which were afterwards lost, in the sectarianism introduced by the Calvinistic and low-church ‘Evangelicals:’ theirs was the twilight preceding night; let us hope that we have passed through that which announces the splendour of the day. Our author enjoyed a large share of these observances, for he was brought up under the shade, and attended the services of, the cathedral church at Lincoln, of which his father was

prebendary. He, moreover, made the acquaintance of two relatives, good-natured Catholic old ladies, into whose privacy he was admitted, and upon one occasion allowed to partake of their dinner of "boiled eggs and hot cockles," (which he found 'very satisfactory and amusing,') and was afterwards introduced to the priest, dressed 'in a grave suit of snuff colour, with a close neat wig of dark brown hair, a cocked hat, almost an equilateral triangle, worsted stockings, and little silver buckles.' So reserved were the habits of Catholics in those days, that he believed himself to be 'the only protestant lad in England, of his age, at that time, who had made an abstinence dinner, and shaken hands with a Jesuit.' Thus pre-disposed, the finding of a Douay bible, with notes, and an excellent preface, confirmed him in those ideas which were ripened by maturity of intellect and experience, and he became an early and influential convert to our holy faith. He was subsequently the author of many works with which we are not acquainted; that which we are now noticing was written in his old age, and, perhaps, in some bitterness of spirit, for which there was ample excuse in the politics of the day, and in the external and internal circumstances of Catholics; making all allowances, we certainly do not like the book. Its title, in the first place, is a misnomer; the story has nothing to do with poverty except in the first appearance of some Irish reapers in England, one of whom (the father of the hero) is accompanied by his wife and infant son. The little son of Sir Cecil Foxglove slips from the pleasure-boat into the artificial waters of his park; the poor Irishman wades across the water, swims a few strokes, and picks up the child. It is characteristic enough, that although the poor man enjoys the luxury of 'another shirt,' though surrounded by friends, and basking in midsummer weather, it neither occurs to him or to his wife to dry his wet clothes,—in which he spends the day, and sleeps! He gets fever and dies, and is ever after spoken of as having 'sacrificed his life to save that of the squire's child.' The widow is immediately endowed with a small pension, receives a half year in advance, is settled in a snug cottage, gifted with presents, and provided with work. When her only son is old enough, he is taken into the house of the priest, and receives a first-rate education; he then passes into the hands of a liberal Catholic gentleman, who sends him to college, takes him to travel, and

brings him back 'a gentleman' to the house of Sir Cecil, who presents him with three thousand pounds. In somewhat Irish contradiction, the hero, refused by the beautiful daughter of the baronet, now chuses to play the part of a poor man; he returns to Ireland, to his father's relations, and for a few weeks *plays* at being a farmer's lad, preserving so much of an incognito as enables him to join some secret society, and, loaded with English wealth and kindness, to propose, as the great object of his existence, a rebellion against England; however, he finds in a grave some deeds entitling him to an estate which had belonged to his ancestry, and this (naturally enough) puts rebellion out of his head. He returns to England, and marries the baronet's daughter. And this is poverty! We need scarcely say that we do not much admire the hero. He is a pious pedant, a truculent fellow, and a desperately self-conceited proser. The story itself is purposeless; bitter in sentiment, and swamped in never-ending small talk, which an occasional originality of style and thought may enliven, but, in our opinion, not sufficiently so to compensate for other faults.

VIII.—*The Devout Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ.*—By the RIGHT REV. GEORGE HAY. 2 vols. London, Dublin, and Derby; Richardson and Son, 1848.

DR. HAY'S "*Devout Christian*," and its companion volumes, "*The Sincere Christian*," are too universally known and appreciated to require any introduction at our hands. We regard the edition of the former now before us, as one of the most valuable of the reprints which have been issued from the Derby press; and among the books whose circulation is calculated to effect the greatest amount of good in the removal of prejudices, and the diffusion of true religious knowledge, there is none on which we rely with greater confidence.

IX.—*The Last Days of O'Connell: a Series of Papers.* Written and edited by WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE, Esq. Dublin: Duffy, 1848.

THE title of this volume will in itself, we are sure, be its best passport to the heart of every reader; and it would be presumption on our part to attempt to add to its interest by any commendation of our own. We shall content our-

selves, therefore, with a single observation, which may possibly be necessary in order to prevent a mistake to which the designation of the volume might give occasion. It will be found to contain, not alone what the title promises—a record of the close of that life which had won so many blessings for Ireland and for the world; but also a complete and authentic collection of all the interesting documents connected with that melancholy event.

Among those it is hardly necessary to say that the Funeral Oration of Padre Ventura holds a prominent place. The translation is the only one of all that have come under our notice which contains the whole discourse, together with the illustrations, as published by the author. Mr. Mac Cabe's name is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy, elegance, and tastefulness of the version.

X.—*The Reformation in Europe.* By CESARI CANTU. Translated by FORTUNATO PRANDI. Volume I. London: Newby, 1847.

WE must defer, till we shall have received the second and concluding volume, our notice of this very remarkable work.

XI.—1. *Meditations as a Preparation for Whitsuntide and other Feasts.*

2.—*A Novena to our Lady of Dolours.*

3.—*The Knowledge of Ourselves, with Practical Thoughts on Humility.* London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son. 1848.

THESE, we believe, are among the latest fruits of the press of the Catholic Book Society. Every one who is acquainted with the devotional books of Italy, and with the pious practices of our continental brethren generally, knows what a vast amount of practical piety, as well as of solid religious instruction, is connected with the devotions which precede certain festivals during the year, and are continued during the three, seven, or as the case may be, nine days, immediately before the particularly feast which they regard. The little books enumerated above belong to this exceedingly useful, though unpretending class. We know few books more full of edification than the "*Meditations for Whitsuntide*;" and we gladly receive this and the many similar works which are gradually growing into knowledge and popularity, as the best evidence

of that purer and more elevated spirituality which the Church, through all her various institutions, ever seeks to foster and promote.

XII.—*Fitz Alwyn, the First Lord Mayor, and the Queen's Knights. A Tale of the Drapers' Company.* By MISS E. M. STEWART. London: Kent and Richards, 1848.

"FITZ ALWYN" is the first of an intended series of 'Tales of the Companies, or the Citizens of Old London.' It is a story of the reign of the Second Henry.

Since the days of 'Ivanhoe,' the romance of the Anglo-Norman period has been so frequently and so largely treated by our novelists of every degree, that, at first thought, it could hardly be expected to possess many new and untried phases. A little reflection, however, will remind the reader, that the department selected by the authoress of the little volume now before us, is at least comparatively fresh and unexhausted. The fortunes of the knights and nobles of this turbulent and unsettled period presented so much of attraction to the writers of Anglo-Norman fiction, that they were led to disregard, or at least to consider as entirely subordinate, the actors in the more humble, but not less important spheres; and thus the social life of the middle classes in England—as far as a middle class had then developed itself—cannot fail to furnish many novel and interesting studies to a judicious writer of romance. And among the many phases of this important subject, we know none richer in interest than that which the present series professes to depict,—the citizen-life of England in the olden time.

We fear, however, that Miss Stewart will be found to have fallen unconsciously into the same tone of thought with her predecessors in this branch of English fiction, and, even in despite of her title, to have given undue prominence to the knights and nobles. Still, her book is an essay in the right direction; and we look forward to the stories yet to come for a fuller development of that branch of the subject to which she has more especially devoted herself.

"Fitz Alwyn, the First Lord Mayor," bears, in his own person, but a small share of the interest of the story. It turns chiefly upon the fortunes of his fair niece, Mabel, the heiress of his vast wealth, and those of her knightly

lover, Sir Aymer de Montalt; but with their history is interwoven that of a more humble, but not less interesting, pair of lovers,—Gilbert, a “craftsman of the mystery of drapers,” and Rose Waring, a giddy, mischief-loving maiden, whose thoughtlessness involves both herself and all the other actors in the tale in endless difficulties and embarrassments. To enter into these embarrassments and the disentanglement thereof, would be to anticipate all the pleasure of the perusal; and we shall be content with one or two extracts illustrative of the general character of the tale, and of the style in which the authoress has treated this interesting subject.

The following scene introduces several of the most important actors in the story :

“The pure transparent twilight of a summer evening had settled over the city of London, but the close of the day had brought not its accustomed quiet; beneath the casements of the staid citizens, were heard the sounds of the harp and the viol, while gaily attired bands of youths and maidens paraded the streets, singing in celebration of the eve of Saint John, and hanging garlands of flowers over the doors. Many of these musicians were licensed minstrels, but in company with them upon this occasion were the prime of the youths of the city, and the pretty daughters of many of the inferior class of traders.

“The thin gray colours of the twilight had just deepened into the soft obscurity of a summer night, when a large party of the revellers turned from the Cornhill or Corn Market towards Canwyke, or, as it is now called, Cannon Street. The minstrels in this troop were gaily clad in robes of green stuff, with silver chains round their necks, and the maidens had white mantles and kirtles of watchet colour. The foremost of these maidens held in her hand a wreath of violets and cowslips mixed with the magical vervain, woven in all the garlands on Midsummer eve. The veil worn by this girl had fallen from her brow, and as the torches borne by her male companions flashed around her, her golden hair glittered, and her transparently fair skin caught an unwonted glow. The hilarity of those around her seemed fully partaken by the young girl, and as a louder strain rose from the harps and the viols, she passed on with a light dancing step, adding her own clear and sweet voice to the chorus of the song :

“Shrive ye, and sain ye, my maidens bright,
Breathe a prayer to the good St. John to-night;
Weave ye the garlands which blooming or sear,
Shall tell your own doom for the coming year.
Wee for the slumbering maid, o’er whose head
The rose-leaf to-night shall fall withered and dead,

Whose dreams of the shroud and the death-bell, but borrow,
From fate's mournful whispers each image of sorrow.
For the maids whom we love may St. John prevent,
In his goodness, such visions of ill portent;
And forbid that a flower should drop away
From his magical wreath ere the break of day.'

"The last words of this chorus were arrested on the maiden's lip by a rough hand grasping her arm, and an angry voice in her ear.

" 'A seemly course, Rose Waring, for a modest maiden, to roam through the city on the eve of St. John, with a set of saucy minstrels and idle apprentices!'

" 'Most wise and discreet Mr. Gilbert, is it really thyself?' replied the girl with a provoking laugh. 'Truly I should have deemed thou wert safe in thy dwelling, ordering thy garments to proceed with thy honourable guild of Drapers to St. Paul's to-morrow, or better still perhaps, engaged in thy devotions. Truly it is only for gadabouts, and light-spirited damsels such as myself, to be abroad on Midsummer eve. I fear me, Gilbert, thy danger to-night is greater than mine own!'

"The person to whom Rose Waring addressed these words, was a youth of some three-and-twenty years, attired in a doublet and hose of murrey-coloured cloth slightly garnished with white; he was tall and well made, and his countenance, though its features were far from regular, had something in it honest and engaging.

"While Rose spoke, she still pursued her way at the head of the procession, he holding her arm: his reply was made in a less angry but more sorrowful tone.

" 'I grieve for thee, Rose!' he said; 'but if all that has passed between us be forgotten, forget not at least the respect due to thy father's daughter, though he no longer lives to be shamed by thine indiscreet bearing. It ill beseemeth the daughter of an esteemed citizen to assume thy present guise!'

"Rose cast down her eyes, and answered in a less confident tone,

" 'Nay, I am sure, Gilbert, you need scarce take such exceptions at so harmless a frolic, and one indeed which I should never have dared but that you so saucily braved me to it. Go to, is the daughter of a free citizen to be bidden hither and thither like a churl? Let go my arm, I pray thee, Gilbert, I warrant it will be bruised to-morrow. In sooth, I vowed to present this garland to-night, to the Norman niece of the warden of thy craft, the worthy Fitz Alwyn, and may woman never more have her will in this world if I suffer myself to be balked by thy fancies!'

" 'Rose, Rose,' replied the young man, 'let me lead thee to thy home, there are the mad princes, Richard and John, careering through the streets with their roystering knights; I passed them

but now in the Chepe; and what is worse they have with them that ill conditioned Sir Aymer de Montalt, and though his cousin, the worthy Sir Stephen, be also in their train, I warrant that the mischief that is in one Sir Aymer, would make useless all the good counsel of ten Sir Stephens.'

"'Thou couldst not have hit on a better reason to determine my stay!' said the perverse Rose: 'you mind me that I have not seen Prince John since he kissed his hand to me at the riding to the last tournament in Smithfield; and as to Sir Aymer, there is an entire contest of opinion as to that knight; if he be poor, there are none to deny that is a fault owing to the freeness of his gifts; and if he be prompt to take offence, who will say he is not speedy to forgive? but as for thy Sir Stephen, if charity makes a man poor, he will never cease to be wealthy, and woe unto those who offend him. Then Sir Aymer is the handsomest, most courteous of knights. Ah, thy warden Fitz Alwyn and his niece, are likely long to be at a difference as to those knights!'"—pp. 1-6.

The danger against which Rose has been thus warned, proves to be more real than her wilful temper will acknowledge. But it does not suffice to cure her love of adventure. We find her again leading the more demure and timid Mabel into a peril still more imminent.

"It was a lovely morning in June, two days after Midsummer, that a youth and maiden, jauntily equipped and mounted, each on a stout bay pony, trotted briskly along the road between Stratford and Epping.

"From the style of their appointments, it would have seemed that this pair, were either the son and daughter of some knight or gentleman of sufficient means, or of a well-to-do citizen: and so gay was the demeanour of the youth at least, that it could not be doubted that he was bent on a day's junketting. His extreme hilarity indeed had excited a reproof from his sister, when on pausing in the village of Stratford, to inquire their way, he would insist upon kissing the rosy cheeked damsel who gave the information, and afterwards bestowed on her a mark to drink his health, an injunction with which she would not be perhaps the less willing to comply, inasmuch as the donor had himself the most pouting coral lips, the deepest blue eyes, and brightest golden hair, on which youth of seventeen could ever pride himself. Then nothing could be better chosen, whether as to colour or form, than his vest of fine Kendal green cloth, with its silver cordings and buttons, fitting his lithe figure to such perfection, and the close cap or hood of the same material, edged with dark fur, contrasting with the shining curls that would fall beneath it, half shadowing his fair and joyous face. The long dagger too, or short sword dangling by his side, did not seem, if the wearer's bold and lively looks might

be trusted, a mere ornamental appendage, while the mantle and small valise that were packed on the back of his saddle, showed that he was not unprepared either for a change in the weather, or a protracted journey.

"His sister, if such were the damsel, was more gravely attired in a kirtle of the darkest shade of crimson, with a black boddice and sleeves slightly trimmed, like the youth's jerkin, with silver; glimpses only however of this garment were to be seen at intervals beneath the long descending and voluminous folds of the mantle of violet colour which the maiden wore, with its hood drawn over her face, in a fashion which the heat of the day might be supposed to render somewhat unpleasant. The pair were now fast approaching the skirts of the forest, which in those days extended as far as the site of the present village of Woodford. A gigantic beech, or gnarled oak, clothed in the fresh green of early summer, threw frequently a pleasant shade over the road, while the scent of the violet, the honeysuckle, and the briar-rose, yet dripping with the morning dew, was wafted sweetly from the underwood. At this juncture it was, that the gay youth looked warily round him, anxious after all it seemed, lest there might be other travellers in sight. No shadow however was seen to cross the sunny way save those of himself and his companion. Released then from this apparent apprehension, the youth burst into a merry laugh, and addressing his fellow traveller, 'I pray you!' he said, 'most fearful and discreet sister of mine, vouchsafe in thy goodness, to say whether thou art resolved to keep that muffler across thy face until it smothers thee outright. There is no one near, and you may surely venture for a space to breathe this fresh air, that comes so sweetly from the woodland, instead of plodding thy way along half blind, with just one eye peering between the folds of thy detestable hood. I shall insist now that it be put back; verily, it is a contempt of this fair scene to shut it out, such as one might look for from some pitiful burgher, who has no eye or thought save for his money-bags, but not from a young maiden!'

"With these words, the youth approached his pony close to that of his companion, and twitching back the envious hood, at once revealed the delicate features of Mabel Verneuil, dyed crimson with heat and apprehension.

"'As I live Mabel!' exclaimed Rose, for it was no other than that sprightly damsel, who under the influence of that sentiment, so long after expressed by the gentle Rosalind, that 'Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold!' had equipped herself 'at all points like a man!' and who now startled by the appearance of her friend, continued, 'As I live Mabel, this jest suits thee not: have courage though, friend of mine, if only in pity to thy poor Rose, whose wild advice has led thee into this straight, but who will never forgive herself if it cause thee any ill, which indeed it can scarce do, if thou only bear up a brave heart. Let us dis-

mount awhile, I pray thee, and rest under the shade of these pleasant trees, the weight of that mantle makes thee ill! I have as thou knowest, wherewith in my wallet, to revive these fainting spirits of thine!"—pp. 74-77.

How the fair masquers were surprised in the forest by Prince John and his profligate companions; how they were rescued from the peril to which their imprudence had exposed them; how Mabel's lover, Sir Aymer de Montalt, unravels the web of suspicion in which the treachery of a jealous rival had involved his knightly fame; and how he wins the hand which he had so long sought,—all this we must leave the reader to discover for himself, merely assuring him that this pretty tale will well repay the trouble of the search.

XIII.—*Pius IX.; or, The First Year of his Pontificate.* By COUNT A DE GODDES DE LIANCOURT, and JAMES A. MANNING, Esq. London: Newby, 1847.

It has not often been our lot to encounter a more flagrant case of book-making than is exhibited in this volume. If the reader expect a biography of Pius IX., or a "History of the First Year of his Pontificate," he will be grievously disappointed. More than half of the book is made up of an ill-digested and worse conceived sketch of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI.; a tedious and not over accurate account of his obsequies, of the proceedings in the opening and conducting of the conclave, and of the election of the new Pontiff: and, as regards the remaining part of the volume, if we except a few anecdotes gleaned, for the most part, from the newspaper reports of the time, it tells but little of the public or private history of Pius IX.

It is written, moreover, in a spirit of deep though concealed hostility, not to the abuses of the Roman court, but even to many of its wisest and most essential institutions; and is filled with blunders in matters of scholarships as well as with misstatements in matters of fact.

XIV.—*Reasons for acknowledging the Authority of the Holy Roman See.* By HENRY MAGOR. Late a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Philadelphia, printed for the Author, 1846.

ANOTHER testimony from America to the progress there, of the same glorious movement, which has rejoiced our

hearts in England; an able and conscientious man, a "religious teacher" thinks it due to those whom he has left, as well as to himself, to give a public statement of the reasons by which he has been actuated; and he also has chosen, as the key-stone of his argument, "the authority of the Holy Roman See as the divinely ordained instrument of unity and government in the Church militant." This cardinal point in the dispute, he has treated with ability and learning, and not content with defending his own position, has carried the war into the enemy's camp; exposing such misrepresentations, misquotations, suppressions of truth, and almost incredible blunders in protestant controversialists, as go far to explain the fact of their continuing in error. We are surprised to see so many errors (some of them important) in the printing of this book.

XV.—1. *The Life of the Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, Lay Brother of the Society of Jesus.* Translated from the French.

2.—*Maxims and Sayings of St. Philip Neri, arranged for every Day in the Year.* From the Italian, by the REV. F. W. FABER.

3.—*Life of Sister Teresa Margaret Redi, a Barefooted Carmelite Nun.* Translated from the Italian by L. T. H., and revised by the Very REV. J. DONOVAN, D.D., Professor of Theology, Ampleforth College. Translator of the Catechism of the Council of Trent; Author of Rome, Ancient and Modern, and its Environs, in 4 vols. 8vo, &c. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1848.

WE gladly welcome these little contributions to our sacred biography. We have classed them together because they display the universality, as well as the variety of the gifts of the Spirit of God. The first in order—the Life of S. Alphonsus Rodriguez—is peculiarly adapted to supply a want which has been often felt—of books of practical, and at the same time, interesting, instruction for the poor and comparatively uneducated classes. It is the history of a Jesuit lay brother, employed, during his whole life in the most menial offices of the order, and for upwards of thirty years engaged in the humble every-day duties of porter of his convent. The Life of Sister Teresa Redi, on the contrary, supplies an example of the attainment of sanctity in the religious state, not alone in a more elevated rank of life, but by the practice of piety of a very

different order. While Philip Neri's Maxims are of that large and comprehensive character from which every one may learn, and which every individual may apply to himself with equal force and propriety. How we wish we could place a copy of this admirable little book, not alone in every cottage, but in the hands of every member of every Catholic family!

XVI.—*The Virgin Martyr*. By PHILIP MASSINGER. With Six Designs by F. R. PICKERSGILL. 2nd Edition. London: James Burns.

THE spirit of this little poem, the beauty of its getting up and illustrations, and the name of its well known publisher have already ensured it a favourable reception, and we need say but few words to recommend this second edition. The plan of the drama is heroic; the virgin martyr, Dorothea, is attended by her guardian angel in the guise of a poor boy received through charity, who gives courage at every emergency. The persecutor, Theophilus, is followed and urged on by an incarnate demon; the conflict is therefore visibly engaged between heaven and hell. The miraculous rapidity with which (in those awful persecutions) the beacon-fire of faith kindled and spread from one to another of the martyrs' piles is well expressed. The apostate daughters of Theophilus, persuading Dorothea to seek life and safety by joining them, are drawn by her to return to christianity, and embrace martyrdom. Her lover professes her faith upon the scaffold; and Theophilus scornfully demanding from her—

“If there be any truth in thy religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care haste
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.”

In answer to this fierce prayer, after Dorothea's death, her attendant angel brings him a basket of the fruits and flowers of paradise; he partakes of them, and as he does so his fiendish pride gives way—miraculously, yet not without a touch of nature; and when his haunting fiend returns again, he arms himself with the cross concealed amid the flowers, and rushes to martyrdom, Diocletian exclaiming,

“I think the centre of the earth be cracked—
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on :

The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run."

The power of religion is thus strongly and energetically expressed; but as to the secret spiritual source from whence that power is derived, it is far otherwise;—cold, lofty, and resolute, the characters are more heroes than christians; but this is a fault we have remarked in every protestant work of this description.

XVII.—1. *A Treatise on Diet and Regimen.* Parts 1, 2, and 3. 4th Edition. By W. H. ROBERTSON, M. D., Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity. London: John Churchill.

2.—*A Guide to the use of the Buxton Waters, by the same Author.* London: JOHN CHURCHILL. Buxton: W. Moore.

THREE parts only of the *Treatise on Diet and Regimen* are published,—it is to be published in six parts.

That "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," is an old saying, more strictly true than most would, perhaps, be inclined to admit. In fact, our perceptions and our sentiments are as much influenced by the state of the digestion, as the weather-glass by the change in the atmosphere.

If this be so, we must regard, as benefactors to mankind, those who point out the way in which this important function is to be maintained in a healthy condition. Gratitude is due, first, certainly, to original investigators, and we are glad to see that our author, in his preface, does justice to the claims of Dr. Prout, to be regarded as the originator of that impulse which has been given of late to iatrochemistry. Society at large is, however, hardly less indebted to those who glean the fruits which lie scattered here and there, in Medical and Scientific works, and present them, served up for general use, in a palatable form.

This task Dr. Robertson has ably performed. He has done more—many of his remarks are obviously the result of experience and observation. His treatise is scientific without becoming abstruse, and popular without being puerile. It is calculated to afford both instruction and amusement to any class of readers, and perchance there are few who might not profit by the precepts it contains. These are indeed such as for the most part would be agreed in by all members of the faculty.

The present numbers are taken up with a general outline of the function of digestion, and with an account of the properties of ordinary articles of diet, their comparative wholesomeness, and the best mode of their preparation. The future parts are to be devoted to the subject of ventilation and clothing, the effects of sleep, the influence of mind on health, &c. These, no doubt, will be as well executed, and as valuable as those already issued. Some of the subjects to be discussed are at the present moment of peculiar interest.

This publication has already passed through three editions, a sufficient proof of its merits. In its present enlarged form, it promises to become a standard work on the subject of which it treats.

The small pamphlet by the same author, "a Guide to the use of the Buxton Waters," is written in an equally agreeable style. It contains some excellent advice to those who are induced to try the effects of their long-famed springs.

On the whole we can recommend these works of Dr. Robertson as calculated to prove useful both to the professional and general reader.

XVIII.—*Select Writings of Robert Chambers. Vol. I. Essays Familiar and Humorous.* Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers, 1847.

It would be little short of impertinence to suppose that there are any of our readers to whom the name of the brothers Chambers is not familiar; and it would be equally a work of supererogation to attempt, for those who are acquainted with their writings, any thing in the shape of recommendation.

The volume before us is the first of a collective edition of the writings of the younger of the brothers, Mr. Robert Chambers, and it contains a selection from his contributions to the one among their many publications, with which the public are most familiar—"The Edinburgh Journal." It would be idle to offer any observation on the merits of this old and popular periodical, which we do not hesitate to say, has done more for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and for the creation of a love of solid information, and a taste for all that is really valuable in literature, than any other publication of the age. Undertaken at a time when any plan of "cheap literature" was regarded as utopian, and

the wisest heads would shake in worse than doubt as to the possibility of enlisting, for any low priced publication beyond a mere repertory of news, and of the lightest "light reading," a number of purchasers sufficient to cover the bare expenses of paper and printing; "*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*" has for more than fifteen years pursued, without check and without deviation, the bold and independent course on which it originally entered; and during the long and chequered career, it has kept pace with all the advances of popular science, and with all the remarkable acquisitions in history, in literature, and in art, of which later years have been so eminently fertile. There is no important discovery in science, no interesting invention in art, no remarkable modification in society, or economical arrangements, no strikingly novel view in history, with which its readers have not been kept *au courant*; and this at once in a style so simple and so popular, that the least educated could not fail to understand, and so solid and accurate, as to satisfy the requirements of the most fastidious and exacting master of the science.

These, however, are characteristics of the Messrs. Chambers' publications, with which the public has long been familiar; nor would we have ventured to refer to them at all, were it not that we are glad of any opportunity to express our grateful admiration of another peculiarity which has distinguished the works issued under their superintendence,—a peculiarity the more honourable, because it marked their publications at a time when the very opposite was, and from time immemorial had been, fashionable in English literature,—we mean the liberal and inoffensive tone which they seek to preserve in all matters devoutly bearing upon the Catholic religion. We have more than once been compelled to call attention to the extent and virulence of the anti-catholic prejudices which pervade every single department of English literature. In truth, it would seem almost impossible to find any book, still less any series of books, in which the Catholic would not find much to shock and offend his most cherished principles. From all this the Messrs. Chambers have, from the commencement, carefully and systematically abstained, and although their publications are not in every respect immaculate,—although they contain much that a Catholic would not write, and which he cannot approve,—though there are to be found here and there expressions

and statements calculated to give offence, yet this is clearly beyond, or rather against the spirit in which the publications are conducted, that we freely overlook it,—as a consequence of the physical impossibility of minute and personal attention to all the details of literary labour so vast and so varied. The essays in the volume before us are collected from the *Edinburgh Journal*, being, generally speaking, those which have appeared as the leading articles in that number, and they will be found no less attractive in their collective form, than they have always proved while occupying the plan for which they were originally destined.

XIX.—*A Full course of Instruction for the use of Catechists; being an Explanation of the Catechism entitled, 'An Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.'* By the Rev. JOHN PERRY. In two volumes. London: Jones, 63, Paternoster Row, 1848.

THE basis of this work is the common Church Catechism, which for arrangement and condensation cannot be surpassed; but, however admirable for committing to memory, all instructors have felt the necessity of enlarging upon it. Many portions of it resting upon Scripture history, cannot be so well explained as by a short recital of those histories; the mysterious doctrines of the Faith require much elucidation; it needs no little skill so to elevate the minds of the young to the contemplation of these mysteries, that they shall embrace them with understanding, and derive spiritual profit from them, and yet to guard them from carrying too far the natural tendency to simplify and understand. It is equally evident that, in explaining the rules of action given by the Church, there is great room for skilful exposition,—for bringing them home to the conscience, and applying them to the different circumstances likely to arise. In many cases, also, catechetical instruction would be very incomplete, which did not give to the young and the enquiring some of the grounds of their faith, drawn as well from Scripture as from sound argument. Mr. Perry has met all these difficulties, and has afforded the most valuable assistance to all who have the arduous duty of catechising and instructing the young in their religion; he has kept up the thread of Scripture history necessary for enabling a child to obtain a clear and broad view of the dealings of God with man;

he has given the parables and texts bearing upon particular points, and also a large number of passages of Scripture in support of the doctrines of the Church, with accurate references to all; his teaching and explanation of the different points of faith and rules of conduct are admirable; and the strong and simple plainness with which they are given, show a practical acquaintance with the difficulties which are to be overcome.

XX.—*Tales Explanatory of the Sacraments.* By the Authoress of "Geraldine," and "The Young Communicants." 2 vols 8vo. Dolman, London: 1846.

In the age of universal "light-reading," there is hardly a conceivable subject which we do not find illustrated in the form of a Tale, or of some analogous literary device, intended to cover the hard points of study, and to beguile the labour and weariness which it involves.—The "Historical Novel" is, we believe, the eldest member of this numerous family; but, like the newly found heir in the old comedy, the Historical Novel can now almost "count kinsmen by the score," in the various collateral lines of the metaphysical novel, the controversial novel, the philosophical, the political, the moral, the economical, and even the statistical novel.

We may as well frankly admit, that to this mode of acquiring knowledge, as a system, we are irreclaimably opposed. Perhaps it is an old-fashioned prejudice which leads us to place implicit faith in the adage, "soon got, soon gone;" but at all events, while we earnestly desire to remove from the road to knowledge anything which would render the journey either repulsive or over-wearisome, we are far from wishing to convert it into a downright railroad, in which the student is to be whirled along rapidly and luxuriously, without the slightest exertion on his own part, and almost without the consciousness of locomotion; receiving scarcely an impression from the scenes through which he thus hurried, or if he receive them at all, receiving them only to be obliterated as soon as impressed.

Still, on the other hand, we as freely acknowledge that, which as a system, is, in our opinion, utterly inefficient and indeed vicious in the extreme, may, under judicious management, and by sparing and occasional use, be made a powerful auxiliary in the work of education. There are

some subjects of so solemn and serious a character that men, in the frailty and frivolity of their minds, feel, almost naturally, a reluctance to approach their investigation. One legitimate use, therefore, of the device which we describe, may be to overcome or neutralize this repugnance. Again, in every course of study long pursued, there will occur, almost of necessity, periods of languor and inactivity, and general unfitness, or at least, indisposition for exertion. There, too, a stimulus may, not unsuccessfully, be applied; and, in general, (not to proceed further into particulars), if the use of fiction, as a vehicle of instruction, be restrained within proper limits, we have no hesitation in saying that, although there are many for whom it is altogether unnecessary, there are many also for whom it may be rendered highly advantageous.

Of that particular class of instructive fiction, to which the subject of our present notice belongs, we have already on several occasions expressed our opinion. From these opinions it will easily be inferred that we gladly welcome any such work from the able and judicious pen of the authoress of "*Geraldine*," and that we consider her present publication extremely well-timed, and likely to prove the instrument of much edification. Not that we regard it as at all exhausting the interesting subject to which it is devoted, nor indeed as realizing all the expectations which her former works will have created, but that we look upon it as containing a vast body of solid and accurate instruction on the subject of the Sacraments, and as conveying this instruction in a guise sufficiently attractive for the artless and simple minds for which it is principally designed.

The Tales are seven in number, each of them illustrating one of the Seven Sacraments of the Church. It is not our purpose to discuss critically the merits of the several stories. We have already hinted our opinion that they have, each and all, left something still to be brought out in illustrating the nature, effects, and purpose of the various Sacraments, and above all, the specific uses for which these holy rites have been designed. We cannot but think that some of the tales are not sufficiently *characteristic*; that as regards the dispositions of the recipients, for example, the plot of *Blanche's* confirmation" would, in the main, have almost equally served as an illustration of the Eucharist; and that, in the other stories, the authoress

has not selected the strongest and most characteristic points. But, from the *Tales* generally, as embodying a vast variety of most solid Christian instruction, and as explaining with great clearness and precision, all the important doctrines connected with the Sacraments, we cannot, even with this draw-back, withhold our warmest and most hearty commendation; and we are bound to say, that for tender piety, for simple and natural beauty, and for elevation of thought, there is not one of them which is not worthy the early fame of the authoress.

The story of "*The Vigil of St. Lawrence*," (which illustrates the Sacrament of Baptism), is intended partly to explain the nature of the Sacrament, partly to describe the detail of the baptismal rite, but chiefly to enforce the necessity of its early administration. As regards the dramatic arrangement of incidents, and the other minor details of the execution, this is perhaps the best told among the *Tales*. Nothing could be more beautiful than the character of young Felix Rochdale, and nothing more instructive than his conversations with his friend and tutor, Father Lewis.

"*Blanche's Confirmation*," and "*The Priest of Northumbria*," are both historical; the scene of the former being laid in the penal days of Elizabeth, that of the latter in the Anglo-Saxon times. The *Tales* illustrative of the Eucharist, of Penance, and of Marriage, on the contrary are purely moral, and are full of instruction, though in all three the plot is confused and the arrangement unsatisfactory.

We abstain from any more lengthened detail of the several stories, in order that we may not anticipate the pleasure of perusal. To those who recollect the admirable tale of "*Geraldine*," it is not necessary to say that "*The Tales of the Sacraments*" will repay the trouble.

The pleasure, however, with which we welcome this work is greatly enhanced by the prospect which it seems to afford of many similar efforts in the same direction. Religious tales have been in abundance; tales illustrative of the general principles of Christian virtue. What we desire to see, is a tendency to embody in this attractive dress, the peculiarly distinctive feature of the Catholic Religion. It has often been to us a matter of painful surprise, that our literature has so long been suffered to remain deficient in this particular, while the Catholic pub-

lications of the Continent are so rich in materials wherewith to supply the deficiency. The last twelve months have added largely to our imported stock of lighter Catholic reading, and we trust that the example of the distinguished authoress of "*Geraldine*," will lead to a proportionate extension of our native Catholic literature.

XXI.—*The English Catholic Library, Vol. III.—A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation.* BY SIR THOMAS MORE, Knight, some time Lord Chancellor of England. London: Charles Dolman, 61, New Bond Street, 1847.

WE are very glad to see a continuation of Mr. Dolman's valuable Catholic Library; it is an excellent indication of what we may expect from it, to find thus early in the series so standard a work as that which is now revived, or to speak more properly, introduced to the Catholic public. This book was the consolation of the great Sir Thomas More, written in his prison "with a coal," such being the only material he had whereby to write down the teeming thoughts of that vast brain; in this work he strove to reduce to method all those considerations by which he was to encourage himself and his fainting brethren, to struggle against that pressing, horrible, and undefined evil, (in those days so new) of religious persecution;—forced even to disguise his fears under an imaginary case; he supposed himself to be encouraging himself and them against the persecutions of the Turks in Hungary; alas, of these "'Turks' persecutions" he draws a picture not difficult to be identified.

"And now sith these tidings have come hither so brim of the great Turk's enterprise into these parts here, we can almost neither talk, nor think of any other thing else, than of his might and our mischief, there falleth so continually before the eyen of our heart a fearful imagination of this terrible thing, his mighty strength and power, his high malice and hatred, and his incomparable cruelty, with robbing, spoiling, burning, and laying waste all the way that his army cometh. Then killing or carrying away the people far thence, far from home, and there sever the couples and the kindred asunder, every one far from the other; some kept in thralldom, and some kept in prison, and some for a triumph tormented and killed in his presence. Then send his people hither and his false faith therewith, so that such as here are and remain, still shall either both lose all and be lost too, if forced to forsake the faith of our Saviour Christ, and fall to the sect of Mahomet. And yet (which we more fear than all the remanent) no small part of

our folk that dwellwin here about us are (as we fear) falling to him, or already confedered with him; which, if it so be, shall haply keep this quarter from the Turk's incursion. But then shall they that turn to his law leave all their neighbours nothing, but shall have our goods given them, and our bodies both; but if we turn as they do, and forsake our Saviour too; and then (for there is no Turk so cruel to Christian folk as is the false christian that falleth from the faith) we shall stand in peril if we persevere in the truth, to be more hardly handled and die more cruel death by our own countrymen at home, than if we were taken hence and carried to Turkey."—p. 4.

But against these terrors, vague, terrible, striking against every point wherein a man is vulnerable, how did the venerable sage prepare himself! with what learning, thought, patience, faith, did he set himself to draw from the inexhaustible well of consolation open to all men, could all men so avail themselves of it!

"There is in these books so witty, pithy, and substantial matter for the easing, remedying, and patiently suffering of all manner of griefs and sorrows that may possibly encumber any man, by any manner or kind of tribulation, whether their tribulation proceed from any inward temptation or ghostly enemy, the devil, or any outward temptation of the world, threatening to bereave or spoil us of our goods, lands, honour, liberty, and freedom, by grievous and sharp punishment, and finally of our life withal, by any painful, exquisite, and cruel death, against all which he doth so wonderfully and effectually prepare, defend, and arm the reader, that a man cannot desire or wish any thing of any more efficacy or importance thereunto to be added."—p. 6.

There are some who may think all this needless and heavy; 'a word to the wise' is an old and true saying, but not in all cases applicable: if a man's faith is indeed so highly perfect by use, that he needs but the recollection of a moment to quicken it into the most active exercise, it is well for him; but if he is not so happy, but needs to use for its assistance the best of human means—the exercise of a strong reason, he will find help in the experience of old Sir Thomas More. There are many who will take great delight, as we do ourselves, in the old style, rich, elaborate, quaint—and to us new, which gives zest even to the most hackneyed thoughts: take for example the following scrap of controversy.

"But, cousin, as I told you the other day before, in these matters with these new men will I not dispute, but, surely, for mine own part I cannot well hold with them. For, as far as mine own poor wit can perceive, the Holy Scripture of God is very plain against them, and the whole corps of Christendom, in every christian region, and the very

places in which they dwell themselves, have ever unto their own days clearly believed against them, and all the old holy doctors have evermore taught against them, and all the old holy interpreters have construed the scripture against them. And, therefore, if these men have now perceived so late, that the scripture hath been misunderstanden all this while, and that of all those old holy doctors, no man could understand it; then am I too old at this age to begin to study it now. And trust these men's cunning, cousin, that dare I not, in nowise, sith I cannot see nor perceive no cause, wherefore I should think, that these men might not now in the understanding of scripture as well be deceived themselves, as they bear us in hand, that all those other have been all this while before. Howbeit, cousin, if so it be, that their way be not wrong, but they have found out so easy a way to heaven, as to take no thought, but make merry, nor take no penance at all, but sit them down and drink well for our Saviour's sake, sit cock-a-hoop and fill in all the cups at once, and then let Christ's passion pay for all the shot, I am not he that will envy their good hap, but surely counsel dare I give no man, to adventure that way with them. But such as fear lest that way be not sure, and take upon them willingly tribulation of penance, what comfort they do take, and well may take, therein, that have I somewhat told you already."—p. 104.

And what a knowledge of human nature is in the following reproof to those who say to the sinner "peace, peace, when there is no peace."

"And in such wise deal they with him as the mother doth sometime with her child, which, when the little boy will not rise in time for her, but lie still a bed and slug, and when he is up weepeth because he hath lain so long, fearing to be beaten at school for his late coming thither; she telleth him then that it is but early day, and he shall come time enough, and biddeth him go, good son, I warrant thee, I have sent to thy master myself, take thy bread and butter with thee, thou shalt not be beaten at all. And thus (so she may send him merry forth at the door that he weep not in her sight at home) she studieth not much upon the matter, though he be taken tardy and beaten when he cometh to school. Surely thus, I fear me, fare there many friars, and States Chaplains too, in comfort giving to great men when they be loth to displease them. I cannot commend their thus doing, but surely I fear me they thus do."—p. 47.

Certainly this quaintness smacks in more than one way of "the olden time," some of the good man's "merrie" illustrations are such as he would scarce have ventured upon now-a-days; and when he enlivens himself by an apologue (as for instance the Shrift of the Fox and the Wolf), what a thing it is! so lengthy, so conscientiously careful in all its details and in its application, what a figure would it cut in modern literature where a hint, a

covert sneer, a happy allusion, a joke compressed and sharpened to its finest edge, a point rather indicated than dwelt upon, and in the fewest words, can alone be tolerated. Well! if we are enabled safely to travel at such a railway pace, it is because others have laid for us the "sleepers" sound, deep and strong. Pre-eminent amongst them is Sir Thomas More, a name dear to every English Catholic.

XXII.—*Home Influence ; a Tale for Mothers and Daughters.* By GRACE AGUILAR. London : R. Groombridge and Sons, 1847.

THIS charming story we can entirely recommend for the reading of young people ; and, indeed, it will be quite as profitable to parents. It is not Catholic, which to us must be a subject of regret ; but the morality is simple and pure, and so entirely free from sectarianism, that it is quite unobjectionable to Catholic readers upon that score. As might be supposed from the title, the object of the story is mainly to show the influence which is exercised at home, and chiefly by a wise and tender mother, upon the characters of young people. The scene is in the country, where several families join in social intercourse, and the young people are naturally introduced, and very natural characters ; they do not occupy the whole attention, several family histories of considerable interest are so interwoven as to give great variety to the book, and take it out of the class of children's books, though it can scarcely be called a novel. The chief interest, however, turns upon two young orphans, brother and sister, who have been spoiled by an injudicious mother. The boy has been rendered rash and selfish ; the girl has grown into a depressed, timid, self-denying character, devoted to her brother, and bound by a promise to her dying mother to shield him whenever it was in her power, and always to conceal his faults ; the boy incurs gambling debts, and writes to conjure his sister to send him the money if she would save him from destruction, and to conceal his fault from the relatives with whom they live. At the moment of her utmost dilemma and despair, she picks up some bank-notes in the Park, and sends them to her brother ; the notes were her uncle's, lost by a servant, who, although believed and protected by his master, becomes an object of general suspicion. The anguish of the poor young girl may be imagined ; her theft is discovered, but not the

purpose for which she has required and spent so much money ; this she resolutely conceals,—and the measures adopted by her perplexed but tender aunt, and the struggles and gradual sinking of the young girl's mind, are most pathetic and true to nature. The story is carefully wound up, and ends pleasantly.

What we admire in this work is, that it is in nothing austere or exaggerated. Home influence can only be exercised in a happy home ; a point too often forgotten in those works composed for young people, in which such a system of lecturing and restriction is described as must infallibly have disgusted any merely mortal children, and would probably have occasioned worse faults than it was meant to cure. The mother here is really a very sweet and motherly lady, and a general air of enjoyment is given to the family. Indeed, we find that in one instance the authoress has incurred the censure of a zealous Protestant for representing her young people as allowed to enjoy the amusement, not of constructing, but of examining, the treasures of a German "Christmas-Tree" upon a New-year's day, which falls on Sunday. From the authoress's apology we collect that she is herself a Jewess ; of which we were not aware, and which we should certainly not have discovered from anything in the book itself.

XXIII.—*Cicero ; a Drama.* By the Author of 'Moile's State Trials.'
London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. ; B. Kimpton, 1847.

WE are unacquainted with the work to which we are referred in this unostentatious announcement ; nor have we the least idea who is the author of the splendid poem we have read with so much gratification and surprise, and which, we trust, will draw the attention of the public as much as in our opinion it deserves to do. A grand "Overture" introduces the work,—the powers of memory and imagination appear to the writer, detailing all the wonders they can do for man.

"But most we love the studious breast to haunt,
That toils in silence, solitude, and want ;
Nor craves reward beyond what inly glows,
Save his approof whose will the toil bestows,
As one who digs where science marks the plain,
Digs many a fathom sand and stone in vain,
Digs for the fount ; though pride condemn the elf,
And sneers nigh make the delver doubt himself ;

Till pure from deepest clay the waters burst,
 And sport in air, and feed a people's thirst.
 Such have we seen thee by the sea-girt shore,
 And midland lake, from youth devote to lore,
 Afraid to tongue thy thought, ashamed to hide,
 Ignorant how friends are made or fortune tried,
 Too proud to follow them, too weak to lure,
 A lonely bird, or brook, in woods obscure,
 That winds and warbles to the deepest glen,
 Nor seeks applause, nor loves the haunts of men.
 And, for thy worth and woes have mercy moved,
 And vows been heard, and far as meet approved,
 Our wings for answer have been speeded swift,
 To soothe thy sorrows, and thy soul uplift,
 And waft it to its wish, and kindle with a gift."—p. 8.

* * * * *

"Instant, as dews sweep down a mountain's wood,
 Or snow-flakes earthward borne, in Rome I stood ;
 And as the dew, when bursts midsummer sun,
 Or snow-flake, when it falls where waters run,—
 Instant I changed, dissolved and past away,
 Transfused, and mixed in all that round me lay ;
 Conscious, yet lost ; though absent, present there ;
 A shadow merged in night, a breath in air,
 Ethereal heat through all materials known,
 The electric stream o'er every surface thrown,
 Nothing, yet part of all—with all things, yet alone."—p. 11.

This is not the most poetical quotation we could have selected, but it serves to show the power, and rapid, yet melodious flow of the verses, as well as to introduce the story. The machinery of the Drama is so simple, that only real genius could have sustained its interest, and raised it above the many elegant but tedious compositions we have seen, somewhat resembling it in construction—too meritorious to be condemned, but far too heavy to be read, much less returned to ; whereas, in this poem, there is a rapidity and fire which engage the whole attention. It is divided into three acts. The scene of the first is the library of Cicero, whose noble soliloquy is interrupted by the arrival of Titus Pomponius Atticus ; he has returned from Greece—

"But what to learn ? Has madness seized our youth !
 Can this, which all asseverate, still be truth ?
 Have gowns become a cloak for daggers bare,
 Our laws an ambuscade, our rites a snare ?

The Senate's session a gladiator's wake ;
The curule chair a scaffold and a stake ?
Where Rome's first magistrate, with knives beset,
That closed him round, a leopard in a net,
'Mid chiefs with whom his sovereignty was shared,
The friends he loved, the enemies he spared,
Was hacked with thirty thrusts, and headlong thrown
To bite the base where Pompey frowned in stone."—p. 19.

With Shaksperian power Cicero relates the death of Cæsar, and then the friends debate upon the present state and future prospects of Rome, and the steps to be now taken, bringing into review their difficulties, their friends and foes, with troubled earnestness, relieved by lovely pictures of the soft repose and elegance of Tusculum, to which Atticus seeks to draw Cicero away from the coming contest, until their discourse is broken by the arrival of Brutus, who declares his purpose to leave the city and return in arms.

"Day rises fair, but storms are mustering round—
Mute skies intone—still throes convulse the ground ;
Floods, floods impend, whence Rome shall ill emerge,
Antonius as a tempest rides the surge,
And all who should have stemmed the torrent join to urge,
As you foresaw, forewarned. My part is ta'en,
To leave a city I redeemed in vain,
And till with Freedom never to return,
But woo her in the camp, or wed her in the urn."—p. 49.

He continues in the same style of masculine fervour, and when he quits the presence of the sages, and repairs for a brief space to his home, his interview with Portia is most beautiful, truly Roman in its loftiness of thought, yet blended with exquisite tenderness ; thus he addresses her :

"For thy sweet presence fills my soul's desire,
And, oh, thy heart was ever like a lyre,
Which, wound and wielded in a master's arms,
Gives thought new language, and discourse new charms,
Responds each impulse that his soul bestows,
Refines his pleasures, and consoles his woes.
But chief I love the strain most needed now,
That makes my mind the image of thy brow,
Sublime to tower through shadows, as the morn—
To tread, as flowers, on virtue's path of thorn—
For honour brave the wreck of earth and sea,
And immolate for Rome myself and thee."—p. 69.

We could willingly give the next scene entire; the escape of Brutus and his friends from Rome having all the spirit-stirring energy of some deed of recent chivalry; but our quotations have been long enough. Antony enters Rome, and after a passionate scene with Fulvia, Cicero is summoned to the senate, where the battle is to be fought. The preliminaries are laid with great solemnity; the sacrifice, the description of the Capitol, with the magnificent presence of its sculptured god, and then Antoninus rising overwhelms Cicero with a burst of noble, brilliant, and poetical eloquence. It is replied to with stinging sarcasm, sophistry, and bitterness; distinct in its character, yet not less admirable in its kind than that to which it replies. These speeches form the climax of the poem. We do not apologize for our many quotations,—poetry cannot be described; had they been longer, we could have given a better idea of the beauty of the poem. Its chief faults are occasional lines and thoughts of great obscurity; and an interlude of a scene between two slaves, brother and sister, which, though replete with beautiful passages, is the mere fragment of a story, without beginning or end or connection with the Drama.

XXIV.—*Northern Antiquities; or an Historical Account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, and Laws, Maritime Expeditions and Discoveries, Language and Literature, of the Ancient Scandinavians.* Translated from the French of M. Mallet, by Bishop Percy. New Edition, Revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged. By J. A. BLACKWELL, Esq. (Bohn's Antiquarian Library). London: 1847.

It speaks well for the success of Mr. Bohn's first gigantic literary enterprise, "The Standard Library," that he has been induced to extend the basis of his undertaking, and to transfer the same principle of cheap literature into departments which have hitherto been reserved exclusively for the wealthiest and most favoured of the sons of science. When he commenced the "Standard Library," there were found wise and learned friends to shake their heads in ominous doubtingness as to the prospects of success which it held out; and to express a fear that, for really solid literature, there did not yet exist in England a reading public sufficiently numerous to ensure such circulation, as, at the extremely low price which had been adopted, would cover the expenses of publication. We ourselves, however, never entertained such a fear; and it is extremely

gratifying to find that the success of the "cheap literature scheme" in the department of general literature has been so striking and so complete, as to furnish a well-grounded hope that even in the less popular, (and indeed the unpopular,) departments of "Antiquities," "Science," and even "Classics," the same, or nearly the same,* project may be carried out, with equal chances of success, or at least with such a chance as will warrant an enterprising publisher in risking his capital on the experiment. In addition to the "Standard Library," Mr. Bohn has commenced an "Antiquarian Library," a "Scientific Library," and a "Classical Library."

The volume at the head of these pages is the second of the Antiquarian Series. Its very full and comprehensive title will explain to the reader that it is a new and enlarged reprint of Bishop Percy's translation of Mallet's well-known Introductory Essay on Northern Antiquities, prefixed to his History of Denmark. The new materials for the illustration of this subject, however, which have been published since the appearance of Bishop Percy's translation (1770), have rendered it necessary for the editor to modify both the translation and the annotations of the original editor; and indeed have given to the present edition the character of an almost entirely new work. The editor has not only revised the translation, culled, amended, and added to the annotations; but he has also introduced into the text frequent and considerable additions, illustrative of the particular subjects under discussion. Many of these will be found exceedingly interesting; we would refer particularly to those upon the singular custom of "Nithing," (pp. 155-7,) on certain peculiarities of the military art among the Scandinavians, (p. 168,) and on the Runic characters, (p. 228); and, in general, though the liberty of adding to the text is one which should be but sparingly conceded to translators, yet it is but justice to say that Mr. Blackwell's additions are, for the most part, absolutely necessary for the correct illustration of the subject in accordance with the state of knowledge at the present day.

Besides Mallet's own work, Bishop Percy's edition further contained a translation of the "Prose (or Younger) Edda," one of the best Runic remains of the Icelandic

* The price of the Volumes is somewhat higher, 5s., instead of 3s. 6d.

literature. This curious composition, so called in order to distinguish it from the "Poetical (or Elder) Edda,"* is generally ascribed to the celebrated Snorri Sturlason, who after having been twice the supreme magistrate of the Icelandic Republic, was killed in 1241. Bishop Percy's version, however, which was nothing more than a translation of Mallet's French version, collated with the Latin one published by Resenius, in 1665, was found so incorrect, that it was necessary to subject it to a thorough revision, and in this, even more than in the text of Mallet's book, the superiority of the present edition is recognizable. Mr. Blackwell has further added, from the "*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*," Sir Walter Scott's "Abstract of the *Eyrbyggja-Saga* ; four long supplementary chapters on the "Colonization of Greenland, and the discovery of America by the Scandinavians," the "Laws and Institutions of Iceland ;" the "Manners and Customs of the Icelanders," and the "Icelandic Literature ;" a very full "Critical Examination of the Scandinavian Mythology," and a valuable "Glossary to the 'Prose Edda.'"

There is, however, one addition of the Editor's which it would be unpardonable in us to overlook ;—we mean his remarks on "Bishop Percy's Preface," which purport to be a *resumé* of the present state of the science of Ethnology. It would be folly, of course, to enter into such a controversy within the limits of a notice like the present ; but we must, at least, register our protest against the introduction, into works intended for popular use, of such principles as are involved in a denial of the certainty that "no specific difference exists among the races of men," (p. 25.) or a sneer at the "writers of a by-gone age, who leave the ark with Noah, and make Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the progenitors of mankind." (p. 26.) We trust that Mr. Bohn may see, or may be taught, the impolicy (to omit every other consideration) of such a course.

We shall not conclude without observing that this volume supplies a Christian inscription in Runic characters, which may be added to those cited in a recent article, in illustration of the Catholic usages of the Scandinavians. It is a simple grave-stone, VIGDIS RESTS HERE. GOD

* The "Poetical Edda," consists of thirty-nine poems, collected by a priest named Sæmund Sigfusson, (1057—1131) ; of these thirty-eight are of a Pagan character. The last, which is probably by Sæmund himself, is Christian.

GLAD HER SOUL;” and was found on the shores of a creek called Igaliko, near the foundation of a church ninety-six feet in length, and forty-eight in breadth. (p. 249.)

XXV.—1. *Remarks on Medical Organization and Reform, (Foreign and English,) with a Supplement upon the Medical Reform Question.* By EDWIN LEE, Fell. of the Roy. Med. and Chir. Soc. London, John Churchill, 1847.

2.—*Remarks on the Expectant Treatment of Diseases.* By ΑΚΕΣΤΗΣ. London, John Churchill. Bristol, H. C. Evans, 1848.

THESE remarks on Medical Reform, refer principally to the condition and management of the profession in England. A great service has, however, been rendered by Mr. Lee, to those generally who are bold enough to meddle with this strife-stirring subject, by his prefacing his remarks with a clear and intelligible account of the medical organization of France, Italy, and Germany. This is useful in two ways. It affords some hints which may be turned to good account in any scheme of reform, either of the present system as a whole, or of particular corporations. It also tends to prove to those who sigh after the imaginary perfections of foreign medical institutions, that however excellent these may be, as parts of a system of government, they would be hardly compatible with the actual state of things here, and are entirely opposed to our habits and feelings.

Mr. Lee believes that he has not been well used by the college of which he is a member. This perhaps gives a colouring to his views of the state of the profession. Certainly he does not spare the London colleges, nor gloss over their abuses.

We cannot say that he quite makes out his case against the College of Physicians. The defects in this body are those of constitution more than of administration. And it must be remembered, that the college has been long striving to obtain a removal of its present defects. Against the College of Surgeons there lies a grievous charge, that of neglecting to require a proper education, general and professional, at the hands of those who seek its diploma. There is too much truth in this. Admirably as the revenues of the College of Surgeons of England have been employed, it is to be feared that they have been attained at a sacrifice of sacred and important duties. Nevertheless, with many defects of organization, and with some

abuses in the administration of the corporate bodies, which all admit, and would rejoice to see remedied, it may be questioned whether the members of the profession in their respective spheres, are not as competent to the discharge of their duties, as those in other parts of the world.

Our author states, that "without the adventitious aid of fortune or patronage, unaided talent, diligence, and perseverance, how great soever, would very rarely suffice to raise their professors to distinction." We cannot take the same view. History and daily experience are opposed to it. Nor can we admit that the system of "concoures," of which Mr. Lee is a great advocate, would be advantageous after the period of pupillage.

Our limits do not permit a lengthened consideration of the various reforms suggested. Could the present system be entirely swept away, still it might be a matter of some difficulty to form a new one, under which the public would be efficiently served, and the character of the profession maintained. This difficulty is of course greatly enhanced, when a nice balance is to be struck between existing rights or conflicting interests.

Mr. Lee has suggested a series of propositions on this point, to which we must refer our readers. They appear to have been carefully considered.

Similar proposals have been made and fairly discussed. The evidence taken by the recent parliamentary committee on Mr. Wakley's Registration Bill, shows that the subject is by no means simple.

Whatever is done, and that something must be done there can be no doubt, it is much to be hoped that no plans will be adopted tending to raise the character of one class in the profession, at the risk of lowering that of the others.

The second pamphlet on the list indicates that the spirit of innovation is not confined to medical politics. Its object is to combat a heresy imported from France, which has found its advocates in some able writers in this country. The "expectant method," as it has been called, introduces nature to treat the patient, and leaves to the doctor the office of the nurse, to sit by and watch. The fallacy of this doctrine is ably exposed by *Ανεστης*.